VOL · X MARCH 1927 NO · 39

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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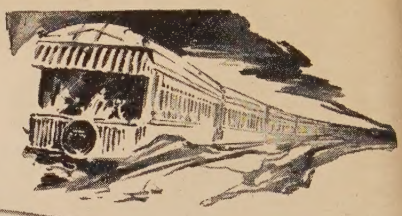

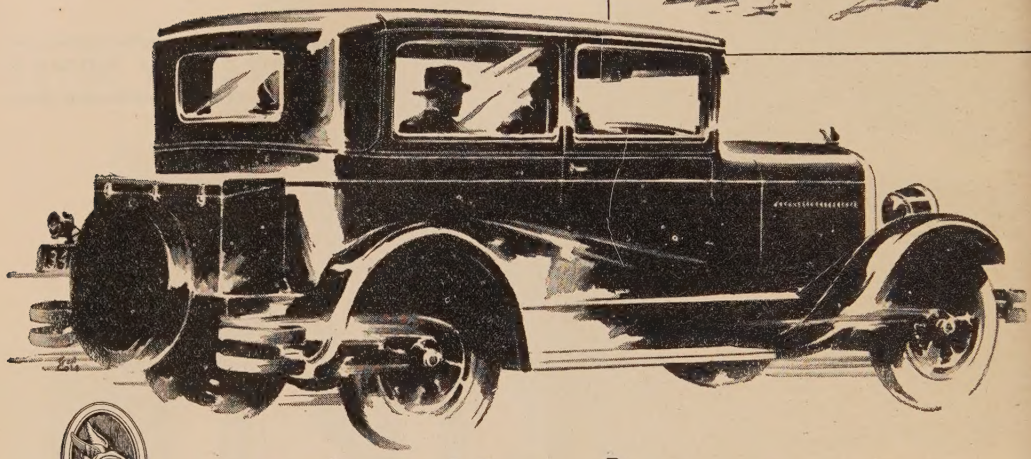

Today—More than ever the one distinctive car of the hour

WHEN public opinion takes hold of a product like the Chrysler "70" and in three years' time lifts it over the heads of long-established cars, the significance of the act is almost too plain to require analysis.

It can only mean, of course, that people have found in the Chrysler "70" from its beginning, and have continued to find in ever-increasing numbers, qualities and values that they did not and do not find elsewhere. No other explanation is even remotely possible.

And now in the finer "70" Chrysler has raised its own superior product to even higher levels which again forecast emphatically a new motoring trend.

Finer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—finer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—finer design with smaller wheels—greater luxury of comfort—greater riding ease—rich upholstery—greater perfection of appointment—more refinements in controls and lighting with a lock conveniently placed on the dash—more attractive color harmonies, far in advance of current blendings.

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME X March 1927 NUMBER 39

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

LOST: $35,000

THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost $35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew *and didn't.*

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that $35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading Course before another sun sets."

Procrastination is the thief of *cold hard cash*

It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man may become familiar with *all* the underlying principles of business.

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But these are serious days, these days after thirty! The earning of money, once taken more or less lightly, has become vital. You want your wife to have every comfort this world offers. You want your children to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance.

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Hunting Books as Game

Carl Van Doren, Editor-in-Chief, says; "Everything is conspicuously on sale but books. Candy and cosmetics, jewelry and automobiles — these come and offer themselves to every American. But if he wants to buy a book, he must go hunting for it, as his ancestors had to go hunting for the more elusive kinds of game.

"This means that the American must fall back on primitive methods to get his books. No wonder he does not do it. He is a citizen, not a pioneer. It is my idea that **The Literary Guild** will do this pioneering for him."

Theodore Dreiser

—greatest living American novelist—says:

"There must be thousands of people in the United States who now read good books occasionally but who would read them habitually if they had a chance. It seems to me that **The Literary Guild** will do a great deal to give them that chance, and I am heartily in sympathy with the undertaking."

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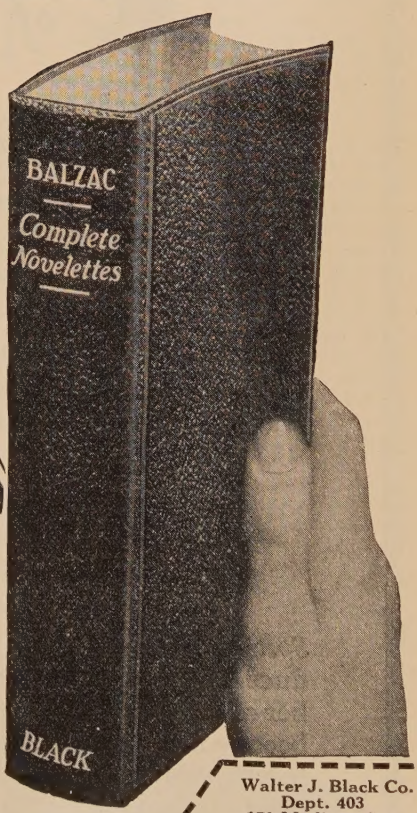

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BOOKS

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...OW THE OUTSTANDING BOOK IS CHOSEN EACH MONTH

This is a reply to a criticism sometimes advanced against the "Book-of-the-Month Club" idea. The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important book each month—Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. The book selected each month is sent to all subscribers, who pay the same price (no more) that the publisher himself charges. Many thousands of intelligent readers have now subscribed to this service. It has, however, met with an interesting criticism. It is: "I don't want any one to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

...AVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding ...ad any book? You hear it ...d by a friend. Or you see an ...tisement of it in a newspaper. ...u read a review of it by some ..., whose account of it excites interest. You decide you *must* that book. Note, however, has happened: it is always ...mendation, *from some source*, determines you to read it. ..., your choice is completely but you exercise your choice ...g recommended books.

...serve what follows, after you ...hus influenced, quite legiti...y, to read a certain book. ...times—but sometimes only—...o right out, buy it and read ...ore often, however, if you are ...verage person your fine inten...goes to seed. In the end—all ...requently—you miss reading ...gether; you confess sadly to ...ne that you "never got ...d to it."

...v, what would be the differ... were you a Book-of-the-...h Club subscriber? Strange ..., upon analysis, you will find ...h practice *you would be enabled ...cise a greater liberty of choice* ...bove all you would actually ...e books—without fail—that ...ecide to read. How?

...w the "Book-of-the-Month" is chosen

...the new books each month ...ubmitted for consideration ...e publishers. Usually, each ..., the choice narrows among ...twenty to thirty books. A ...f each one of these books is read by each member of the Selecting Committee. There is no discussion. Each one reads the books independently, and gives them a rating in the order *in which he himself prefers them*. The book which emerges with the highest total rating becomes the "book-of-the-month" and is forthwith sent out to Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers.

What is the effect of this method of independent voting? You will readily admit that a book so chosen is *likely* to be one well worth reading. Certainly, it will have as strong a recommendation behind it as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources. The chances are all in favor of its being a book *that you would not care to miss reading*.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not infallible, and they would be the last ones to consider it so. Their choice simply represents a sensible method of arriving at one outstanding book each month—and it works! The books they choose *are* outstanding; but nobody compels you to like them, nor even to read them. Your own taste is considered, for you, quite as sacred as theirs.

Your Choice is Widened

Therefore, when the "book-of-the-month" is sent to you—*at the same time a list of other important new books*, which received a high rating in the vote of the judges, is sent with it.

And, in any one month, if the book you receive does not meet your particular taste in reading *you may exchange it for anyone of the other new books*, which are described for the very purpose of enabling you to make a choice. The ultimate result, therefore, is that you can actually, in practice, exercise a *wider* and more *discriminating* choice among the new books than you now do, under your present haphazard method of reading. More important still, you find that you *actually obtain* the books you intend to read.

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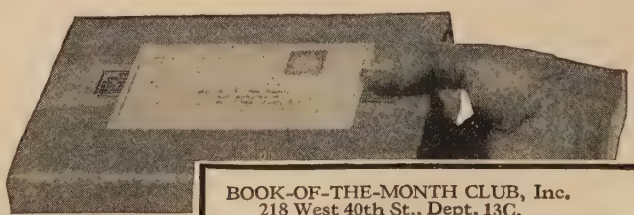

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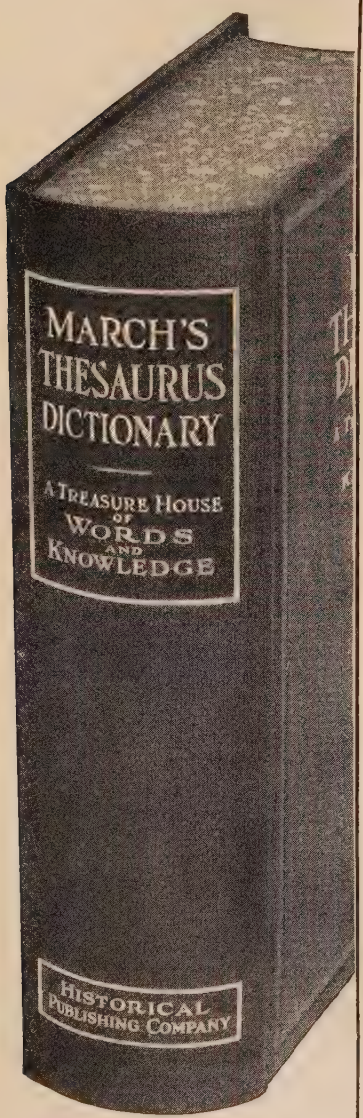

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Who is he? What does he do?"
Nothing very exciting! He's just an ary business man."
But he certainly doesn't talk like ordinary business man.' He seems able to talk intelligently about art, c, literature, science, drama—al- *any* subject."
Yes, that's true, and furthermore he ys seems to have a new angle, an esting viewpoint. He evidently a splendid education and the ad- age of having traveled widely."

* * * *

ut this man they all admire is not eled, not highly educated. He left ol when a boy, was drawn into the ling vortex of business, never had to read, or study—or even *think* profoundly.

s he became more and more success- in business, he became more and e dissatisfied with himself. Other around him had something he ed. Other men had polish, poise— it *culture*, if you like—but something ngible which he was aware he him- did not possess.

t made him uncomfortable. At ers, at social functions—even in iness conferences—he recognized his dicap. Began to understand what that handicap was. When others spoke of art, of science, of music, of literature —he was silent. It made him feel stupid. Out of things. Why, he was actually *ashamed* to come into brilliant or cultivated company.

How He Acquired a Cultural Background

But then, overnight almost, his personality changed! People began to notice him, to find him interesting. *Without* a long course of study, *without* wading through ponderous volumes, he acquired a cultural background that enabled him to feel at home even in the most brilliant company.

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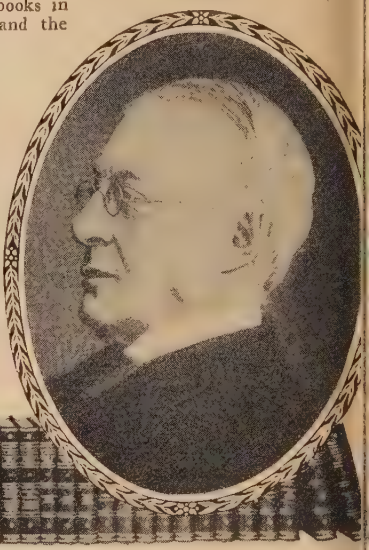

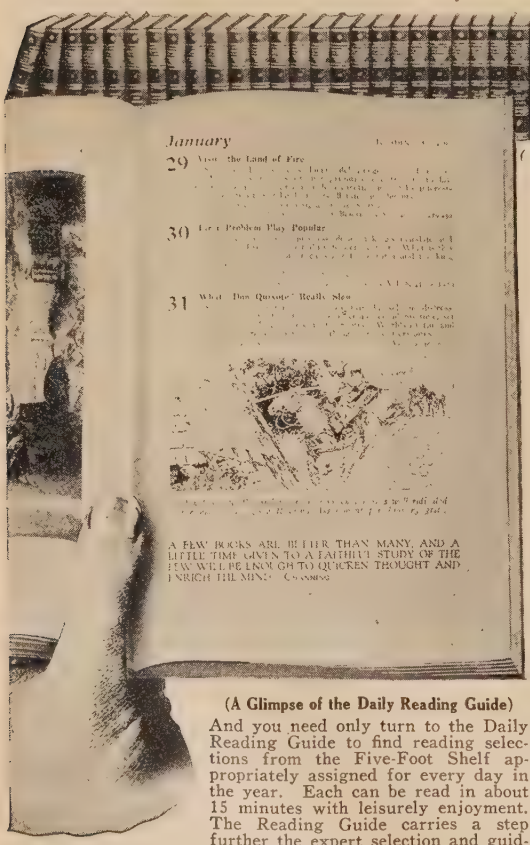
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They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

E had dropped into Pierrot's for linner—Pierrot's, that quaint ch restaurant where the waiters nothing but French. Jack ne, who boasted a smattering rench, volunteered to act as preter.

ow tell me what you want to announced Jack grandly, after ere seated, "and I'll 'parley' the waiter."

halting French phrases and much ing of hands, Jack translated our to the waiter. Finally Jack turned

at's yours, Fred?" he asked.
ginia ham and scrambled eggs," I

's face fell. He knew that my order be difficult to translate into French. er, he made a brave effort.
bon et des——et des——" but Jack t think how to say "scrambled eggs." de motions as if he were scrambling a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't t he was driving at.
afraid you'll have to order something ed," he said finally. "I can't think vord for 'scrambled eggs.'"
ybody smiled—everybody except me. reat ceremony I beckoned to the "I'll explain my order to the waiter," A chuckle ran around the table. d can't speak French, can he?" I girl whisper to Jack.
—he never spoke a word of French in " came the answer. "But watch him. ll be funny. He'll probably give an on of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

waiter addressed me. "Qu'est-ce-que oulez, Monsieur?" he asked.
e was a pause. All eyes were on me. ted—prolonged the suspense as long ble. Then in perfect French I said to ter: "Donnez-moi, s'il vous plaît, du aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Vir-

effect on my friends was tremendous. ughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

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Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

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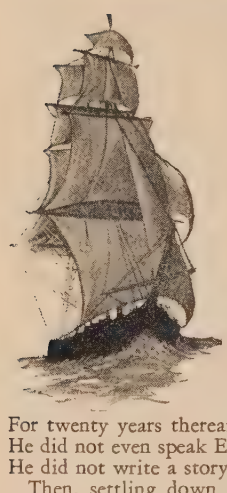

WHAT a life was that of Conrad! Once, a little boy in Poland, he put his finger on a map and said, "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. In later years he did go there, and if you wish to know what he experienced, read *Heart of Darkness*, "the greatest piece of descriptive writing," says Ellen Glasgow, "in modern English prose."

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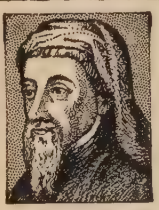

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HISTORY

RANCHING WITH ROOSEVELT.
By Lincoln A. Lang *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 367 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Lang is a Scotch-Irishman, and went to Western Dakota as a boy in 1883. What he has to say about Col. Roosevelt's ranching days is seldom new, but his discussion of the rise and ruin of the Bad Land as a cattle country contains valuable contributions to Western history. The book is illustrated, but lacks an index.

THE YANKEE WHALER.
By Clifford W. Ashley. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$20 11 x 8; 379 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Ashley is a painter who made a whaling voyage as a young man, and has since devoted himself largely to painting whaling ships and scenes. Last Summer the last Yankee whaler went out of service, and now he publishes this superb volume as a sort of memorial to the lost craft. There are many reproductions of his paintings, some in full color and others in black and white. His book is not a formal history of whaling, but rather a sort of encyclopedia of it. At the end he prints an excellent glossary of whaling terms and a bibliography.

FROM MYTH TO REASON.
By Woodbridge Riley. *D. Appleton and Company*
$2.50 8 x 5; 327 pp. *New York*

This is a sort of outline of the history of science, and is an excellent book to put into the hands of high-school seniors or college freshmen—or general newspaper readers.

THE THIRD BRITISH EMPIRE.
By Alfred Zimmern. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 148 pp. *New York*

This book deals almost exclusively with the politico-economic transformations in the British Empire in the last twelve years. Mr. Zimmern thinks that the new political character of the Commonwealth will not only not weaken it, but greatly strengthen it.

CHAUCER AND THE MEDIEVAL SCIENCES.
By Walter Clyde Curry. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 267 pp. *New York*

A careful study of the state of the physical sciences in the Middle Ages, with special reference to their bearing on Chaucer's writings.

TURKEY.
By Arnold J. Toynbee and Kenneth P. Kirkwood. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8¾ x 6; 329 pp. *New York*

Considering the professional standing of the authors, this is perhaps the most authoritative brief history of recent events in Turkey printed to date. They make out a solid case that the so-called Sick Man of Europe is anything but sick, but rather a robust fellow, full of vitality. What they have to say on Turko-Soviet relations is especially illuminating. The Turks, it appears, have been throwing kisses to Moscow for purely material reasons, and not for love. Bolshevism is not to their liking at all: their new constitution "is in strict conformity with traditional Islamic law and customs, and . . . is a distinct denial of any form of Marxianism or Communism. Indeed, the general tenor of the constitution reflects a general national attitude which has no sympathy whatever for Bolshevik ideals."

THE ADVENTURE OF MAN. *A Brief History of the World.*
By F. Crossfield Happold. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*
$2 8 x 5¼; 241 pp. *New York*

An excellent book for children in their early teens. The author has selected his material judiciously, and he has put it into simple and clear language.

OLD TOWPATHS.
By Alvin F. Harlow. *D. Appleton and Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 403 pp. *New York*

A very readable, and apparently the first extensive, history of the American Canal Boat Era. Mr. Harlow is not only a diligent historian, but also an able writer, with a sharp eye for the picturesque. There are many photographs and a long bibliography.

THE SCIENCES

THE EARLY MENTAL TRAITS OF THREE HUNDRED GENIUSES.
By Catharine Morris Cox. *The Stanford University Press*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 842 pp. *Palo Alto, Calif.*

This is the second of the "Genetic Studies of Genius," edited by Dr. Lewis M. Terman. Dr. Cox and her associates here attempt to establish the IQ's of the men studied, and find that they range from 100 to 200. Their general findings accord with those of other investigators. Genius is mainly hereditary, but

Continued on page xxii

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Continued from page xx

an unfavorable environment may of course veto its manifestations. The genius has a high IQ in youth, and is characterized by "persistence of motive and effort," high confidence, and great force of character.

THE PROSTATE GLAND.
By Chester Tilton Stone. *Allen Ross & Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 4⅞; 109 pp. *New York*

Dr. Stone is an urologist and writes with some authority. But his book, in the main, is superficial, and burdened with matter not apposite to the subject.

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN.
Edited by H. H. Newman
The University of Chicago Press
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 566 pp. *Chicago*

Sixteen chapters by sixteen members of the faculty of the University of Chicago. The first deals with the structure and functioning of the universe, and the last with the evolution of the human mind. The others cover the whole field of the physical and biological sciences. Most of the chapters are clearly written, and the book as a whole is well planned and very useful. There are brief bibliographies, some of them annotated.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE KHAKI CABINET AND OLD MANILA.
By Walter Robb. *The Sugar News Press*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 233 pp. *Manila*

Mr. Robb has lived in the Philippines for twenty years. He believes that the Constitution should be extended to the islands, and is sharply critical of the government's present hypocritical policy toward them. In addition to the political discussion, there are a number of chapters on the history and scenery of the archipelago, that on Old Manila by Percy A. Hill. The book is illustrated.

SOCIAL PROGRESS: *Studies in the Dynamics of Change.*
By Ulysses G. Weatherly. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3 7½ x 4¼; 388 pp. *Philadelphia*

A survey of the mechanics and nature of human progress. Dr. Weatherly's conclusion is that "only those are fit for freedom who are capable of self-rule. The process of real liberation, therefore, can proceed as fast, and only as fast, as self-discipline is developed. While we ordinarily think of this conclusion as applicable primarily to individuals, it is also and equally true of society as a whole." The author is professor of economics and sociology at Indiana University, and the book is one of the Sociological Series edited by Dr. Edward Cary Hayes. There are bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, and an index.

MAN IS WAR.
By John Carter. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 398 pp. *Indianapolis*

A discussion of the international situation by a man of speculative mind and some diplomatic experience. Mr. Carter believes that a number of major wars are bound to come relatively soon, but that another world war is unlikely for a generation. He argues that nationalism is in decay, but his own evidence gives him only partial support. The book has good maps.

THE PULSE OF PROGRESS.
By Ellsworth Huntington. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9¼ x 5⅞; 341 pp. *New York*

These essays deal chiefly with the effects of geography and climate upon the development and progress of peoples. The author discusses, among other things, migration within the United States, the rise of the Jews, and the collapse of Russia. He is always immensely interesting, even when his speculations take him into prophecy.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL EDUCATION.
By A. Berdnikov and F. Svetlov.
The Daily Worker Publishing Company
$1 7½ x 5¼; 320 pp. *Chicago*

The authors of this primer of the Communist philosophy are high up in Soviet officialdom, and their doctrine is thoroughly Marxian. Their booklet is arranged in the form of a catechism, and is apparently intended mainly for use in the lower Bolshevik Sunday-schools.

POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.
By W. Jett Lauck. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$2 8 x 5½; 374 pp. *New York*

On the whole this book is an exposition of the numerous welfare and employé-management coöperative schemes which are the current rage in certain sections of the country, and which the professors who know nothing about actual conditions label as "industrial democracy." Mr. Lauck thinks that this industrial democracy will "in the fullness of time . . . encompass the earth."

AMERICAN LABOR AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.
By William English Walling. *Harper & Brothers*
$3 8 x 5¼; 417 pp. *New York*

This is an analysis of the evolution of the labor movement in this country, dealing in the main with

Continued on page xxiv

The Rise of American Civilization

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

the last quarter of a century. It is heavily documented, well written, and, on the whole, a book of solid value to the student of American economic life. Mr. Walling is of the opinion that "the American labor movement always has been, and doubtless will remain, fundamentally economic in character," and he summarizes its political economy in these words: "The government must be controlled, in the main, by economic organizations rather than by political parties or sectarian parties; . . . the government must be divided mainly into economic bodies, representing the chief economic activities of the nation rather than the largely antiquated and often unworkable executive, legislative and judicial departments."

THE GANG.
By Frederic M. Thrasher.
The University of Chicago Press
$3 — 7¾ x 5⅜; 571 pp. — *Chicago*

A study of 1313 boys' and youths' gangs in Chicago, made by a fellow in sociology at the university there. He has amassed an immense quantity of curious and instructive material, and he discusses it with good sense. There is some seminar prattle in the book, but not much. Good illustrations and an excellent bibliography add to its value.

ASPECTS OF MEXICAN CIVILIZATION.
By José Vasconcelos and Manuel Gamio.
The University of Chicago Press
$2 — 7½ x 4¾; 169 pp. — *Chicago*

SOME MEXICAN PROBLEMS.
By Moises Saenz and Herbert I. Priestley.
The University of Chicago Press
$2 — 7½ x 4¾; 175 pp. — *Chicago*

Neither of these books has anything new to say, but, because of the authority of the authors and the comprehensiveness of their treatment, they should prove of value.

THE BRITISH GENERAL STRIKE.
By Scott Nearing. — *The Vanguard Press, Inc.*
50 cents — 7¼ x 4½; 174 pp. — *New York*

There is very little here that is not already known to the intelligent newspaper reader. As usual, Mr. Nearing indulges in his bizarre Socialistic prophecies. He is quite sure that "the General Strike smashed the idea of evolutionary and constitutional development in Great Britain," and as to the question whether there will ever be another, he says, "Of course, it will be again!" In the appendix are quoted some of the strike documents.

BIOGRAPHY

GUY DE MAUPASSANT: *A Biographical Study.*
By Ernest Boyd. — *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 — 9 x 5½; 258 pp. — *New York*

The first adequate biography of Maupassant in English, and perhaps the most satisfactory in any language. Mr. Boyd's familiarity with his subject is immense, but he is by no means a mere Maupassant worshipper. His picture of the man is carefully and realistically done, and his discussion of the writer is frank and shrewd.

THE GREAT WOMAN STATESMAN.
By Nanette B. Paul. — *Hogan-Paulus Corporation*
$1 — 9¾ x 6; 169 pp. — *New York*

This is an abstract of "The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony," prepared by permission of the author, Ida Husted Harper, for use in the Susan B. Anthony Wheels of the Foundation bearing this pioneer's name. The purpose of the Foundation is to create and maintain an interest in the leaders of woman suffrage and other reform movements during the last century and to erect in Washington a suitable memorial to Miss Anthony. A Wheel consists of one Hub and ten Spokes, and may be formed by any group of eleven persons. The aim of these Wheels is to help place pictures of, and information about, leading American women in schools and other public places.

HER MAJESTY. *The Romance of the Queens of England, 1066–1910.*
By E. Thornton Cook. — *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$6 — 9¾ x 6; 404 pp. — *New York*

This volume is made up of sketches of the various foreign princesses, from Matilda of Flanders, consort of William the Conqueror, to Alexandra, who died November, 1925, who came to England as brides. There are dozens of portraits, an appendix, a bibliography and an index.

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME.
Anonymous. — *Brentano's*
$2.50 — 8¼ x 5¾ — *New York*

According to the editor, "E. R. P.," who claims to be one of her descendants, this is the diary of an unmarried English lady who lived in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century. It is full of interesting ideas and noble feelings.

Continued on page xxvi

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Continued from page xxiv

TEXT-BOOKS

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE SOCIAL ORDER.
By Joseph A. Leighton. *D. Appleton and Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 578 pp. *New York*

A book that sets out to be different from all other text-books on ethics, but fails. It is divided into two main parts: the first is an exposition of the traditional ethical theories, and the second is an attempt to apply these theories to modern social problems. The exposition is cluttered with the usual beautiful definitions of "the good," "the just" and so on. The modern problems discussed in the "applied" part of the book are the League of Nations, the need of religion in modern life, the Religion of Humanity, the social functions of education, etc. What Mr. Leighton has to say on all these things is exactly what the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and his imitators have been saying, namely, nothing. Mr. Leighton is professor of philosophy in the Ohio State University.

THE BOOK OF PLAY PRODUCTION.
By Milton M. Smith. *D. Appleton and Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 254 pp. *New York*

A practical handbook on stage effects, managerial technique, and so on, written primarily for little theatres, schools and colleges. There are many explanatory drawings, charts, designs, and an introduction by Brander Matthews.

REPRINTS

THE PATRICIAN. FRATERNITY. THE ISLAND PHARISEES. THE COUNTRY HOUSE.
By John Galsworthy. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.25 each *New York*
6¾ x 4½; 380 pp.; 396 pp.; 292 pp.; 328 pp.; 4 vols.

The first four volumes in the projected eighteen volume Grove Edition of Galsworthy's work. They are well printed, attractively bound and very handy.

WINDS OF DOCTRINE.
By George Santayana. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8 x 5¾; 215 pp. *New York*

This well known work first appeared in 1913, and the present fifth reprint of it is proof of its solid value. In the brief preface for this edition the author says that practically all his original judgments remain unaltered.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.
By Thomas Hardy. *The Modern Library, Inc.*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 507 pp. *New York*

NEW GRUB STREET.
By George Gissing. *The Modern Library, Inc.*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 552 pp. *New York*

DUBLINERS.
By James Joyce. *The Modern Library, Inc.*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 288 pp. *New York*

The Gissing reprint has an introduction by Harry Hansen, and the Joyce collection of short stories has an introduction by Padraic Colum.

AN EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.
By Alexander Pope. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 14½ x 9½; 30 pp. (paper) *New York*

TWO POEMS.
By William Cowper. *The Oxford University Press*
$1.50 8½ x 5¼; 14 pp. (paper) *New York*

A SONG TO DAVID.
By Christopher Smart. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 9⅝ x 7½; 22 pp. *New York*

The Pope poem was first published in 1734; the two Cowper poems, "On The Receipt Of My Mother's Picture" and "The Dog And The Water-Lily," were first published together in 1798; and the Smart poem in 1763. All of these books are models of beautiful printing.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HOLCROFT.
The Oxford University Press
80 cents 6 x 3¾; 390 pp. (paper) *New York*

The first seventeen chapters, written by Holcroft himself, bring his life down to his fifteenth year; the remainder of the book was compiled by William Hazlitt from Holcroft's letters.

THIRTY YEARS' MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS.
By Henry Chorley. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9¼ x 6; 411 pp. *New York*

This work was first published in 1862. It gives a capital picture of the musical life of London between the years 1830 and 1859, and is full of shrewd and sound criticism. There is an introduction to this edition by Ernest Newman. The volume is the first of a Borzoi Music Series that he is editing.

THE THEATRE

THE PLAYS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Edited with an Introduction by Iolo A. Williams.
Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press
$3.00 7½ x 5; 384 pp. *New York*

The plays here reprinted are "The Rivals," "St.

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Continued from page xxvi

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LITTLE THEATRE ORGANIZATION AND MAN AGEMENT.
By Alexander Dean. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 333 pp. *New Yor*

The author of this book is associate professor o dramatic art and literature, in the School of Speech Northwestern University, and director of the North Shore Theatre Guild, Chicago. He covers extensively the various problems encountered in play production and devotes an entire chapter to the growth of the Little Theatre Movement in America. Directors of amateur dramatic groups should find the volume helpful. There is a preface by Walter Prichard Eaton.

NEW PLAYS FOR MUMMERS.
By Glenn Hughes. *University of Washington Book Store*
$1.50 9 x 7; 162 pp. *Seattle*

A book of ten burlesques apparently very suitable for amateur groups. There are some amusing block-print illustrations by Richard Bennett.

THE FINE ARTS

A HISTORY OF CARICATURE.
By Bohun Lynch. *Little, Brown & Company*
$6.50 10 x 7⅜; 126 pp. with plates *Boston*

Mr. Lynch's history is not exhaustive, but his specimens of caricature are immensely interesting, and his comments are those of one who is himself a very competent caricaturist. The Americans represented are Ralph Barton and Miguel Covarrubias.

PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER: *A Study of His Paintings.*
By Virgil Barker. *The Arts Publishing Corporation*
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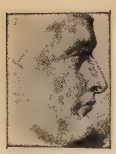

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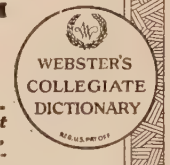

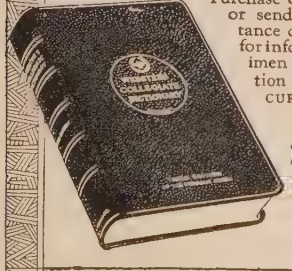

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he becomes assistant to his foster-father. Meanwhi his benefactor has been playing the market with t bank's money and has lost. John runs away befo the loss is discovered and so shields Merrick senio The boy becomes derelict, for he ever suspects he being followed and so wanders from one town another. But in the end he returns to the town whe he met and fell in love with the first citizen's daughte his foster-parent seeks him out, having reimburs the bank, and all ends happily.

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SUMMER STORM.
By Frank Swinnerton. *George Doran and Compa*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 341 pp. *New Yo*

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Continued on page xxxii

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Continued on page xxxiv

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together. John returns to Emma to explain thing but he is no sooner finished with his plea for freedo than she shoots him and then herself. On the la page Lalage is caressing the dying John, just to sho her undying love for him.

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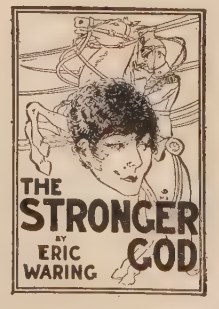

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HAVE PAINTERS MINDS?

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

A man puts a model before him and he paints it so neat as to make it a deception. Now I ask any man of sense, is that art?—*William Blake.*

From Aristotle and Plotinus to Tolstoy and Croce, innumerable theories of the beautiful have been pronounded. It has been the dream of every philosopher of art to invent a perfect system of æsthetics, that is to say, to define the beautiful in absolute terms, and to throw out of court all theories at variance with his own. I need hardly mention the manifest impossibility of such an undertaking. Any man who attempts to restrict art to a single hypothesis, whether psychological, social or moral, is an intellectual bigot or an ignoramus. I will go further: any man who declares that he has distilled the essence of the beautiful and formulated a method whereby a work of art may be infallibly analyzed, its appeal explained and catalogued, and its æsthetic value appraised and tested, is a self-deceived braggart or a fraud. In either case he is a menace to honest appreciation. The net effect of all this speculation is that painting, the most perspicuous and apprehensible of the arts, has become, so far as the public is concerned, a complicated mixture of snobbery, metaphysics and chimerical nonsense. Moreover, the word art, etymologically a fitting or joining together, and originally applied to all forms of creative activity, has been arrogated to the narrow province of painting and has come to designate something unsubstantial and unhealthily refined—a mysterious and exotic affair, effeminate, charged with meanings outside the understanding of the ordinary mortal and permeated with the maunderings of the superior, highly sensitive soul. It is the practice of critics, when speaking of the artistry of writers, to refer to the pictorial qualities of word-painters and elaborate stylists like Poe, Pater, Stevenson, Wilde and Cabell, and not to the vigorous imaginative performances of Swift, Fielding, Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw.

Writers on art are the toughest nuts in the literary basket. They seem to be incapable of lucidity and common sense; as a rule they know little of the actual problems of painting, and the best they can do is to deceive a public that knows less. At the one extreme we have mystics like Hegel, whose opaque philosophies, however remarkable they may be in the realm of abstract thinking, have no relation to observable phenomena and no validity in practical life; at the other we have the modern psychologists, equally inhuman in their approach, and for the most part mountebanks and opportunists. To the second group a work of art is "an organization of forms," an assemblage of geometri-

cal shapes independent of representative values and all the basic human attributes which connect the painter, if he is really alive, with the rest of mankind. Writers of this sort presuppose that psychology is a stable and exact science. According to their theories, certain combinations of forms inevitably evoke pleasurable emotional states. These curious trances are duly labelled, measured, and described in pseudo-scientific terminology, and while it is true that only a few hedonic rhapsodists are permitted the luxury of pure æsthetic appreciation, logically all who look at pictures should be stimulated in precisely the same manner. Thus Cézanne, the father of modern art, is a great man and entitled to a spacious niche in the history of human achievement because "he was able to integrate in recessive space, by means of juxtaposed planes and a knowledge of the exigencies of tri-dimensional design, solid units of form the harmonious totality of which induces in the beholder a profound feeling of plastic power."

Now, I ask any man of sense, is that art? Suppose, for instance, that literary criticism were allowed such imbecilities of expression? Then Dr. Brandes, to attain the eminence he deservedly enjoys, would only have to assert that Shakespeare is immortal because "he was endowed with a gigantic creative faculty which enabled him, by disregarding the tyrannies of established syntactical procedure, by extraordinary command over structural iambics, by elliptical interpolations, sequential anacoluthons, and feminine endings, to compose a world of rhythmical forms into which the reader cannot enter without experiencing a unique feeling of plastic ecstasy." The sad thing about the psychological critics is that they cannot keep abreast of the latest discoveries in their own field. Once they grasp the significance of the behaviorists whose experiments have slowly but surely evaporated the stream of consciousness and crippled, if not destroyed, the old doctrine of visual images, they will have to begin all over again.

The monumental exception among writers on art is Tolstoy. This valiant Russian is about the only man, past or present, who challenged the pompous quacksalvers to talk sense, and who honestly endeavored to get at the bottom of the matter instead of trying to evolve impressive theories. Quarrel, if you will, with the primordial simplicity of his ideas; call him an arrant sentimentalist, a pedagogue, and a moralist; the fact remains that he put his full fighting strength into the task of rescuing art from supercilious voluptuaries and identifying it with the universal religious and social instincts of man. Oddly enough, Tolstoy is anathema to the highbrow Modernists. True, he took the mind out of painting and asseverated that all great art is or should be within the comprehension of peasants, but is not this good modern doctrine? Is it not the tendency of the most "advanced" artists of today to imitate and extol elementary works—the childishness of Rousseau, the *douanier*, Negro sculpture, and the quasi-primitivism of Matisse—and to scorn such objects as might conceivably have called for the exercise of intelligence? Is not the current movement known as Expressionism an admission that what is demanded in painting is not brains, but instinct and feeling?

Of the journalistic scribes little need be said. I doubt if anyone reads them except, perhaps, a few jealous painters avid of the stale crumbs of publicity; certainly they are without influence. Their lot is pathetic: to review weekly the moribund wares of half a hundred fashionable charnel-houses not only in a mock-critical vein but in the capacity of news-gatherer, is a job beyond the powers of the critic of letters. For the literary man, however lowly, mercenary, or corruptible, must have at least a modicum of personality to gain an audience. Personality in the art critic is fatal. He must be sour, pretentious, obscure; he has no point of view and nothing to give in the way of enlightening comment and is forced to conceal his ignorance beneath a smear of spurious erudition and a windy

display of technical jargon picked up in his occasional contacts with painters.

Possibly the reader, despairing of the journalists, has sought guidance in the so-called standard authorities. If so, he has been confronted with a baffling array of mighty postulates. He has discovered that work of art is:

1. An imitation of nature. (The movies, official portraiture, the photographs in the smutty "art magazines.")
2. A universal quality. (Disease, ignorance and vice.)
3. Anything which produces illusion. (Love.)
4. Anything leading to social uplift. (Nothing has ever done this.)
5. An expression. (The drawings of the Bushmen, Futurism, political speeches, jazz.)
6. Anything which causes pleasure. (Wine, women, and song.)
7. Significant form. (The aeroplane and the typewriter.)
8. Abstract form. (A contradiction in terms.)
9. Anything which brings us in contact with exceptional personalities. (The radio.)

Most of the theories of art, as I have pointed out, have been devised by critics unfamiliar with the concrete object. Taking for granted the supreme importance of painting, its "spiritual significance," its symbolical distinction as "the flowering of the life-force," and all the rest, they proceed to account for it in the manner of medieval eremites. Reduced to plain speech, their laws, though supposedly exclusive, may be applied to any manifestation of organic activity. On the other hand, writers driven by necessity into looking at pictures have a deliberate trick of erecting an insuperable technical barrier between artist and public. By limiting appreciation to painters and a few critics, they add to their prestige and raise themselves to the level of artists.

As a consequence, the importance of painting, as it exists today, is vastly overestimated, and second-rate artists, yes, even tenth-rate artists, are esteemed as more intelligent and more valuable to society than first-rate engineers, doctors and scientists. Let us examine categorically the various productions which the contemporary painter offers to the public in the magic name of art.

II

The Nude. Connoisseurs and artists assure us that the nude represents the pinnacle of plastic achievement. This dictum is consistent with the traditional hypocrisy and affectation of those whose lives are concerned with "pure beauty." As a matter of truth, the naked female—male nudes are comparatively rare, with the exception of those by Michelangelo, whose figures of both sexes are sublimated into heroic giants—is generally the lowest form of art inasmuch as its appeal is wholly sensual. The very eroticism which makes a man a painter tempts him to find in the nude a convenient and highly approved outlet for his concupiscence. If a man tells me that he abhors Gothic architecture, I can credit his conviction; if he swears that the music of Beethoven was inspired by the devil and that Dostoievsky was a raving maniac, I can still believe in his honesty; but if he attempts to persuade me that he looks at nude pictures in the spirit of cool æsthetic detachment, enjoying only their "formal relationships," I know that he is a liar. You will remember how prodigiously incensed was Mark Twain at the sight of one of Titian's undressed ladies. The bare flesh he professed to tolerate—but the position of that hand! It was simply flagitious!

If writers were accorded such privileges, the human race would soon go to the dogs! How we laugh today at Mark Twain's Puritanism, but let us pause in our cachinnations long enough to bear in mind that our wise modern attitude is not a whit more æsthetic than the righteous screams of the Missouri moralist. We have become unblushingly lascivious, that is all, and not one of us cares a hang for formal relationships. Ah, yes, but is not the body of woman a lovely thing, and does it not contain in a single unit all the forms and rhythms of nature? If woman were cast in the form of an Aztec god; if she were as grotesque as Congo sculpture, and as horrible as the synthetic monster fashioned by Leonardo da Vinci she would be just as

beautiful to any adult male not impuissant. I realize that the human figure embodies every possible rhythm and form, but the forms of life are no longer personified nakedly. Rembrandt was aware of this, and in his younger days, when the nude was a physical joy, he seldom painted it. Even in the famous Rapes, his Persephone and Europa are richly dressed in the garb of Dutch ladies, which indeed they are. He was above the cheap habit of transcribing physical loveliness on canvases for seductive purposes and calling it art. As he grew older and more familiar with life—and with women—he painted beautiful nudes, but not often, and they are women whose fleshly charms and exciting contours have departed. They are tragic figures; they have majesty and strength, and a curious holiness shines out of their ageing flesh. Here was a man who made the nude interesting. How, it does not matter in this paper—possibly by the "architectonics of light and shade." But what modern nude is worth looking at the second time? The reason is not far to seek. The naked woman is not a part of the every-day experience of the artist, of companionship, victory and disappointment, of the ordinary, inescapable stuff that moulds him, matures him and gives him speech.

If the nude were a normal ingredient in modern life, our naked shows would no longer be necessary, and our pornographic magazines would seem as chaste as Sunday-school quarterlies. The nude is simply a fetish of the art school and the salon handed down from the pagan days of the Greeks by way of the Renaissance. Is there not something a little silly in the character of Renoir, a painter who spent his entire life copying the epidermis of servant wenches? But what voluptuous animals he painted! It is easy for collectors to unload their æsthetic baggage upon the unappetizing deformities of old Cézanne, but when it comes to Renoir's figures, their eyes glisten and their high talk melts into the cadences of a lover in possession of his first mistress. If a doctor should venture into painting he might legitimately concentrate upon the nude; if an artist were born and raised in a brothel he might naturally, like Toulouse-Lautrec, express himself in terms of naked flesh; but as a whole, the nude in art is either erotic trash or academic convention.

Portraiture. The perfection of photography has rendered portrait painting artistically worthless, and converted it into an exhibition of mechanical dexterity. One of America's most distinguished practitioners of this form of art recently declared that his job had become so ignominious that he was obliged to please not only his sitter, in this case, Mrs. ——, but her husband, her children, and all her friends. We have no means of ascertaining how closely the portraits executed by the old painters resembled the subjects, but certainly they are far from literal, for it was not until the invention of the camera that the public realized how deadly accurate a portrait could be, and began to demand that the painter turn himself into a soulless, unreflective machine. The portraits of El Greco, Rubens and Rembrandt are not remarkable for their physiognomical truth but for such qualities of strength, dignity and individuality as the artists were able to bring to their models. Today it is the opposite; lacking brains and imagination the painter has but one course to follow—to compete with the camera. If he deviates at all from servile copying, it is not for artistic reasons but solely to clinch his commission by flattering the self-esteem of his sitters. The modern portrait painter is a politician, a sycophant and a showman.

Landscape. The most popular form of art, because the least offensive. In the Italian Renaissance the landscape was merely a background for human drama, crucifixions, rapes, *et cet.*—as a separate entity it did not exist. It became prominent in its own right in Eighteenth Century Holland, where long, damp and gloomy Winters, passed largely indoors, impelled the Dutch burghers to brighten their dismal rooms with glowing illusions of fresh verdure, sunlight and

ummer warmth. The Twentieth Century andscape also serves as wall-paper, but with the additional function of administering to the romantic tastes of those who ove to be surrounded by picturesque scenes. The successful landscape painter must have dash of poetry in his blood. Contemplating a given scene, he is moved to tears, and e fancies that he can reduce others to the ame condition by faithfully presenting the oods and hills before him. His task is considerably lightened by the selection of ocalities blest with historical associations. Thus the annual pilgrimages to France and pain, and the annual exhibitions of water-olors far less interesting as records and ess exciting as art than the snapshots of he amateur photographer.

As a celebrated exponent of outdoor ainting I may cite the late Claude Monet, ne of the founders of a school which urned the world of art upside down. Monet's entire life—and it was a long ne—was dedicated to the investigation of ittle nooks and corners of the French ountryside. He was a specialist in sun-ight and atmospheric tones; day after day e sat beside a haystack observing the play f natural light and shade upon straw, and utting down, as far as it is humanly pos-ible, exactly what he saw before him. Now, I ask again, is that art? In the can-ases of his violent successors there is carcely more evidence of intelligence. The Modernists, in casting out sentiment, have lso cast out imagination, and have de-icted nature in arbitrary arrangements of arren forms which resemble the lifeless raters of the moon or useless topographi-al maps. Their work has not even the merit of being picturesque.

Still-life. It is difficult to account for this henomenon. It has no equivalent in litera-ure (not even Proust could have expressed n words the divine essence of vegetables) nd little relation to the larger, anthro-ological aspects of art. With the advent f the new movements in painting came he wild, extravagant cry that subject-natter is of no consequence—it is all in the handling, the composition. There is some sense to this notion, but not much. I acknowledge that Chardin, of all painters, came closest to humanizing his prunes and herring, but he understood the animating effect of bringing a live cat into the picture. If a painter tells me that he has infused his soul into an onion, I may agree with him, knowing the size of his soul, but I am not therefore committed to admire the performance. A lunatic like Van Gogh may be thrown into a frenzy by a pair of old shoes, but his painting of the shoes will not provoke such aberrations in the beholder—unless he too is a lunatic. Cézanne did some extraordinary things with still-life, but we must remember that his intercourse with his fellows was crabbed, limited and unpleasant, and in the end he withdrew into himself, preferring the peaceful companionship of fruits and vegetables. The trouble with the American painter is that his concern with still-life is purely factitious. If he were a gardener or a botanist he might reasonably derive his *motifs* from the vegetable kingdom; as it is, he can find nothing worth while in the life around him, and falls back on the mannerisms of a French solitary. We have an analogous example in our moving picture experts who, viewing with apprehension the effectiveness of German films like "Variety," have pitched the camera at every conceivable angle and elevation in the hope of capturing the foreign secrets.

The Mural. An extinct art. Originally all painting was conceived as mural decoration, the detached pictures of the Greeks and the altar-pieces of the early Italians fulfilling the same office as the huge mosaics and frescos. The mural of today, when it is attempted at all, is a commonplace magazine illustration transferred to plaster, or an odious enlargement of that illegitimate thing, the easel-picture. To express in appropriate symbols the spirit of modern America, and to unite this conception with a definite architectural background, is not within the scope of puny souls who copy haystacks and pretty faces.

III

The modern painter is an inferior being. He is dumb and dull and conceited, an anti-social coward who dwells in miserable cocklofts, and runs frantically to his dealer and back again, bleating like a sheep about his soul, his poverty, and his unappreciated genius. If he is lucky enough to have a little money, he hurries off to Europe to steep his tender susceptibilities in the atmosphere of the past, or to destroy himself in the dives of Paris. Of all the workers in the arts he is the least alive—no man of brains and education could possibly waste his life in performances which are, not only paltry and mechanical, but also totally divorced from current affairs. The general public has no conception of the feebleness, stupidity and ignorance of the painter. He is inarticulate and proud of it; in any society he is a nonentity; and, instead of facing modern problems, he buries himself in his studio, worships the by-products of savages, and exhibits meaningless patterns which he confesses are less artistic than the scratchings of cave-dwellers and the decorations of cannibals. Yet the superstition somehow persists that he is the aristocrat of art.

Intellectually, our most celebrated painters—not the contemptible smaller fry, but those periodically acclaimed as "modern masters"—are much lower in the scale than such writers as Harold Bell Wright, James Oliver Curwood, Stratton Porter, and Margaret Pedler. If the public actually needed painting, and the critics spoke an intelligible language, this state of affairs would not exist. You will have noticed that doctors, lawyers and other outsiders not wholly uneducated frequently discover in painting fruitful ground for self-glorification. They have nothing to say about literature; they are technically unequipped to discuss music; but in painting they can revel and theorize and mouth psychology to their heart's content without fear of being exposed or understood. Sometimes they write books—and Lord, what books they are!

The painter, dolt that he is, either does not read or does not understand, but he is duly impressed by the patronage; the public is indifferent or befuddled, and the meaning of art is as deeply buried as ever. This condition cannot last. Unless painting enlists the attention of men with creative intelligence, and ceases to rely upon "pure feeling" and the gropings of sensitive outcasts, it is destined to become a sport for amateurs and androgynists.

THINK STUFF UNWANTED

BY HORACE J. HUBBELL

I SHALL call it the Amalgamated News, which is not its name. It is one of the great American news agencies, and it has correspondents all over the world. One of its high aims, as everyone who has ever attended any of its staff dinners knows, is to interpret the ideas and ideals of foreign nations to the people of the United States. I worked for it for a year. I came away with doubts.

During my term of service one of my colleagues, under the spell of the official view of the organization's functions, turned out a series of learned and serious articles upon political and economic conditions in the country where he was working. He was a good reporter, and he did a careful and accurate job. But the reaction of the home office was swift and unmistakable. It took the form of a crisp three-word cable: "Think stuff unwanted." My colleague, a very intelligent fellow, learned his lesson quickly. In his later more august post as cable editor of the agency he displayed a rare zest for exposing and denouncing any symptoms of "think stuff" in the cable and mail stories which came to his desk.

The Amalgamated News maintains a very valuable and instructive house-organ known as the *Log*. Herein, along with the record of its current victories and defeats, expressed in such terms as "Ahead Greek revolution; beaten Chinese fire on American destroyers; Paris divorce tipster sold us one three weeks old" are often set down such terse epigrammatic definitions of news as: "How many corpses? That tells whether it's a story." The future historian of the American press, bewildered and overwhelmed by his mass of raw material, will find his task vastly simplified if he discovers a few of these *Logs*. The guiding principles of latter-day American journalism are summed up in them with entire frankness and in a vivid and charming form.

With "think stuff" barred, what does the Amalgamated News really want from its hirelings in foreign parts? One of the best numbers of the *Log* gave as the six most desirable subjects for mail articles: "women, liquor, wealth, religion, science and immorality." What is desired in the scientific field is not an interview with Professor Einstein on the implications of his theory of relativity; it is a sensational statement by some foreign quack (as if there were not plenty of them in America!) to the effect that he has discovered a cure for cancer, established an air route between the earth and the moon, or transformed the sun's rays into a source of motor energy. I recall an instance when a correspondent cabled a palpably absurd story about a serum distilled from the internal secretions of a bull and warranted to cure all human ailments. The story got honorable mention in the *Log*. But hear the president of the organization, addressing his slaves:

> Next to religious stories and stories about religious fights, radio is about the most interesting topic in the world all the way around the world. It ranks better than professional sport in the United States to-day. . . . There's a Chinese New Year and a Jewish New Year which are always good for stories. . . . We ought to have a story on what the Prince of Wales is going to wear on Easter Day. . . . What has become of the horses of Malines that were so wonderfully intelligent and about which we worried so much in the early part of the war?

The Prince of Wales is apparently the most interesting personage in the world to many millions of freeborn Americanos, and so the files of the *Log* are filled with complaints, suggestions and pleas for every scrap of available news about him. Thus the cable editor lately inquired of the London Bureau:

> Anything on matrimonial chitchat about the Prince of Wales or the rest of the family, now that he's back on the home grounds? Also what's he doing with himself—anything spectacular in the night-club line or following any pretty actresses?

At another time there was an appeal to "keep astride of this Wales-Princess Astrid story (not to use a bad pun)" together with a complaint that a rival newsgatherer had beaten the Amalgamated man on the news that the Prince had been made an honorary midwife and surgeon. "Wales is a story, especially if he's a midwife or has twins or does otherwise novel things," commented the erudite cable editor. Subsequently there was a complaint that "the London opposition ['opposition' is the technical characterization of a rival news-agency] carried the double story regarding missiles thrown at Wales in restaurant and at Hotel Cecil, where Baldwin was speaking. We lost the play because we got only the Baldwin incident, whereas Wales as usual got into the headlines."

Responding to this constant pressure from the home office the London Bureau supplied various engaging tidbits about the Prince, making up one story to the effect that he pronounced certain words with an American accent, and digging up the fact that, for some inscrutable reason, His Royal Highness had acquired the nickname of the Pragga Wagga during his Oxford student days. But the New York office's hankering for romance was unsatisfied, and so the *Log* soon printed the following desperate appeal:

> Worn a subject as it is, even the possible engagement of the Prince of Wales still is page one news, and any stretch of the imagination that would produce an engagement story would be welcomed.

But this impressed the manager of the London Bureau as a bit too thick, and he entered a virtuous protest to the effect that "personally, I do not believe that Amalgamated Newsers should resort to 'any stretch of the imagination' to produce any sort of story whatever, and certainly the London Bureau will not." A reasonable degree of accuracy, indeed, is important even to a news agency, for when there are too many fakes its clients are apt to protest, but accuracy becomes painful to an up-and-coming cable editor when the true facts of an incident prove to be less thrilling than the first exaggerated reports would indicate. This is evident from the following *Log* extract:

> Prague's munitions wagon explosion caused plenty of trouble owing to Blank's message putting the dead at ninety-two and immediate subsequent message revising the figure to three. I don't know what the editors said when they got the correction but they probably said plenty.

II

Scoops and beats are the primary sources of joy and grief to the gentleman of the Amalgamated News. A scoop, it may be explained, is an exclusive story, while a beat is a story obtained well in advance of the competing agencies. The Amalgamated News General Staff shouts with triumph whenever a cable reaches the New York office fifteen minutes ahead of the opposition's cable, and falls into deep despondency if it is necessary to report: "Prince of Wales' broken collarbone appeared to be a little behind the opposition." Sometimes this zeal for beats leads to regrettable consequences, as the following extract from the *Log* indicates:

> Had bad luck in killing off Cardinal Mercier too early, although we did some quick retrieving here.

A major tragedy in the field of beats occurred, unhappily enough, just at the opening of the New Year, 1926. Let the mournful cadences of the cable editor tell the story:

> Amalgamated News took the beating of the season on Prince Carol's renunciation of the Rumanian throne. It was there, complete and masterful. We had not a line. The fault, of course, lies in the fact that we are not now and never have been properly protected in Bucharest. . . . An amazing thing about the Carol story is that it was not until 8 P. M., Friday, New York time, that we finally got a Bucharest date-line into the report. That was almost twenty-four hours after the story appeared here on the streets.

And to fill up this cup of gall and wormwood to overflowing, the cable editor gave way to the following gloomy reflection:

> XYZ [a rival news agency] outguessed an Amalgamated Newser somewhere by putting Prince George of England among the rescuers at the Hong Kong hotel fire. Without the Prince there was no story, and we had all but him. Princes have been poison for us this week.

That the Amalgamated News has learned the lessons of war propaganda was demonstrated by the very different version of the Prince Carol episode which appeared in the *Amalgampress*, a weekly published for the edification of its newspaper clients. Here there was no word of being almost a whole day behind the hated opposition in the announcement of the Prince's abdication; no hint that "princes have been poison for us." On the contrary the *Amalgampress* grandly boasted that "when Prince Carol of Rumania renounced his throne for love it was through the Amalgamated News that he related his personal story in an interview at Milan."

To an impartial observer it seems that, despite all its commendable strivings, despite the alternating triumphal pæans and heartbroken laments of the *Log*, the Amalgamated News has scarcely achieved a position of complete equality with its most hated competitor, the XYZ, in the matter of getting the news first and getting it right. The XYZ seems to have a more far-flung organization, and that organization protects it against defeat in the high enterprise of recording the antics of princes and bomb-throwers in the more out-of-the-way parts of the Balkans. Moreover, there is a flavor of sour grapes in the boast of the *Amalgampress* that "the Amalgamated News operates directly through its own correspondents and distributing bureaux abroad, without alliances with 'official' or otherwise subsidized agencies." These despised official agencies, operated by various European governments for their own purposes, are often dishonest, but nevertheless they are potential sources of important news, especially in countries such as Italy and Russia, where censorships prevail and news is often first given out in the form of statements from the official agency. If a Zinoviev is expelled from the Political Bureau of the Communist Party or an enterprising would-be assassin takes a potshot at Mussolini the chances are about a hundred to one that the XYZ will get the first story through its loathsome dealings with the official agency.

But what it thus lacks in technical facilities the Amalgamated News has always tried to make up in pep and originality. It is seldom that a *Log* passes without some appeal for increased concentration on these qualities. This appeal sometimes takes on a shrill staccato character, especially when it appears that the opposition is stealing the thunder of the Amalgamated News by jazzing up its own sober style of reporting. Here is a characteristic S O S from the New York cable desk:

> May I preface my bouquets and brickbats this week by telling you: The mail product is in the doldrums. It needs a lot of waking up. Pep; color; oddity; originality; enterprise. Sometime ago I told you of the New York *Times* man's observation that the XYZ was trying to speed up and brighten up, but that it was hard to teach an elephant to dance. It was a merry quip. But the elephant is learning to dance. He's turning out some gay steps from all over the world, and they're treading over the front pages, and onto our toes.

Passing from the general to the specific the cable editor acknowledged "good action on Mexico's position toward United States note," but lamented that the agency fared "awfully on the picturesque bandit hold-up and cremation at Guadalajara. I'd trade half a dozen notes myself for one like the bandits. And speaking of trading, I'd swap a political piece most any day

for one like London's interview with old man Carlisle, who wants the Merry Widow waltz played at his cremation."

The Amalgamated News, like every other news agency, takes pains to impress on all its correspondents the value and importance of the mail story. Its business office is constantly on the alert for excessive expenditures for cable tolls, and most of the time its standing order to foreign correspondents reads: "Hold down to the limit on cables. But give us lots of spicy mailers, which can be wired from New York as cable stuff." This is a great game: this writing of mail stories which are subsequently supplied with a today dateline and set before the unsuspecting reader as proofs of the munificent character of his favorite paper's cable service. A common device is to send by mail all the available advance facts about some ceremony which is timed to occur on a definite date. A two-word cable on the date of the ceremony releases the mail story. This scheme is surely not reprehensible—when it works. But lamentable mishaps sometimes occur. The harassed correspondent at the scene of the show may forget to send a cable releasing the mail story at the right time. Or he may neglect to cable some essential correction. Or the home office may fail to heed his correction, with disastrous results for all concerned.

It is a curious but unmistakable fact that hardened cable editors, experienced in the art of turning mailers into fictitious cables, are often unable to spot the handiwork of the opposition when it resorts to the same trick. On several occasions the New York cable editor of the Amalgamated denounced me for not cabling a story which the opposition had sent by mail and subsequently dressed up convincingly in cable guise.

What mail stories are apt to get a front page play in the American public prints? On this point I have an abundance of evidence in the shape of congratulations vouchsafed to correspondents by the watchful cable editor, who is naturally in close touch with the reactions of the Amalgamated News' clients. Let the *Log* of a day last April answer:

> There was an excellent box from Dash: "Accused as murderer, Mexican tells judge spirits told him his allegedly murdered wife was not dead." This box got top-head play and fitted into the report as cable stuff.

Such foreign UBT's (Unusual But Trues) are in constant demand. All of them are certainly unusual, but it would require a faith that moves mountains to believe that they are all true. A typical UBT, which originated in the purlieus of Constantinople, described an alleged hundred-and-fifty-year-old Turkish patriarch named Zaro as rebuking his son, aged ninety-seven, for being too lazy to work. It is difficult to believe that the originator of this yarn took it seriously; but it was hotly claimed as a beat by two competing news agencies.

III

Nothing is funnier than reading *Logs* covering the same period, but issued by two rival agencies. They suggest nothing so much as communiques issued by the opposing GHQ's in the course of the late war. The opposition beats are disparaged or slurred whenever possible, and the lie direct or indirect is occasionally passed. I recall the following extracts from the *Log* of an organization which was working in vigorous competition with the Amalgamated News:

> Amalgamated News put out an alleged exclusive story from Rome, which, like many of their other exclusives, impresses us as just a little too exclusive to be true. . . . Amalgamated claimed a forty-five minute beat on us on Corson swimming the Channel. This was just fifteen minutes more than they had, and they furthermore forget that they were about an hour behind on the last attempt to swim the Channel. You have to be on your toes every minute to meet competition of this kind.

But the enterprising foreign correspondent is supposed to inspire news as well as to record it. Fortunately, not a great deal of imagination would be required to in-

cent the type of story outlined in the following suggestion:

> Any of the mistresses of the ex-Shah of Persia would be good for a bit of publicity if they'd talk *re* him as the ideal lover, or the happy exiled monarch glad to be free from the chains of office, or some such chatter.

Sex is a "breakfast, dinner and supper subject in America," according to one of the Amalgamated News *Logs;* and anything dealing with this fascinating subject in lively style is certain to receive a warm welcome. A plea for "anything sensational or shocking in the texts or the nudities in opera, drama or operetta" is voiced in another *Log.*

The political interests of *Homo americanus* are rather feebly developed, if one is to judge from the constant pleas for more concentration on HI (*i.e.*, human interest) subjects. They seem to run only to fights and dictatorships. "If you have a dictator in your bailiwick, send him along," says one *Log.* On another occasion the cable editor recalls sadly that the Geneva correspondent missed the story (probably imaginary) about a violent personal quarrel between Sir Austen Chamberlain and the Swedish Foreign Minister, M. Unden, during the session of the League of Nations in March, 1926. "I'd have traded everything we got for that quarrel," is his mournful conclusion.

The following list of stories, chosen for special commendation in various *Logs*, gives a pretty good view of what the average editor in Kankakee or Fort Wayne (or in New York, for that matter) wants in the way of foreign news:

> *August 24*—Fine London mailer, "Parrot in Zoo Commits Suicide," well liked by New York City papers.
>
> *April 5*—Dash contributed what those who read it pronounced the best Easter feature to appear here. The story recounted the peculiar Mexican custom of hanging effigies of Judas, sometimes loaded in the seat of the pants with firecrackers, on the Saturday before Easter.
>
> *August 24*—We missed the story of the Queen of Rumania bobbing her hair, which went across for big play in New York.
>
> *May 25*—Among the outstanding stories from the mail bag were "Sargent From The Spirit World Demands Jazz"; "Younger Set in Berlin Demands Petting Parties in Taxis"; "Dancing Masters in Paris Vote Down the Charleston."
>
> *August 10*—Two stories of the type always demanding reasonable Amalgamated News coverage broke in Europe during the past week. One was "Y. M. C. A. meeting at Helsingfors votes that much of its week's deliberations must be devoted to sex as the most urgent of human problems." The other is the Oxford meeting of the British Association for Advancement of Science, which is still going on. We have had such interesting bits as "Scientists explode the sheik theory", "Indian scientist demonstrates that flowers breathe and breed" and "Scientists show why bald-headed men have more brain-power."
>
> *January 25*—(Special Request to Buenos Aires Bureau): Give us more stories like girl suiciding because her lover called her a hippopotamus.
>
> *January 25*—The second coming of Christ through Krishnamurti is a sock. [*i.e.*, a blow to the opposition agencies].
>
> *June 9*—Moscow's prehistoric brain discovered: here was a feature that was much appreciated.

From all this it seems reasonably clear that a knowledge of history, foreign languages, political science and economics is rather superfluous baggage for an American foreign correspondent. He appears to be prized pretty much in proportion as he possesses the qualifications of a vaudeville showman. Let him turn out a good snappy standardized line of stories about parrots who commit suicide and gentlemen who want jazz played at their funerals, and he need not worry about the political, economic and cultural problems of the country where he serves. One thing he must remember. It is embalmed in the terse, compelling message: "Think stuff unwanted."

SANTA FÉ SKETCHES

BY CARL SANDBURG

The valley was swept with a blue broom to the west.

And to the west, on the fringes of a mesa sunset,
there are blue broom leavings, hangover blue wisps—
bluer than the blue floor the broom touched
before and after it caught the blue sweepings.

The valley was swept with a blue broom to the west.

2

When a city picks a valley—and a valley picks a city—
it is a marriage—and there are children.

Since the bluebirds come by twenties
and the blackbirds come by forties
in March, when the snow skirls in a sunshine wind;
since they come up the valley to the city, heading north,
it is taken as a testimony of witnesses.

When the bluebird barriers drop,
when the redwing bars go down,
the flurries of sun flash now on the tail feathers—
it is up the valley—up and on—
by twenties and forties—
and the tail feathers flashing.

In the cuts of the red dirt arroyos,
at the change of the mist of the mountain waterfalls,
in cedars and piñons, at the scars and gashes,
at the patches where new corn will be planted,
at the Little Canyon of the Beans,
they stop and count how far they have come,
the twenties and forties stop and count.

Whoever expected them to remember,
to carry little pencils between their toes,
notebooks under their wings?
By twenties, by forties—it is enough;
"When wings come, and sun, and a new wind

out of the Southwest whispering—
and especially wings—we forget—
we forget."

They saw Navajos ride with spears and arrows,
Spaniards ride with blunderbusses,
cowboys ride with Colts and Winchesters—
they saw the changing shooting irons—
and now the touring-car and the flivver
creep up the red dirt valley, among the rabbit bushes,
passing the clean-piled clean-cut woodpiles
on the backs of mountain-born burros.

3

The valley city sits with its thoughts.

"Have I not had my thoughts by myself
four hundred years?" she asks.

"Have I not seen the guns of Spain, Mexico
and America go up and down the valley?

"Is not holy faith and the name of a saint
in my name?

"Was I not called La Villa de Santa Fé de
San Francisco de Assisi?

"Do they not name a railroad from Chicago
to Los Angeles after me?

"Did they not give a two-thousand-mile wagon
trail of the first gold diggers, the forty-
niners, my name, the short pet name, Santa Fé?

"Do you wonder I sit here, like an easy woman,
not young, not old—
Do you wonder I sit here, shrewd, faded, asking:
What next? who next?
And answering my own questions: I don't care—
let the years worry."

4

By twenties and forties,
the bluebirds and the redwings,
out of the bars, the barriers,
in a flash of tail feathers
on and up the valley—

"When wings come
and the Southwest whispering,
we forget."

5

The valley city sits among its brooding facts,
"Six years ago—only ponies, bridles, saddles circled around the public square, the plaza, the place of the Summer band concerts—
And now—the varnished motor-cars stand with funeral faces filling the old pony hitching places.

"I have seen candles keep the night watch till the coal oil came and then the live wires—
Thirty miles away the mountain villages see two strings of lights hung like Summer flies—the penitentiary night lights of Santa Fé.

"The fast travelers with extra tires come in a hurry and solve me and pass on to say all their lives,
'Santa Fé? oh yes, Santa Fé, I have seen Santa Fé.'
'Hurry up,' is their first and last word on my zigzag streets, my lazy 'dobe corners.
'Hurry up, we must see the Old Church, the Old Bell, the Oldest House in the United States, touch the doors, and then go on—hurry up!'

"They are afraid grass will grow under their feet—they say so as a proverb—
And I am afraid they will knock loose some cool green whisper of moss in a chink of a wall."

6

In April the little farmers go out in the foothills, up the mountain patches.
They go to gamble against the weather, the rain.

"If the rain comes like last year, we shall have a fat Winter,
If the rain comes like year before last, it is a lean Christmas for us."

They put in their beans, the magic frijole, the chile, they stretch open hands to the sky,
and tell the rain to come,
to come, come, come.

With a willing rain the gamblers win.
If the rain says, "Not this year," they lose.

So the little farmers go out in the foothills,
up the mountain patches in April,
telling every bean in the sack
to send up a wish to God
for water to come . . . out of the sky.

7

A loose and changeable sky
looks on a loose and changeable land.

The rain rips the wagon road ruts
too deep for wheels—the wagons make a new road
the rain makes a new little arroyo.

Pack burros tussling under bundled woodpiles go by
with eyes murmuring, "Everything is the same as it always was."
The tough little tussling foot of a burro, the wag of
a left ear to a right ear, *are* they joking, "Everything is the same as it always was?"

8

Proud and lazy Spaniards with your pearl swords
of conquest, your blunderbuss guns of flags and
victory—

Who did you conquer and fasten down as your vassals?

The blood is dry and mixed in a mixing-bowl.
The passion kiss and the sunlit blaze of the
Indian woman's eye—the faces and the hair of Spain and
the Aztecs, Moors and the Navajos—are mixed in a mixing
bowl—and a passer-by writes:

"In Mexico nobody knows how to sing
and everybody sings."

Come back and pick up your pearl-handled swords,
your blunderbuss guns.
Sniff with the tourists in the Santa Fé Museum—
See them look at their stop-watches—
"A little gas now—and we're on our way—come on,
kid—on your way."

9

The valley was swept with a blue broom to the west,
there are blue broom leavings on the sky,
hangover blue wisps.

The valley city sits with its thoughts.
"Have I not had my thoughts by myself
four hundred years?" she asks.
"Do you wonder I sit here, shrewd, faded,
asking: What next? who next?
And answering: *I* don't care—let the
years worry."

10

By twenties and forties,
the bluebirds and the redwings,
out of the bars, the barriers,
in a flash of tail feathers
on and up the valley—
"When wings come
and the Southwest whispering,
we forget."

EMINENCE

BY RUTH SUCKOW

MR. AND MRS. WATKINS were going to church on Christmas Eve. Mr. Watkins was proudly carrying Florentine. Her little white legs, dangling, bumped against his coat. Her curls were carefully covered. Mrs. Watkins was carrying, wrapped from the snow, the star and crown of silver paper.

"Be careful of her slippers, daddy!"

"I'm being careful."

Florentine took one bare hand from her muff and stretched it out to the snow flakes. They were like dim soft little stars. They melted with a cool delicious tingle upon her warm skin. The flimmer of misty snow hushed for a moment the high excitement of being on the programme.

"Oh, keep your hands covered, darling!"

The church was brilliant with lighted windows in the snowfall. With preoccupied faces, taking only an instant to smile and half nod to this one and that, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins made their way through the people flocking up the church steps. They were thrillingly aware of the whispers all around them. A man called out jovially, "What's that you've got there, Watkins?" Mr. Watkins said proudly, "That's part of the programme!" Above all the heads was Florentine's small pale face with starry eyes.

They went straight to the Infant Room, where the children who were going to take part on the programme were crowded. Instantly they were surrounded. "Oh, here she is! They've brought her!" Faces of Sunday-school teachers, of older girls, delighted, eager, were all around them. Boys watched, while they pretended not to, with aloof and silent admiration. At the edge of the group, withdrawn, solemn and watchful, were the other little girls in Florentine's class.

Mr. Watkins set Florentine on her feet. Mrs. Watkins sent him to find seats for them in the audience room. Her face was tensely absorbed as she laid aside Florentine's white wavy furs, drew off her white coat, and undid the scarf. She brushed out the pale-gold curls that were flattened, the little fine surface hairs roughened and glinting, from the pressure. She knelt to place the crown of silver paper, tipped at the center with a star, upon Florentine's head. Florentine was all in white. She wore white slippers and stockings and a little white silk dress with puffed sleeves.

"How darling! How dear! Mrs. Watkins, what is she?"

"The Christmas Fairy," Mrs. Watkins said.

She led Florentine over to the register, murmuring, "Come, darling, you must get warm!" The girls from the older classes circled around her in delight, with coos and cries of ecstasy, reaching out adoring fingers to brush Florentine's floating curls, to fondle her little soft wrists, and touch her silken skirts. "Oh, Mrs. Watkins, can't we look after her?" Florentine Watkins was the prettiest child in the Sunday-school. She stood on the register, a little princess, small, calm and sure of herself, but her face pale and her eyes like dark blue stars. She let one hold her hand and another lay all her curls straight, with one curl over each shoulder. Beneath her little smile, the glory of the occasion, of the moment, of the worship, was shining and singing through her—almost ready to

break into fiery sparkles, as when she dragged her feet across the rug and touched the cat's fur. She was well aware of being the star of the evening. The scarf her mother had anxiously put about her floated and clung to her puffed sleeves and her small chilly arms. The heat from the register billowed out her full silk skirt, that clung like milkweed floss to the fingers of the girls when they pushed it down. All the boys were aware of her, but awed, looking sidelong at her and standing apart.

"Mrs. Watkins, let us take care of her!"

"Will you stay with the girls, darling?"

Florentine consented royally.

"You remember your piece, darling. You remember what to do."

"I remember."

Still on the edge of the group stood the other girls in the class. Lola, Kitty, Amy, Mary Louise. They were in their Winter dresses, black stockings and high shoes. They had walked to the church. Their hair was crimped or braided, and they wore big red hair ribbons. They eyed Florentine.

The noise in the audience room was growing louder. It was almost time for the programme to begin. The teachers were beginning to marshal the classes. "Now, Miss Morrison's class!" That was the one to which Florentine belonged. She stepped into line with a thrill of shining fear and expectation.

Lola, Kitty, Amy and Mary Louise huddled together behind her with giggles and excited whispers. They clung to each other. "What if I should forget!" "I know your part. I'll prompt you." Florentine stood at the head. Now her fear had become a great cold blankness that left her, in the midst of the envy and the worship, all alone. The girls looked at her, but did not cling to her. Her face was white and her eyes dark under her silver star. If she forgot, none of them could help her. She had the principal part. The exercise depended upon her.

The organ was almost hidden behind the Christmas tree, dark glistening green, laden with white packages, shredded over with sparkles of tinsel. The opening march sounded out through the branches. It spread through the air heated from the big registers and chilled by the Wintry drafts from the door, spiced with evergreen, thick with the odors of the crowd in their Winter clothing damp from the snow. All the heads turned to watch the Sunday-school march in.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins sat near the front. Their eyes were set in a glaze of expectation. Mrs. Watkins clasped her hands until the knuckles were strained to white. In all the marching ranks—little boys and little girls, bigger, smaller, fair-haired, black-haired, awkward, pretty—they could see only one child. "There comes Florentine!" She had a little space to herself, as if made by the shining of her silver star and the dainty floating of her silken skirts. That made everyone look at her. Just for one transported instant the little face passed them, pale, unconscious of them, under the silver star. Then they sat back. With shovings, rustlings, scuffings, and orders from teachers, the Sunday-school was seated. She was lost to them among the other children.

II

The exercises began.

"Joy *to* the world, the Lord has come. . . ."

The music roared through the branches of the Christmas tree and filled the room. When the audience sat down again, the front seats reserved for the Sunday-school quivered with hair ribbons.

All bowed their heads, but they were not listening to the minister's prayer. It was just something that came at this time on the programme. Parents were craning and straining their eyes to see their own children. The children had their eyes on the packages heaped about the tree. They nudged one another to see that big package propped at its foot. "Wonder whose

that is?" The prayer ended, the audience moved and shuffled, and the superintendent stepped forward and announced the first real number of the programme. Now those who were to take part became self-conscious, looked down and twisted their shaking fingers, with their lips silently repeating the opening lines of their pieces.

"A song by the Infant Department."

Pulling back, stopping and wandering, whimpering or looking about with widely innocent eyes, the infants were herded upon the platform. The little ones were pulled to their places in front. Some were too large and awkward among the others. A shock-headed boy, with holes in his stockings that showed white patches of Winter underwear, stood grinning at the end of the line. The little threads of voices followed the voice of the primary teacher, on and off the key. When the song was over none of the infants knew enough to go down. They stood smiling with engaging foolishness at the audience until the teacher began to marshal them off the platform. Some wandered down, others came with quick little steps, while the audience laughed and clapped, the men grinning, but ashamed, at the exhibition of ingenuousness.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins smiled slightly and clapped perfunctorily. They could not give ready applause until Florentine had had hers.

Exercises, songs and recitations—pieces by children whose mothers would be offended if they were left off the programme. Good or bad, the audience clapped. Here a clear little voice got a momentary sharpness of applause; or a lisp or a stutter drew a ripple of laughter. Mrs. Watkins listened, clasping her hands. Once she was angry. It was when Howard Hopkins "forgot." He stood staring at the audience with a bright, bold, unabashed gaze, and when he could not go on, suddenly grinned and said, "Guess that's all!" and marched nonchalantly down. The roar of laughter and appreciation beat upon Mrs. Watkins' jealous ears. It was not fair. It did not really belong to the programme. This boy had no right to come in, not even able to speak his piece, and take away some of the applause from Florentine.

In the third row from the front, Miss Morrison's class waited, all crowded together. Their exercise came near the end of the programme. It was the principal one. They were old enough now to know how to do things, but still small enough to be "cute." And then, they had Florentine Watkins. They wiggled and squirmed through the earlier numbers. The other girls whispered together. But Florentine sat still, her eyes brightly fixed, whispering over and over to herself with rapt intentness the first line of her piece. At times she forgot about it, and it fled away from her, and then, after a cold moment when the world shook, it sounded clear and true in her mind. She felt all the eyes upon her silver star. Through the earlier part of the programme, that elated her and made her hold her small golden head high. But now it quivered through her with terror. Her turn was almost here. She was Florentine Watkins. The whole church expected her to do well. The teacher depended upon her. The girls would wait for her. Her mother and father were listening. Her lines started to vanish and her mind made a leap and caught them. The lights and the sparkles on the Christmas tree dazzled together. She could not breathe or live until this was over. She moistened her lips and moved one cold little hand. She was the most miserable one on the programme. If she could be Kitty, with only four lines to speak, that girl in front of her who had already given her recitation—be a child of whom no one expected anything—, Beany Watters, that boy with the holes in his stockings! The shining of the silver star on her forehead was a bright terror. The next . . . her heart began to thump. . . .

"'The Christmas Fairy'—an exercise by Miss Morrison's class."

Florentine rose at the head of her line, made her way daintily down the aisle and

up the steps, padded with white and bordered with evergreen, and crossed the enormous space of the platform. Her knees were trembling, but a strange spacious coolness was upon her. She would get through her part, and then die.

In shaking silence the little girls took their places about Florentine. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were staring straight ahead. Mr. Watkins cleared his throat. Mrs. Watkins saw her child through a wavering shimmer of dizziness: little delicate white figure in the flimsy shine of the silken dress, silver star tipping the golden head—was the dress all right? long enough? the crown straight on her head? Mrs. Watkins dug her nails in ecstatic agony into her palms. Then silence. Florentine stepped forward. Her voice came out clear and small, tremulous—like the shaking of a tiny bell—in the rustling hush of the room.

> Dear children all, I heard your wishes,
> And o'er the world I flew
> To bring my happy Christmas message
> To all the world and you. . . .

Her mother's eyes were fixed in an agony of watchfulness on that small face. Every word seemed to turn and twist in her own heart.

Florentine was getting through it. Her little bell-like voice rang out the words small and clear and pure. Her knees had stopped trembling. Her coolness was fired with happiness. Why, it was going to be over too soon! In a blaze of elation she wanted to go all through it again. Now the eyes upon her were a bright intoxication. Just for this little moment, she was the Fairy—silver star and white slippers, silken gown and silver crown—herself and beyond herself. . . . It was over. She had spoken the last word. She was standing—she was going down the steps—sliding into her pew. The applause was a roaring sea in her ears. It was not until she was seated, breathing quickly and clasping her warm trembling hands in her silken lap, that she realized in a burning glory that the applause was for her!

Mr. Watkins was smiling broadly, unable to hold in his pride. Mrs. Watkins' heart steadied into a happy, elated beat as she drank in the applause. Their child, their child—the best on the whole programme! Moisture stung in her eyes, and warmth flowed over her. Now she could be happy. Now she could be easy. She could smile at the rest of the programme.

III

The children were growing restless. They did not want to hear the superintendent's announcements. They were watching, turning—but the little ones shrieked when they heard a jingle of bells from the entry and a stamping of feet. Santa Claus came running down the aisle. He shouted in an enormous jovial voice, "Well, children, Merry Christmas! Did you think old Santy wouldn't come?"

Clapping, laughter and cat-calls answered him.

"Well, Santy pretty near thought so himself. I'll tell you how it was. One of Santy's reindeer got a stone in its hoof and we had to stop and see the blacksmith down there at Grover. Well sir, and all the presents I was bringing to the good little girls and boys in Mahaska—Santy don't give any presents to bad children, no sir, but you're all good, ain't you? [A little trusting voice piped up, 'Yes, Santy!'] Sure you are! I knew it! Well, all the presents rolled out, and those children in Grover—I guess they hadn't seen any things like those!—they came pretty near getting the whole lot of them."

The little children sat with starry eyes of wonder and expectation. It was Mr. Heggy. The big boys were whispering that it was only Mr. Heggy. And yet, could they be sure? There were the buffalo coat and the fur cap, the white woolly beard and rosy cheeks, the jingle of sleigh-bells from up his sleeve. . . . They watched breathlessly while the first presents were taken from the Christmas tree. "Aw, it ain't either Santy. It's just Mr. Heggy. Because there's another Santy at the Meth-

odists'. They ain't two Santys, is they?" Still the little ones were not convinced. They murmured, "I bet it *could* be Santy, though!"

The big boys in Mr. Pendleton's class were distributing the candy—hard Christmas candy, little colored curley-cues and squares and round white logs with flowers in the center glistening red and sticky white. Every child—visitors and all—got one of the little cardboard packages. Florentine accepted hers. She was glad to sit back for a little while in the obscurity that Santa's speech made for her, but still with the radiance of her great moment warmly upon her.

Santa had come to the packages. He was reading the names in a loud voice as he took them from the tree.

"'Helen Vincent'! Anybody know Helen? Oh, that's Helen, is it? Hold up your hand, Helen, this looks like a pretty nice present. . . . 'Mamie Runkle'! Now I wonder who could have given Mamie a present like that? Must have been someone who liked her pretty well! . . . 'Mrs. Peabody. From her Sunday-school class'! Well, well, I guess those boys know a good teacher when they get one."

The boys rushed about, waving the packages, sending them down the aisles from hand to hand. Children were gnawing at the hard candy, with loud snaps, as if teeth were breaking. Papers were strewed untidily over the church. The Christmas tree was shining but disheveled. Santa was just calling the names now. The big box at the foot of the tree had not yet been given out. It had been saved for the last. The children were still pointing to it, and hoping and whispering about it.

Santa lifted it. A hush in the buzzing and talking and rustling followed. The package was big enough to catch the last jaded attention of the audience. He looked it all over for a name. The room became still. Respectful, wondering, eager glances were turned toward the box. Santa took his time.

"Well, this is quite a little bundle! Glad Santy didn't have to carry this very far. Guess this must go to Santy himself—must be a token of appreciation. . . . No, sir! I'm mistaken there. This seems to belong to a little girl. I'd oughta brought my specs along from the North Pole to read this. Let's see if I can make it out. . . . 'Florentine Watkins'! Well, well! A big box for a little girl! Here, boys! The little girl with the silver star on her head."

The sound of wonder, envy, disappointment, and excited laughter swelled. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins sat suffused with happy pride. Florentine's face was pale as she held out her arms to take the package. "Open it, open it!" She heard the whispers all around her. The girls pressed close. Someone had to help her untie the string. . . . The string was loose, the white paper off—tissue paper, crackling and soft, and wadded into it, an enormous doll! . . . There was a long sigh from the children crowding to see. The doll lay revealed—closed, waxy-lidded eyes and golden-brown lashes upon pink bisque cheeks, golden curls matted upon its cold bisque forehead, dress of pink satin, pink stockings, gold buckles on its tiny shoes. . . . "Oh, look!" A moan came from the girls. They crowded about to touch the hair and the satin gown. "Florentine, will you let me see? Is she jointed all over? Can I just *touch* her?" Heads through the audience craned to see, people half rose, the room was a buzz.

Florentine sat holding the big box. She was mute with a surfeit of bliss. Nothing else could happen after this.

IV

In the loud hubbub of leaving, people were all crowded and talking at the door. Children came running on padding little feet up the sloping aisles, and bumped joyously into parents. "Oh, here you are, are you?" A father put his arm around a little shoulder, squeezed a flaxen head against him and held it there while he went on talking, and the other persons smiled. "See all the things I got, papa!"

"Well, well!" He didn't really see them. "Santy Claus was pretty good to you!" Mothers had gone down to the front rows to find their own infants. They sat down in convenient pews and tried to drag small, stiff, black overshoes over little feet limp in their laps. The white sheeting on the platform was marked all over with footprints, the evergreen trimmings were pulled out from their tacks. The Christmas tree stood sparkling but denuded. From it spread the odors of pine needles, hot wax, popcorn and paper.

Mrs. Watkins had taken Florentine at once into the Infant Room to find her wraps. Mr. Watkins waited in the audience room near the register. He talked in a manly way with Mr. Hollister—also waiting—about the effect this snow would have upon the ground; but his ears were straining with shamed eagerness for the words that were occasionally spoken to him: "I should think you'd be pretty proud of that little girl tonight, Mr. Watkins!"

In the Infant Room, where tired mothers were finding wraps in the piled mountain shaking and toppling on an old discarded pew—"How can we *ever* find our own things in this jam!"—Mrs. Watkins took down Florentine's white wraps from their special hook. "Are you tired, darling?" she mourned. Even when she was drawing on the little coat, and her back was turned to the room, she was tinglingly aware of the notice of the others and the glory shed upon her by her child. She pretended to think only of the hurry of getting home. As soon as she turned toward the room, she expected the congratulations to break out. With careful, proud, reluctant hands she lifted off the silver crown and star.

A woman came searching through the Infant Room with a big-eyed little child clinging to her hand. "Oh, here she is!" She encouraged the child, "Ask her! I think she will!"; and then she said to Mrs. Watkins, "Here's a little girl, Mrs. Watkins, who thinks she can't go home until she's seen Florentine Watkins' big doll!"

"Why, of course!" Mrs. Watkins said with radiant graciousness. "It's in the other room. Mr. Watkins has it. You come in with us, Lucy. Florentine will show it to you."

"I want to see that, too! Mamma, I want to see it, too! I want to see the big doll."

Now all the crowd who had been pawing over the wraps and staying away from Mrs. Watkins and Florentine out of respect, diffidence and envy, came flocking around them.

"These children want to see the doll, daddy!"

"Want to see the doll?"

Mr. Watkins opened the box. The little children gave great sighs. Mothers had to clutch little reaching hands and warn, "Oh, mustn't touch!" while Mrs. Watkins smiled graciously, but alertly. Mr. Watkins set the box upright, and the bright blue eyes of the doll flew open between its golden-brown lashes. Lola Hollister cried with an anguish of longing, "Oh, mamma, look! The doll's got *real* little gold buckles on its shoes!" Mrs. Hollister said in a slight, withdrawn voice, "Yes, I see!", and gave a painful little smirk. She compared this doll with the doll Lola was going to get in the morning. Her heart was rent with a painful anguish of jealousy for her child. Mr. Hollister tried to be admiring, but it shamed him, shamed his adequacy as a father, when he too compared this doll with Lola's doll, which he had bought. Some of the crowding faces were artlessly adoring. Others had a look of reserve which Mrs. Watkins' alert eyes caught. At last all the wondering childish eyes were satiated with the vision. Hands of mothers drew little figures gently back and voices murmured: "Well, are you satisfied? Have you seen the big doll?"

Long-drawn sighs answered them.

But there was something that made Florentine wonder. Mary Louise did not come to look at the doll. "I saw it before!" she said snippily to Lola, and ran off. The

doll was too much. The Watkinses, on the very peak of glory in showing it off, did not know. Even some of the admiring ones went away from the church saying: they shouldn't have bought the doll; they shouldn't have put it on the Christmas tree; it was too expensive for a little girl; the Watkinses made them tired trotting out that child; next year they hoped some other child would get a chance.

The chief families of the church, with the minister and his wife, stood talking at the door. Mr. Watkins had set Florentine in a pew, and she stood leaning against him while he kept his arm around her. As people passed him, going to the door, they stopped. "My, but you must be proud of her tonight!" Florentine touched his cheek with a little princess air. The great doll was asleep in its closed box. The room glittered in tinsel and evergreen, and her presents were heaped on the pew beside her.

Freddy Parkins, being dragged out by a father who wanted to get home, called back eagerly, "G'night, Flor'ntine!"

"Goodnight!" she answered with starry graciousness.

Old ladies moving slowly to the door, stopping to pat her little woolly sleeve with thin fingers, murmured, "Wasn't she dear? Just *like* a little fairy!" Florentine accepted the homage with sweet, childish royalty. But in her mind, under all the glory, was a tremulous, shining wonder that craved to be reassured.

Mrs. Watkins was flushed. She drank down the praise that burned her like a fiery wine. "She was simply perfect, Mrs. Watkins!" "I know you're proud tonight!" But the first perfect bliss of the applause that followed Florentine's exercise was marred. Florentine had won, and yet there were people who went away unconvinced, who seemed to have other, strange values. Already the atmosphere of universal praise had slackened. She was jealous of the laughter that still followed any mention of Howard Hopkins. "Wasn't that kid funny? Say, he was great!" Could there be people who had enjoyed him more than Florentine? She hated the minister's wife, who kept repeating, with effervescing tactfulness, "They were *all* good!"

V

It was time to close up the church. The people who were talking over the programme, the expenses, the success of the evening, began to look about for their children; and the Watkinses were beginning to realize that they had heard all the praise they were likely to hear for this evening. Lola and Mary Louise and Kitty were playing a game, chasing each other through the pews and down the aisles. "Come! It's time to go home! Remember, tomorrow is Christmas!" They came scampering up to the register, flushed, with disordered hair, panting and giggling together. "What are you little girls up to?" someone asked tolerantly. Kitty pinched Lola, and they laughed; but when they looked at Florentine, their eyes grew sober and aloof, considering.

"You go get your wraps on, young lady!"

Kitty ran off. She turned to call back to Mary Louise, "Don't you forget about tomorrow!" Mary Louise answered, "I won't! Don't *you* forget, Lola!" "I won't." They were going to see each other's presents. Lola gave a timid look at Florentine, but did not ask her to come. Florentine's big doll was so wonderful—finer than anything they would get. Florentine, in her white dress and slippers, noticed by everyone, was no longer one of them.

Florentine stood silent and cool. She could not make a move toward the other girls, but she looked after them with a strange loneliness; and all at once it seemed to her that they had been having the most fun in the world playing together. She was suddenly very tired. Her eyes blinked under the dazzle of the lights. She no longer cared what people said to her. The programme was over. She had her doll. What more was there? Christmas would be nothing after this evening.

Mrs. Watkins said commiseratingly, "Hurry up, daddy. She's tired."

Mr. Watkins picked Florentine up in his arms again. As they went outside the warm church into the snow, her disheveled little head drooped upon his shoulder. Mrs. Watkins was carrying the doll, and she was saying with anxious caution, "I was so afraid some of those children would do something to this doll! Daddy and mother had to send away off for it. It isn't to play with every day—just on special occasions. And Florentine, you must never let any of the girls handle it, no matter if they do ask you. You can't trust other children with it. Remember how Kitty ruined your little piano! This doll is much too expensive for that."

Florentine did not answer. All down the silent street—it had stopped snowing now, the ground where the corner light shone was covered with a soft, white, diamondy fluff—she snuggled down against her father's shoulder. To be carried by her father, and give way to the strong shelter of his arms, was all she wanted now. When they came up onto their own porch, stamping the snow from their rubbers, he set her down. They were going into the house, proud, happy and satisfied; but by the hall light they saw her sleepy face under the bright dishevelment of hair, drunk with the glories of the evening, forlorn now and bewildered, able to bear no more. Her eyes were almost closed. It was as if they had never realized until now how small she was.

Her father said heartily, "Well, the big night's over!"

But her mother cried, in an anguish of adoring pity: "She must go to bed this minute! She'll be all tired out if she doesn't. We mustn't forget that tomorrow will be here."

EDITORIAL

The decay of the Coolidge superstition leaves most of the principal newspapers of the United States looking very sick. Since the very moment of the martyr Harding's dispatch by the Jesuits they have pumped up his absurd little successor in a lavish and voluptuous manner. Their proprietors, and, in many cases, their managing editors and chief editorial writers, have sailed down the Potomac on the *Mayflower*, listening to him snore; their news columns have been filled with imbecilities in favor of him, and their editorial pages have glittered with his praises. With what net result? With the net result that even the Babbitts of the land have begun to see that he is a hollow and preposterous fellow, without anything in his head properly describable as ideas, and with notions of dignity and honor indistinguishable from those of a country book agent. He has squirmed and he has backed water; he has played cheap and dirty politics; he has favored charlatans and used the immense influence of his office against honest men. There has been no more trivial and trashy President in American history, nor one surrounded by worse frauds. Now, at last, the country begins to take his true measure, and the politicians of his own party, seeing the handwriting on the wall, prepare to throw him overboard—if he is not too slippery for them!—next year. The newspapers, I believe, have had little if anything to do with that change, save unwittingly. With precious few exceptions, they have continued to anoint and flatter him, even when the news they had to print made the truth about him plain to the dullest. He has had, from the first, a superb press—docile, humorless, slimy and knavish. It has, in dealing with him, disgraced itself beyond pardon or remedy. Coming at last—and how gingerly!—to a more realistic attitude towards him, it only reveals the depths of its degradation heretofore.

The Liberal weeklies and other such organs of dissent, noting this degradation, have ascribed it, characteristically, to the influence of the vague monster called Wall Street. The proprietors of the principal newspapers, it appears, got their orders from Wall Street to convert poor Cal into a Great Statesman, and these orders were transmitted to their menials. So the avalanche of goose-grease began, with the lesser sheets following with their squirts of rose-water and vaseline. A simple theory, and hence extremely plausible to Liberals, but as an ancient of journalism I presume to doubt it. The orders of Wall Street, I believe, actually reach very few newspaper offices in the United States, and the few are not important ones. Nor are newspaper proprietors, as a class, actively interested in finance. Nor are they the habitual associates of financiers. Far more often their interests lie in the direction of political roguery and preferment, and nine times out of ten, I believe, they get a large part of their knowledge of that science from their own men. In other words, the average newspaper proprietor is such an ass that he believes political reporters, and especially his own political reporters. They have, he fancies, wide and confidential sources of information: their wisdom is a function of their prestige as his agents. What they tell him is, in the long run, what he believes, with certain inconsiderable corrections by professionals trying to work him. If only because they have confidential access to him day in and day out, they are able to introduce their own notions into his head. He may have their

jobs in his hands, but they have his ears and eyes, so to speak, in theirs.

I am thus of the opinion that the chief responsibility for the Coolidge garbage that has drenched the country is to be laid, not at the door of Wall Street, but at the door of the Washington correspondents. In other words, its sources are to be sought, not in the corruption of the press, but in the incompetence of the press. The average Washington correspondent, I believe, is honest enough, as honesty goes in this world—though his willingness to do press work for the National Committees in campaign time is not to be forgotten. What ails him mainly is that he is a man without sufficient force of character to resist the blandishments that surround him from the moment he sets foot in Washington. A few men, true enough, resist, and their papers, getting the benefit of it, become notable for their independence and intelligence, but the great majority succumb almost at once. A few months of associating with the gaudy magnificoes of the town, and they pick up its meretricious values, and are unable to distinguish men of sense and dignity from mountebanks. A few clumsy overtures from the White House, and they are rattled and undone. They come in as newspaper men, trained to know news and eager to get it; they end as tin-horn statesmen, full of dark secrets and unable to write the truth if they tried. Here I spread no scandal and violate no confidence. The facts are familiar to every thoughtful newspaper man in the United States. Some of the more intelligent managing editors, cynical of ever counteracting the effects of the Washington miasma, seek to evade them by frequently changing their men. But the majority are too stupid to do so, or to invent any other scheme to the same end. So their papers are filled with highfalutin rubbish, the chronic burden of which is that the frauds of Washington are all tremendous statesmen, and the few honest men mountebanks and traitors.

II

The net result is the worst political journalism ever seen in the world. It is seldom that a Washington correspondent of any service in the town sends anything worth reading to his own paper, and it is even more seldom that he prints anything of any significance elsewhere. Has it gone unobserved that such journals as the *Nation* and the *New Republic* find it a colossal job to get competent Washington correspondence? In London, Berlin and Paris there is an endless supply of sound and intelligent stuff for weeklies of that sort: it comes from the Press Gallery, and is written by men who, in the midst of the turmoil there, yet manage to discern and set down the truth. But in Washington the Press Gallery produces so little serious writing on the national politics that it may be said, almost, to produce nothing at all. I don't know the precise facts, but I venture the guess that all its 350 members taken together do not average one decent book a year: whenever, indeed, they disgorge one the fact becomes a sort of nine days' wonder. The *Nation*, of late years, has shopped all over the lot, and is now reduced to occasional and irregular articles by a few miraculous volunteers of genuine ability. The *New Republic*, facing the same difficulty, has resorted to an anonymous Washington letter, concocted, according to the common report, by a dozen different men.

In this connection, perhaps the experience of The American Mercury may not be uninstructive. It printed two articles dealing with national affairs and personalities in its first issue, and proceeded with innocent confidence to the business of obtaining more. That business was pursued with the utmost diligence; nearly every Washington journalist who showed any skill at all was approached, and a great many of them turned in manuscripts. But it quickly became apparent that most of them could no more write articles suitable for setting before educated and reflective

aders than they could imagine *lèse majesté* old Andy Mellon. Their compositions re almost completely devoid of inde- ndent and sound observation, and most them were written in the manner of ung police reporters. Nothing resem- ng a civilized and well-informed atti- le toward the national clown-show was them; they were the dull essays of men ite incapable of penetrating an inch be- w the surface; what they wrote was the me humorless, childish drivel that they re sending every night to their papers. re and there, true enough, an excellent icle was picked up, but it came, three es out of four, from a journalist who d left Washington and lost some of its ine, or from one who had not been there g enough to take it on. The true pro- ssionals, with few exceptions, produced ly bilge. Once there was a project to do article on Senator Reed, of Missouri, en rapidly emerging into national im- rtance—though unobserved, of course, the majority of Washington corre- ondents, who still discussed him only one guilty of rebellion against the in- irations of Dr. Wilson. Four different urnalists of the town tackled that fas- nating subject—and all four brought rth nothing but transparent bosh. Fi- lly a retired newspaper man in Indiana ndertook the business. His article was musing and instructive, and was pub- shed to gratifying applause. Six or eight onths later the ideas in it began appear- g in the dispatches of the leading Wash- gton correspondents—very cautiously, of ourse.

The effort to set another eminent states- an before the illuminati involved even eavier editorial labors, and came to a r less soothing issue. This gentleman as beginning to crack, and the aim was o set forth the causes of that catastrophe. he first expert recruited for the job pro- uced an encomium running to 10,000 ords—with no mention in it whatever f the subject's decline. After a somewhat acrimonious correspondence he was got rid of and a second was put to work. He turned out what appeared to be a bad imi- tation of an editorial in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, magnified eight diameters. The third, after two attempts, managed to get into the magazine. His article was cer- tainly no masterpiece, but it at least made the grade. In London every one of his col- leagues could have done better; in Wash- ington all save an elusive and over-bur- dened few could not have done as well.

III

The causes of this pervasive incompetence I have hinted at. Washington maintains a colossal machine for converting ambitious young journalists into dependable press- agents. That machine has wheels in the Capitol and in all the departments of state; its prime mover is in the White House. The problem of resisting its opera- tions is a technical one, and managing editors with any genuine gift for their art and mystery ought to be able to solve it. A few, as I have said, have done so, and to brilliant effect. But the average Ameri- can managing editor is too incompetent professionally to deal with such diffi- culties. He prints balderdash because he doesn't know how to get anything better —perhaps, in many cases, because he doesn't know that anything better exists. Drenched with propaganda at home, he is quite content to take more propaganda from Washington. It is not that he is dis- honest, but that he is stupid—and, being stupid, a coward. The resourcefulness, enterprise and bellicosity that his job de- mands are simply not in him. He doesn't wear himself out trying to get the news, as romance has it; he slides supinely into the estate and dignity of a golf-player. American journalism suffers from too many golf-players. They swarm in the Washing- ton Press Gallery. They, and not their bosses, are responsible for the imbecilities that now afflict their trade. H. L. M.

MEMOIRS OF A FOUR-MINUTE MAN

BY E. T. SAINTSBURY

It was on the evening of November 12, 1918, that I first became suspicious that I had been serving a cause other than that of my country during the glorious months since April, 1917. A big meeting was held in the Opera House that evening to celebrate the signing of the Armistice and the flight of the accursed Kaiser to Holland. I gathered with the rest of the faithful, trying to fix in my mind a proper assortment of glad thoughts for the speech I was confident I should be called upon to make. For a year and a half I had sweated and exhorted in every school-house, church and movie-parlor in the county, extolling the virtues of the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army and the Red Cross, and expounding our Sacred Principles to the citizenry. I was a regularly licensed Four-Minute Man. I had pointed out the absolute solvency and dependability of Uncle Sam as a creditor, and damned the Central Powers, especially Germany, before many a bucolic movie audience, thus filling the space between a Fatty Arbuckle masterpiece and the thirteenth instalment of "The Diamond from the Sky." I had predicted, six times a week, the virtuous triumph of our arms, and set forth our duties as lay members of the proud forces that were struggling to maintain civilization against the Hun. I had predicted with certainty that this would be the last great war—provided only that our side, which loved peace and righteousness, should crush forever the barbaric despotism that so frightfully menaced us. Thus I felt myself eminently fitted, on this final happy evening, to discharge a last and devastating blast at the routed enemy.

But my talents were ignored for the first time since the United States went into the war. I was not even invited to the speakers' platform. Only the Bankers and First Citizens of the county seat had that distinction. All of us laborious "professors" were quite overlooked, and so I began to realize that I had not after all been an indispensable factor in winning the war. The Old Guard, as the president of the Citizens' State Bank was called by his admirers, was in charge of the meeting, and this made my disappointment all the sharper, for I felt as if I had been deserted by a comrade-in-arms. My Ford had hauled him and his party over all the dusty and muddy roads of the county in every campaign of the entire crusade. He and I had fought shoulder to shoulder, and gone over the top together in many a rural school-house as the immoral hour of midnight drew on. We had overcome every obstacle. Not a man in any of our audiences had escaped without making a contribution toward the support of whatever patriotic organization we happened at the moment to be begging for. Not a family had got away without buying a Liberty Bond. We had made an enviable record as 100% go-getters, and I had understood instinctively that the Old Guard and I, scarred as we were from so many hard fought battles, would always be comrades. But now, on the night of the Big Parade, I found myself once more a poor pedagogue—and him a banker, and hence an eminent man. The old, impassable gulf yawned between us, and I stood forgotten on the bleak and dismal shore.

I had felt flattered when the Old Guard

ected to ride in my humble car during at first campaign. I was only a school perintendent; he was the president of a nk. I was but a private in the ranks; he as the general-in-chief. I drove an insig-fficant Ford; he was the owner of a lordly uick. It was but natural that I should well with pride when he condescended to lle in my flivver. He was exemplifying s own often uttered dictum that the war as a Great Leveler.

It was only a temporary arrangement, assured me. His own car would be ready the road in a few days. These first two three trips were over particularly rough ads, and could much better be made in Ford than in a big car. This was reason-le enough. Every Ford owner knows at Fords are the only cars for dirt roads. e Old Guard seemed especially attracted the wonders of my car. He said it rode e a Pullman, and that it had a snappy tle motor. If it hadn't been for the urg-gs of his family, he never would have ought anything but a Ford. They were e only cars for such roads. If one started t in a big car, one could never be sure at one would ever get in. Moreover, it peared that I was one of the best drivers had ever seen. He had absolute confi-nce in me. He wouldn't trust himself to ery Tom, Dick and Harry.

II

guiled by these blandishments, and nder the influence of a ten-cent Roi Tan, ith which he nightly debauched me, I on forgot about the Buick, and under-ood without being told that when there as a trip in hand it should be taken in y Ford. One day, out of the sheer gener-ity of his soul, the Old Guard forced a ve-dollar check on me, saying that he ould feel better if he were permitted to ay that much toward the gasoline. I shall ever forget that personal sacrifice in those ying times. It was quite typical of the man.

In the meantime, the high-school over hich I had supervision was doing all the regulation things which constituted its bit. I saw that suitable patriotic pamphlets were distributed among the pupils, and that they were instructed diligently in the fine art of hating the Hun. Junior Red Cross societies were organized. Ambitious boys were placed on farms in the Spring, and given credit in geometry, history, Latin and the like for the ploughing, harrowing and sowing that they did. By one means or another every room was brought up to the 100% standard in every drive, and every boy and girl started a Thrift Card. One day somebody saw in a Kansas City paper that Scott Nearing's patriotism was not up to the high level prescribed by the Creel Press Bureau. Forthwith I kicked his textbook in elementary economics out of my school. Somebody else saw in another paper that our German text, "Im Vaterland," was nothing but a handbook of Kaiserism, and that it even contained a picture of the Potsdam royal family. Out it went, and with it every vestige of the hellish German language. My lady assistants taught their girls to sew bandages, and it came to be customary to spend whole class periods at this work, leaving the unpleasant matter of book learning for a more peaceful future. The ladies themselves wrote cheering letters to unknown soldiers at the front, and occupied the rôles of pining sweethearts to many heroes in khaki. The supervision of all this war work in the school was my principal duty during the day. When night came I cranked up my Ford, gathered in the Old Guard and his party, and charged down upon some outlying district, where the citizens in overalls and calico foregathered to hear why they should buy Liberty Bonds and subscribe to the Doughnut Fund.

Never were people more thoroughly sorted out and put into boxes by anybody than were the people of that county by the affable Old Guard and his organization. He card-indexed every district in the name of our holy cause, listing every man and the property held by him. He appointed friends of his as lieutenants in

every community, and through them he was given accurate information as to how many bushels of corn there were in every farmer's granary, how many children he had, and the value of all his live stock and farm machinery. Then, armed with this information, he sallied forth, and wheedled and cajoled, or snarled and barked, as the occasion seemed to demand, until the farmers yielded and signed on the dotted line.

He developed a noble frenzy for selling bonds, and considered the evening a failure if anybody escaped. There was absolutely no excuse, under the terms we offered, for anyone to refuse to buy. The banks, we explained, would accept the bonds as collateral, and lend purchasers the money to buy them with, the purchaser to pay 6% interest. As the bonds themselves drew 4% or more, the sacrifice of bondholders without money would be very small—not enough for a genuine patriot to quibble over. I asked him once why it was that since he had to furnish the money anyhow, he didn't buy the bonds outright instead of tugging and hauling at poor people who had neither money nor prospects. He answered that every man must be made personally responsible for the war, get under a burden, sacrifice, put his shoulder to the wheel.

He made use of my talents as a pedagogue by having me explain in careful detail, to every rural audience, how the output of one hen could be made to finance a poor man's part of the war. One of his bank assistants had figured out a scheme whereby a family, by setting aside the eggs of one fairly industrious old hen, could pay the difference between the interest the family would get from a $50 bond, and the interest the bank would demand for the money borrowed to make the purchase. I was put in charge of this story, and developed it until it became immensely effective. I became so proficient in its telling that I could make a farmer feel cheaper than a cubic foot of his own poor clay if he refused so slight a sacrifice for so righteous a cause.

Looking back, I don't think that many of the farmers in our audiences ever got very enthusiastic about our Sacred Principles. They mostly wore puzzled expressions while we were talking, and had the general appearance of being harassed and browbeaten. But my hen speech was perfectly comprehensible to them. It offered them a way out, and they accepted it probably in order to get the whole thing over and go home to bed. I don't know how many of them saw, then and there, that the output of their hens was going not to help the government, but into the tills of the bankers. To have given expression to such an idea at that time would have been to risk a prosecution for high treason.

Our meetings had all the clang and fervor of Methodist revivals, and our plans matched, in skill, those of the small caliber Billy Sundays who annually descend upon the rural communities of the South and Middle West and save all but the most unregenerate. Like these revivalists, we planned our work scientifically, whooping the audiences up to a high pitch of emotion, and then striking while the iron was hot. Our task was made the easier because our audiences were all accustomed to that sort of bombardment. Our mission was, in one way, similar to that of the itinerant soul-savers. We came to rescue our audiences from the Kaiser, who, though no more potent than their old bugaboo, Satan, was, according to our representation, a much more imminent danger.

When there was a preacher present the Old Guard reverently called upon him to open the meeting with "a word of prayer." This prayer was invariably lengthy, and in it the Lord God Jehovah was fully informed of the perfidy of our enemies, of our own unspotted righteousness, and of the high purpose and importance of our coming together. Then we would sing "America," led by some local Caruso in overalls. After that we taught them to sing "Over There," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Good Morning, Mr. Zipp," "Lin

and Sign Up, and Buy a Liberty Bond," various other compositions of that . We learned that the longer we could p them bellowing these tunes the more eful were the signs for a clean sweep n we got down to the real business of evening. That was part of our selling chology. When they were singing, they e doing something—expressing themves. All we had to do was to change the ure of that expression, from singing to ning. A Mrs. Adams followed the sing- with her recitation of "I Am Public inion," in which she pointed out that blic Opinion, although it could be very cious and benign, was very cruel and ntless to those who did not buy bonds en called upon. Usually there were also narks by some local enthusiast, carely selected and prompted in advance. n I came in with my part, closing with hen story, and the Old Guard wound the evening with a speech. After that that remained was the business of lining m up and signing them up.

III

What bank?" the Old Guard would ask avely, confronting a prospective subiiber, pencil and paper in hand. The triot, naturally, would be loath to men- n any bank but the Citizens' State, with president standing right there before m. But the Old Guard was very cautious d subtle. "You can get this money at y of the banks," he would remind a sitating one, "mine or any of them. My n'll be glad to accommodate you if you to my bank, but you can get the money ywhere. Uncle Sam's bonds are good for "

The patriot then decided in favor of the tizens' State.

The progress of the war and the develment of the Old Guard's religion were multaneous. His passion for holiness ew as his zeal for bond-selling got onger, until religion and bond-selling came identical in his mind.

Before the opening of the war the sublime principles of the Christian faith had played but an uneven part in his life. He was a member of the official board of the local Methodist Church but was not looked upon as one of its pillars. It could not be said that he added a great deal to the spiritual life of the church; but he was always present on Sunday, and he was a substantial contributor. In seasons of calm weather he took his religion as a matter of course. But let him be taken with a bellyache, and doubts and terrors assailed him. He would pray aloud, sweat great penitential drops, and call his family about him to sing hymns and read encouraging passages of Scripture.

From the moment he discovered the apparent relation between the love of God and the love for buying Liberty Bonds, and the fact that the broadcasting of this relation would increase the number and amount of bond sales, the Wesleyan revelation became a passion with him. He grew immensely devout, and exhorted with a fervency that would have stirred the admiration of a Holy Roller. He always closed his patriotic harangues with an appeal to the piety of his hearers.

"Only people with the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in their souls will feel the solemn obligation of buying these bonds," he would say, dropping his voice to its most impressive depths. "If you haven't got any religion, then you won't buy any bonds. But if the faith of your old mothers and fathers is still alive within you, then you'll buy, and buy till it hurts."

This appeal, of course, was particularly effective in the churches, where occasionally a revival was held up while we struck for home and country.

I recall a gaudy night in the little school-house on the banks of Wildcat Creek. The Old Guard seemed especially affected during his closing remarks. He talked about his old mother, who, he said, had called him to her a few evenings before and taught him at her knee, as she was wont to do when he was a child. She

had then and there made him believe, more firmly than ever, in the old-time religion. He had made high resolve to lead a better life, and to lead others in the paths of righteousness. At this point he was quite overcome by his emotions, and signing to an assistant to proceed with the sale, he sat down, beside me, wiping his eyes. Then, while many in the room were weeping at this exhibition of his devoutness, the Old Guard leaned over and whispered in my ear

"Do you see that God-damned old white-whiskered hellion setting back there in that back seat? He's got three hundred acres of this black bottom land, and money in the bank, and he's trying to hide behind a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond. Damn his old soul, he's got no more religion than a pole-cat!"

We made an unusually good haul that night; but, as I later learned, the irreligious old scalawag on the back seat could not be induced to increase his subscription. He continued to hide behind a $50 bond; and, as he has since died, no doubt his soul is burning in Hell.

Listening to the Old Guard day and night, the rest of us kept hearing of that dreadful menace to our civilization, the hyphenated American. Now he was an innocent appearing citizen, going about among us pretending loyalty, while all the time he was slily soaking us with German propaganda. Again, he was a woman who had wormed her way into the public schools, and was teaching grade children to hate their country and love Germany, employing means so subtle that even defining them was an impossibility. Yet again, he was a vagabond, going about the country selling poisoned soap to unsuspecting farmers' wives.

The Old Guard resolved to smell out and exterminate all of the hyphenates operating in our county. So he inclined his ear receptively toward any gossip that promised to disclose their identity. One day somebody told him that old Max Kauff, a childless widower living a couple of miles out of town, did not have th appearance of a man highly endowed wit that noble spirit of patriotism which s obviously characterized the rest of us. A examination of the records disclosed th terrible truth: Kauff had subscribed noth ing to any of the various funds we ha been raising; he had not bought a Libert Bond, not even a Thrift Stamp!

Here at last was a traitor living righ under our very noses, and entirely unsus pected all these years! Well, it just showe how people could be fooled, going alon blindly as we all had been during the tim the Kaiser and his hordes had been pre paring to devour us. He should be mad an example of. The Old Guard sent him letter, calling his attention to the fac that he had come away from German because he wanted to live in a better cour try, and that the United States had bee kind to him in permitting him to ow and cultivate land, sell the annual harves thereof, and put the money in a goo American bank. Now Uncle Sam wante to borrow some of that money, to see hi through a period of great need. The Ol Guard expected that Max would ver promptly call at his office, or send some one, and buy a respectable amount o bonds.

But there was no reply to this lette and the Old Guard began to get angry For the first time since the opening of th campaign someone had dared to disregar his orders. He wrote again, saying that h did not want to suspect old Max of har boring any disloyal feelings toward th country that had made him what he was but that unless he had a favorable an immediate reply, he should be obliged t suspect exactly that. Still no answer. The an authoritative letter was sent to the ol German from the headquarters of the spy hunters in St. Louis. He ignored that on also. Followed a threatening telegram fro the "government"—St. Louis branch. I moved him not.

The Old Guard now let it be know generally that Max Kauff was a traito

ll a group of patriotic citizens, heavily rmed, went out to his farmhouse at mid-ght, and fastened a small American flag each of his gateposts. He gave no evi-nce of ever having seen the flags. They ood there, week after week, month after onth. They faded in the bright sunshine; eir colors were washed together by the ins; they rotted and hung in shreds from eir supports. There was some talk about ading old Max out some dark night and wing him a dose of 100% Americanism ith birch rods, but it was never done. he feeling against him died away in mut-rings. He is remembered in that county this day as the stubborn reprobate who pt our county from being 100% for the eservation of democracy.

When the Victory Bonds were put on le, the Old Guard mustered his forces d sallied forth as of old, a dauntless, gged figure, heroically resolved never to andon the fight so long as there was a llar in sight. But when I received his ll, I remembered the painful slight my atorical libido had received at the Armi-ice celebration, and was minded to rebel. owever, the everlasting fear peculiar to e rural pedagogue was strong within me. ankers are very influential with school-oards, and superintendents do not hold eir positions through professional ability one. They must hearken to the calls of thousand masters. And so, although my triotism was at a much lower ebb than had been before the overthrow of the un, I took my Ford and drove our gallant ttle band out to a backwoods church here, but a few months before, we had ade the welkin ring with our challenge autocracy, and where the Old Guard d reaped one of his noblest harvests.

The meeting was a sad anti-climax to r previous triumphs. Beside our party, nly one human being was present. She as the sexton's wife, and she had been legated by her cautious husband to func-on in his stead at the business of heating d lighting the church. She had lighted , to the extent of two smoky kerosene lamps, but there was no heat. She said she knowed nobody wouldn't come, an' didn't think she ort to waste no fuel. The Old Guard was indignant. Hadn't the meeting been advertised? It had. Didn't these people know that it was their country calling? They did, but the war was over, and the danger of a German invasion had been averted. Didn't they understand that the war had to be paid for? Yes, but they were willing for people with money to look after that. He stormed. He ordered her to go to a telephone, and bid her neighbors, in his name, to appear immediately at the church. She set her jaw and refused. She knew how they felt. They would buy no more bonds, and the easiest way to refuse was to stay at home.

So, sad and disillusioned, and nearly frozen from the long ride and cold reception at the church, we clambered back into my car and made for home. The Old Guard was heartbroken. Almost unsupported, he had stood for this last drive, convincing the rest of us, against our better judgment, that he was right. He had planned a sort of triumphal procession about the countryside; a series of hallelujah meetings, in which we should praise ourselves, sing songs of victory and, like the man in the poster, dig smilingly into our pockets to finish the job. Now all that was past. The people could not see it that way. They lacked the vision of the Old Guard.

IV

I was an interested spectator when the notes given for Liberty Bonds began to fall due. My eyes were opened by that time, and I knew how the patriotic country bankers were going to profit. Their banks had been supplied with unlimited funds from Chicago and St. Louis, at a low rate of interest, for the purpose of financing the bond sales. This money they had used to purchase bonds, which they sold to the farmers, taking the latters' notes, and holding the bonds as collateral. Now, as the notes came due, their makers had

neither the money nor the inclination to redeem the bonds, which were by this time considerably below par. So they surrendered the bonds, dug down and paid the difference between their present worth and their par value, and trudged home again. That difference, together with the interest differential on the notes, went into the pockets of the bankers, for as soon as all the little fellows had stood and delivered, bonds went quickly back to par, and all was well. The loss the farmers stood was simply their share of the cost of the war. A disagreeable business, but not one about which they could afford to complain. Not now—but just wait till another time!

This profiteering in Liberty Bonds was of course not peculiar to my county. It was the order of the day everywhere. But it was easier in communities like the one I have described, because of the poverty of the people. They could not afford to keep the bonds they bought, and the crafty Old Guard knew it. When they signed on the dotted line, they were merely signing a guarantee that the price of the bonds would not be below par at the date their notes fell due. If it were, they would have to make up the difference, thus acting as unwitting underwriters of the losses the banks would otherwise have incurred. Their patriotism and homely honesty would urge them to meet their obligations in full, and not permit them merely to forfeit the bonds. The Old Guard had foreseen all this, so he had worked feverishly to unload his allotment, beating the other bankers to it by taking personal charge of the selling campaigns. Such love of God and fear of the Kaiser as he could instil into his people would be just that much help in holding them in line when pay-day came.

Thus it was that the banks of that county, without ever having had their allotments of bonds taken from their vaults, eventually found themselves once more with full titles to them—and in addition, an amount in cash equal to the difference between the par value of the bonds at their market value at the time the subscribers settled for them. The Citizens State Bank got by far the biggest share of the loot, because the presidents of the other local banks had been too short sighted to see their opportunity when it came. As a result, the Old Guard gained several jumps on his competitors, and when one of them failed, a few years after the war, he had plenty of money in his safe, and generously came forward to take all the good paper held by his defunct rival. There is now talk of sending him to Congress. With the aid of another war he may eventually make the Senate.

But for the time being, our farmers were sore. They squared up at the bank like good sports, planking down the difference between the $100 they had pledged and the $83 their bonds were worth without a murmur. What their thoughts were can easily be imagined, however, for by that time the whole fraud was beginning to be apparent to everybody. There was something grim and foreboding about them as they lined up to pay out their hard-earned cash, and something ominous about them as they silently stalked out of the banks leaving behind them their checks for loads of corn or oats or hay. In 1920 the county went Republican for the first and only time in its history. That was the way those farmers took of avenging themselves. They had been swindled under a Democratic administration, and under a President who, they believed, had promised them in 1916 that there would be no war if he were reëlected. The strong arm of the government had reached out and yanked their boys into the trenches. They had been relentlessly pursued by one organization after another, and browbeaten into giving to causes they understood little or nothing about. Consequently, they were in a mood, in 1920, to be brutal. The Democratic party obligingly offered its pants, and they kicked with all the force that a righteous indignation could inspire.

I never see a parade on Armistice Day

without giving a thought to certain missing elements. There are the soldiers—all honor to them! There are floats for the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, and the Y. M. C. A. But where are the brave and gallant fellows who assaulted all the country school-houses during the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive? Where are the leather-lunged orators who held up movie audiences and called in stentorian tones for everyone to do his bit, and get behind this War to End War? There is a float for the bank which bought Liberty Bonds at 83 and sold them at 100, but where are the fellows who bought at 100 and sold at 83? Somehow I feel that my old Ford ought to be chugging along out there, well to the front of the parade. In its day it earned a championship for hauling in swag, and it played a glorious part in spreading the gospel of 1917–18. It laid a set of tires, two springs and a rear axle on the altar of its country, and it was not its fault that it never got Over There.

Did I intimate that the Old Guard entirely forgot me after the final haul? Then I have done him an injustice. My salary as a pedagogue not having increased much, the soaring cost of living following the war put me on the ropes, and I was obliged to sell my own Liberty Bonds. I went to the Old Guard with them, and told him my story. He was much affected, and like the good friend he was, he took them off my hands at 83. And paid cash.

THE FIRST DAY

BY ROBERT JOYCE TASKER

High fog tumbled across the sky, in mad flight in from the sea. It cupped San Francisco Bay: a seething dome of mobile lead, contorted banks, streaming, serpentine, colliding, mingling, merging. . . . Below decks the engines pulsed, steady but feeble. The bay was lifeless, freakish, under the agile heavens. Across the plane of dirty water we meandered toward a distant slip. We were a doddering, small, red ferryboat—a few chilled voyagers.

We stood on the foremost deck, the Deputy and I, his arm under my elbow and my wrists shackled together. He talked light-heartedly, for after his single duty the day was his own. And there was a sum of five dollars provided for expenses, of which he would salvage more than half. It was an occasion to justify joyous anticipation, for it meant to him a holiday with a little extra money to be spent.

"There's your new home," he said.

He pointed with his finger. From the ferry-landing, on a jutting point, ran a road into the heart of a pile of buildings a quarter of a mile distant. It might have been some outlying factory, or, harking back to other times, a feudal castle.

The Deputy's words flowed on, but I was lost in stupid contemplation. When I lowered my line of vision we had entered the slip. The boat rubbed against the piling, and an unearthly wailing arose out of the friction—a screaming like that of some monstrous flea-ridden mongrel giving vent to a mighty whine of protest. A sprinkling of passengers came out on deck. Roustabouts threw hawsers over the piles. A heavy chain jangled, and the ironwood apron clanged down on the dock. Many white faces passed us in either direction. We were last to disembark, and went directly to a bus awaiting us.

When we had entered and were seated, the Deputy removed the manacles from my wrists. "They'd think I was bringing in a hard guy if I left 'em on," he explained. It was a matter of indifference to me, and so in fact were the half-curious stares the other passengers bent upon me. I enjoyed —if it may be termed a joy—a naïve disinterest in all about me, paying heed to only the most animal needs. I desired to smoke much more than I had wanted to be unfettered. I drew my pipe and tin of tobacco from my pocket. Again habit prompted me, and I asked if I might light up in the bus.

My escort guffawed, anticipating a joke he must have been wishing to air.

"They can't do nothing but put you in jail for it."

He delivered his witticism with a sidelong glance at the other occupants, and followed with laughter, which was mercifully lost in the meshing of gears.

Halfway to the prison we were halted for the opening of the first low gates to the reservation. The road from that point on was lined by the residences of officials, and the administrative buildings. They passed in an almost-unnoted procession of square stucco; then all in a breath we swept to a stop at the pylon. The architecture was abominable.

We two alighted and crossed the sidewalk to where a frame partition had been built into a twelve-foot arch. We entered, through a wooden door, into a small ante-

chamber where a guard in uniform laid open a registry book upon a table, and there the Deputy signed and deposited his great blue pistol. I discovered that one end of the chamber was made by a gate of bars; the guard unlocked a small, hinged portion of it to permit our further progress into a long, vaulted passage.

Moving along that dark corridor, some living thing in me struggled to become conscious. My eyes focused on a man at the farthest end. He was a convict—the first I had seen. His face was like a fleshless skull with yellow paper stretched over it. His eyelids were dark and weary. One word alone: grim. His long fingers rested on a mammoth key. Now I saw that there were great, solid gates at the end of this dim tunnel. But the key he held was to a smaller aperture. The gates of Jerusalem have their camel's eye. . . . I felt a horror creeping over me, a dread of that small cleft that led through the gates of solid steel. The key turned. Brilliant daylight struck me full in the face.

We stepped over a two-foot sill of metal. From the spot on which we stood, concrete walks ran diametrically through a garden. My first impression was of pained color, and I sought wildly with my eyes for another thing. I found it—a great, jagged dahlia with a wealth of vivid color, and a careless grandeur of design—a gesture of poetic insurgence. My escort's hand urged me along a walk to the right. I lost sight of that one flower, and as my scope of vision enlarged, I saw that we were in a square, closed in all about with dirty buildings of stone and concrete. Before me one to which we shortly came was a low porch along the entire front. An official in uniform materialised before me. He took the papers which the Deputy had offered, and made a signature. My meanwhile guardian disappeared.

The official jerked his thumb toward a door. The very motion gave me the key to my position. I was merchandise, duly received and acknowledged. Henceforth I was to be an animated piece of baggage. And for that I was grateful, for it fitted with the least effort into my mood.

The room into which I now passed was small—a mere recording office for the initial registry of newcomers. A convict arose from behind a desk and came to the counter which separated us. He asked my name, nativity, and age; later, my crime, and the county from which I was sent. His voice was harsh—exultant in vicarious authority. Later I came to know the man by sight, and to hate him for his raw-boned bulk, his grotesque countenance, and his toadying demeanor. But in this first encounter he succeeded only in rousing a vague, half-felt irritation.

Someone said, "Search him." Another convict went swiftly through my pockets. A comb, my pipe and tin of tobacco, two soiled handkerchiefs, and fifteen cents. The ruffian recorder called, "Fifteen cents." A voice echoed, "Fifteen cents." A third, remotely, "Fifteen cents." Much ado about so trivial a sum, I thought. I wondered what knowing sneers might be aimed at me when it became bruited about that I had such an insignificant fortune.

II

Some uniformed man, possibly the same who had signed my papers, interrupted my thoughts. He led me out onto the porch, and on to a small building set angularly into a space between a wall and a curved road. It was the photograph gallery, and the attendant there seated me swiftly, adjusted a wing of mirror over my shoulder, and hung a black placard on my chest. In another moment he stepped behind a tripod, snapped a shutter, and called, "That's all."

From the gallery we went to a building directly opposite the gate through which I had entered. Once down a short flight of stairs, we turned right and entered what I assumed to be a clothing room. Passing on, we came to a second room, in which were two ordinary bathtubs. The officer bade me disrobe, and he searched carefully

each article of my clothing as it was removed. A prisoner appeared, and at the same time the officer faded from my consciousness, as the Deputy had done.

The convict filled one of the tubs with hot water, while I, nude and impassive, looked on. His was the second face that made its mark on my memory. His hair was a great brush of iron-gray. His features were almost classic: a fine brow, a virile Roman nose, and a firm jaw ending in a chin not too harsh, yet resolute and strong. His eyes, when he turned to bid me enter the tub, were of the same gray as his hair, and were friendly, sympathetic.

That hot water could afford my senses such pleasure was a matter of bewilderment to me. But after long months of dismal jail corridors and brutal suppression of every comfort for the body, it marked a peak of felicity. My thoughts, floundering about untethered, played with the notion of hogs rooting in mud-holes. The man must have spoken before, and mayhap I answered him, but now his voice came through for the first time.

"What kind of rap did you bring up?"

I was puzzled. "Pardon me?"

"How much time are you doing?"

"Oh,—five to life."

"First degree robbery?"

"Yes."

At last I stepped out of the tub and dried myself with a coarse towel. Unseen hands had removed my discarded clothes, and placed my new ones on a stool. The underwear was of two pieces, the lower garment reaching to my ankles, and the upper extending from my throat to my wrists. It was heavy stuff, and even as I drew it on, I knew that it would bring me hours of torture when the heat of the day set in, for the fabric against my skin was clinging, woolly, irritating. There were trousers of heavy blue material—rough, hairy cloth that would fade quickly and lose all semblance of shape in the first rain. They were tailored with no thought to the contours of the body. A shirt of similar but slightly lighter stuff proved to be much too large for me in every part except the sleeves, and these, uncomfortably tight about the armpits, were ludicrously full at the elbows, and at least two inches short.

Already I began to feel as though laced into Arctic clothes. The socks I was given were of heavy white cotton. My feet, if they may be credited with senses of their own, sent up an indignant protest. Then came brogans, high-topped, built on the lines of Boy Scout shoes, but poorly shaped. Followed a cap of the trousers material, the cardboard bill fitting wretchedly against my forehead. Lastly, a coat was slipped on, a sort of jacket, bunchy and out of all proportion as it hung upon me. I marveled that this mummified creature I now was could have stretched, luxuriously free, in the tub.

The man with the shock of gray hair became my conductor for the moment, and he led me through several doors. In one room through which we passed were heaps of worn-out shoes, bloated-appearing things from many broken feet.

I was left at the door of a barber-shop. Only one man was there, for although there were many barbers, as the rows of makeshift chairs attested, it was eleven o'clock, and the dinner hour for the "mainline." I was beckoned to a chair, where, with a skimp cloth about my shoulders, my hair was clipped away. While the barber worked, the room burned itself into my brain. Like the skull-featured man at the front gate, it was a definite and lasting picture-in-little of the penitentiary I was to know. My eyes, perhaps for the reason that my memory for other places was fresh, saw through the tawdry attempts the men had made to make the place look like a shop in the free world outside. It produced an effect one step further removed from dignity than that of those comical catch-alls one sees serving for barber-shops in Summer hotels in the mountains: yards of paper with scalloped edges, cheap lithographs, flimsy stands, and bravely-arranged sets of tools.

Like the others of his craft before him, the barber talked. At last he asked a question, and when I failed to answer, repeated, "What'd you bring up with you?"

I knew the answer this time, and realized that it was a query I should meet often during the ensuing days. "First degree robbery—five to life," I said.

"Pooh! That's nothing!" he snorted. I knew he expected me to ask what time he was serving, so I complied with the inquiry his tone prompted.

"How much are *you* doing?"

"Well . . ."—I knew he was going to lie, but I cared not at all. "Well, I'm doing one life jolt, and two one-to-fifties, and one twenty-to-forty—yes sir, doing the book and twenty-two to a hundred and forty on top of it. But hell! that's nothing. You ought to see what *some* of these gees are doing."

Then he tilted back the chair and gave me a shave which was surprisingly smooth considering the tools and the light in which he worked. He condescended even to complete the operation with a hot towel—a sour, stained Turkish towel proclaiming all-too-eloquently of countless similar duties. A weak and watery face lotion completed the ministration. He dried my face and swept me from the chair with a flourish. My mind, sensitive to impressions, announced that he was challenging me—"I dare you to say that you could get better service outside!" The look was in his eyes. I murmured something in appreciation, and he burst out in pure barber-shop eloquence. But his words went unheeded. I had caught my reflection in a shabby mirror.

He led me to the door, and from there up a flight of steps like those I had descended to the clothing room. "Go over there to the porch and wait until they get you," he said.

I was bewildered, amazed. The direction I faced should have been east—but no! it was south! I was looking once more toward the camel's eye in the solid steel gates. Somewhere in the bowels of the building behind me I had become confused in my bearings, and never again could I think of east other than as south. The whole institution had maneuvered a quarter turn.

Returning to the porch, I found a bench and seated myself there. In a few minutes a convict came from one of the offices, asked my name, and presented me with a small book of rules and a card.

"Don't lose that," he cautioned. "That's your privilege card."

I looked at the yellow oblong in my hand:

> THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE BEARER —39962—is in possession of his full privileges, and entitled to receive visitors, correspond with relatives and friends, visit athletic field, and attend entertainments.

The number—39962.

"Is that my number?" I asked.

"Yes. It's on all your clothes."

The book of rules proved less interesting. There appeared on the first pages a message from the Warden. "You are here to expiate a crime. Serve your time cheerfully, and the authorities will aid you in every manner to take advantage of good time credits. (See last page for table of merits earnable.) Try to be good, and write now and then the old folks at home. We have your interests at heart."

I passed on to the rules and regulations. "Do not antagonize the officials over you . . . disfavor and penalty . . . Do not connive or attempt to smuggle contraband into the prison. No factory-made cigarettes, cigars, candy, or so forth . . . dire punishment . . . Do not destroy or mutilate State's property . . . the dungeon . . ."

Flicking over the pages, I read the table of merits to be earned by upright prisoners. My only comfort was to discover that if I were fortunate enough to receive parole at the end of my minimum of five years, I would have one year and five months of good time to my credit; but that, since I would have already served those seventeen months, the credit would be worthless.

III

While I waited for whosoever should desire me another prisoner was brought in. Instantly a pang of sympathy for him welled up in me. He was old, gray-haired. He wore a melancholy mustache, streaked with gray. The man accompanying him towered above him, a mass of flesh poised over this poor, small frame of bones. The customary official met them, signed the papers, and took the arrival in charge. When the little fellow spoke it was in a querulous voice, high-pitched and nervous like that of an old woman. He disappeared into the registry-room, and I knew what questions they were asking him. Within a few moments he was led out and to the photograph gallery. That was the last I saw of him until late in the afternoon.

A keeper addressed as Lieutenant bustled out onto the porch.

"Had dinner?" he asked.

"No."

He thrust his head in at one of innumerable doors and bellowed, "One of you guys take this fish over to second-setup with you!"

A round-faced Irish youth came from the same door, smiled reassuringly, and beckoned for me to follow. We left the porch and skirted the square on the curbed road. At the southwest corner we entered a tangent yard. There, for the first time, I saw the mob of prisoners. They stared, but I met their eyes with a curiosity as common as their own. This yard through which we moved was fifty yards long, flanked on one side by the ends of four three-tier cellblocks, and on the other side by a shed without walls. At the further end of the yard was a wall fifteen feet high, and in it was set a small arched doorway with a solid steel door. A guard there stopped us and the young Irishman explained that he was taking the fish to dinner. . . . We were permitted passage.

Beyond the gate, we found ourselves in a yard many times greater in size than the other, and with sixty-foot walls surrounding it. I suddenly felt dwarfed, a Lilliputian on the stage of an empty theatre. Walking along toward the gigantic walls at the furthest end, I was lost in a sense of my infinite smallness and worthlessness. . . . Fish! Why did they call me that? First the Lieutenant, then the Irish youth. It must be a name for newcomers. Fish!

By devious turning we came to the steel portals of the mess hall, and entered. Tremendous—this hall! Built to accommodate three thousand men. Red tile floor. Six feet of white tile for wainscoting, then buff-colored plaster on twenty feet higher to the bare ceiling-trestles of steel. The tables and seats were all facing one way, as though some old-fashioned country schoolhouse had been enlarged a hundred times, with the long desks made to serve as tables. It was necessary to step over a bench and thrust my legs under the table.

Three slices of white bread were at each place. A tincup of water, a pewter plate and a spoon. Ten men were seated at each table. A waiter passed in front of us bearing a bucketful of stew, and later with beans, which he bailed out with a quarter-pint ladle to those who desired them. As he served the table behind us the bucket brushed heavily against my back. I explored with my hand and found that my coat was slimy with stew.

The quality of the food made no impression upon my palate, and what I ate, if anything, I have long since forgotten. My abstraction was such that while I noticed trivial details there and elsewhere during the day, many things escaped my consideration that were later accorded a wary eye. Such, for instance, was the high walk, suspended fifteen feet up on the wall. There a guard paced to and fro, a high-powered rifle in his hand. I remember now that my Irish friend kept his gaze fastened upon the sentinel while he slipped three slices of bread from the table and hid them under his gray blouse. At the time I thought it was not only absurd that anyone should wish to carry away bread, but puzzling that it must be done by stealth.

Since this was a special setup for those who must be at their posts while the others dined, we were able to depart when and in what order we wished. As we rose from the table, I had a momentary view of the hall, while only a few men remained in it. A curious idea came to my mind: it was Gargantuan! I had no reference to the men nor to the enormous amount of food they must consume. It was the hall itself —a mighty, hungry-mawed thing, which swallowed and spewed forth each day the eaters of nine thousand meals.

The walk back toward the porch was less awesome, for this time we had only the fifteen-foot wall before us, with the upper-thirds of the open cellblocks rising above it. For some reason I had not previously noticed the condition of those buildings, nor that of the smaller yard which we now reëntered. The buildings seemed to be of an almost primitive design —oblong, unevenly-plastered. The paving of the yard was of asphalt over brick, and it was broken—full of ankle-deep chuck holes. I ventured a question.

"It's very old, isn't it?—this part of the prison?"

"Old?" the Irishman laughed. "Say,—see that first building opposite the porch? Well, there was guys shakin' off time in there when your granddaddy was a kid. That's the old Spanish prison. It's made of stone, and the others are of brick with plaster over 'em. But it's a long dig out of the brick ones, even. About four feet thick them walls are."

For all his eloquent information, I could give them only an uncomprehending stare, unable as yet to grasp the fact that 40,000 other men had languished in those dismal crypts. Even when we arrived at the porch, and he pointed back to the Spanish cellblock to where five men in as many cells waited to be hanged, I could see absolutely nothing about the building that had any relation to me. I was sorry for the shriveled-up old fellow who came to serve time on the same day as I. Five men, almost before my eyes, had the shadow of hempen rope over them, and I gave not even a sigh for their souls. The moment is incredible when I think of what feverish horror I lived through the day on which the first of those five men was hanged.

Shortly after our return, I was taken again to the gallery to be photographed in my convict clothes. The same placard which had earlier been hung on my chest was propped up on a table. I read it this time: "#39962. Robbery, first degree. Five to life." . . . But there was also another plate now: "#39963. Murder, second degree. Ten to life." . . . Poor old devil! *He* would never get out—alive.

When I returned to the bench upon which I sat in the morning, I found 39963. He looked years younger, now shorn of his gray hair and stringy mustache, and it was only after he had addressed several remarks to me that I was certain he was the man I had seen enter.

That afternoon, we were taken to the Bertillon room and there fingerprinted. Then weighed, measured, and minutely examined. We returned to the inevitable porch, heard a lecture which coincided with the rule book, were enjoined to keep the hell off'n the porch from now on—and then sent to our own devices among the men in the small, broken yard beside the old prison.

When we reached the yard a young fellow darted out from the crowd, greeted me by name and wrung my hand. He had been in the same county jail as I, and for some months we had been casual acquaintances. I had formed, early, a very low opinion of him, for all his creed was to do the small thing in the small way, and make a terrific racket about it. In appearance too, he was anything but attractive, for his face was pimpled, unhappily-formed, sallow; his hair scraggly and unruly; his neck, young though he was, wrinkled and having the unfortunate aspect of perpetually needing to be scrubbed. His head wagged continually on his shoulders, and from behind it produced an effect much like a turkey hunting futilely for some-

thing to eat. . . . And yet—and yet my heart warmed to him that day, and I yearned toward him as to a tried and true friend. His inane remarks and puerile questions seemed sparkling bits of wit.

At four o'clock a shrill police whistle sounded and the men scrambled into lines. We marched—an army of shuffling, shoddy figures—through the big yard, into the mess-hall, and there devoured our supper of beans. When the last of the line was inside, the first of the line was through with the meal, and so the file went out again; a motion of feeding and marching unending for a full forty-five minutes.

IV

At four forty-five a bell began to toll. My companion pointed to a doorway leading off the garden square, pushed me toward it, then darted away up a flight of iron steps to disappear into one of the countless gaping doors in the Spanish building. I hurried toward the doorway he had pointed out, fell into line with a group of other fish, and filed down a short flight of stairs. At the bottom a guard counted us, and admitted us to the basement dormitory used for the accommodation of new men. The door crashed shut, a bolt fell, a lock snapped. We were in for the night.

The room-tender supplied me with three blankets, a tin cup, an aluminum comb, a bar of soap, a box of tooth powder and a brush. With a wave of his hand he dismissed me to find myself an unoccupied berth. There were three aisles, and these were flanked on either side with three-tier bunks of angle-iron. I chose a middle shelf, well back in a dark part of the room, and occupied myself with preparing my bed. Completing my brief arrangements, I had opportunity to survey the room and its occupants.

The electric lights were on, for though it was not later than five o'clock, the windows were high and inadequate for illumination. In the front of the dormitory two long tables were covered with dominoes, and many men grouped themselves there, effecting under the thickening clouds of cigarette smoke a scene reminiscent of waterfront gambling dives. Incorrigible boys darted about, intent on horseplay, and maintaining a constant flow of self-conscious profanity and raucous howling.

There were some ninety men in all, and soon the air was foul with the breath from poisoned lungs and the reek of sweat from bodies striving to throw off the contaminations of disordered kidneys. Heat, rolling clouds of smoke, the smell of perspiring men: it stirred in me a hypersensitive revulsion, and yet drew me into a hypnotic stupor.

I began to differentiate among the groups. I found Mexicans gravitating together; Negroes chattering, singing snatches of hymns, and slipping into their environment with an enviable ease. Of the whites, the majority held aloof, and only the obvious nitwits romped with untutored noise. Someone said, "Christ! this is a madhouse!" A man began to sniffle and sob in a bunk. At times, someone would burst into heavy laughter. I heard, too, that subtle tone in mirth which never fails to jar the sensitive ear—lascivious laughter.

I wandered among the aisles. Here and there a few men would band together—talking mostly, of the prison and what they had learned or expected to learn concerning it. . . . Time. . . . It was the one subject making every man serious. "How much you doin'?" . . . "Five to life." . . . "Jesus!" . . . I was drawn into one such conversation, my tongue answering carelessly, my mind utterly void. As we talked, the buffoons kept milling about us, stopping now and then to work some indignity upon one diminutive youth in our group. They spoke familiarly to him, called him Jockey. While one hoodlum was engaged in mauling the little fellow, I happened to catch an expression. We looked directly into each other's eyes, this Jockey and I, and a flashing bond of

understanding went between us. "What damned fools they are!"—as plainly as though we had spoken. For the second time that day, that something down deep within me struggled to rise to the surface, strove valiantly, then sank back into the blank bottom of my mind.

Fifteen minutes before nine o'clock we were warned and made to our bunks, where those of us so inclined removed our outer garments. At nine sharp, a bugle ripped out into the still night. For one long minute it shot silver notes, to me torturing notes—across the walls and beyond, into the freedom we had put behind us. The lights blinked out. Over the front gate a guard stepped to a platform and called mightily—"Nine o'clock and all's well!" Another took up the call, and another. It passed before our very windows, went hurtling along the walls, and died echoing in the distance.

A searchlight swept at intervals over the prison, and through the high windows would come a beam of dazzling light to slide brilliantly over the walls, and vanish. Heavy breathing filled the air. More than one man sobbed, or cried out in his sleep. I lay flat on my back, my eyes wide, staring up at the mattress of straw above. In time, the swift-flowing panorama of the day's events faded, and I was left to a few timid thoughts stirring uneasily in my mind like truant fowls locked out at night. Words formed and sounded on my inner ear in rhythm with my heart. "Well, —here I am at last. Well,—here I am at last."

A tiny figure came and danced on the foot of my bed. It had a gargoyle head, absurdly huge on a body that was no more than a shank. Its hands were large, knobbed, in keeping with the head. Its legs were shanks like the body, and they were welded to a hipless waist. It danced —danced—danced. Sometimes it shook with mad, silent laughter.

Suddenly, I was under the shade of trees before my father's home. In my hand was the handle of the roller with which I had been packing the new, fresh lawn. The figure was there. It tugged at the leg of my trousers, pulled me to the crushed-gravel drive, and showed me there a large grease spot. Instantly we were in my room inside my father's house. We looked at some pictures of nude women that I had concealed in a drawer of my chiffonier. It laughed, danced, shook,—silent screams of mirth. . . . There it was on my bunk again, stamping unfelt feet over my ankles, —derisive, obscene, laughing. . . .

"Well,—here I am at last. Well,—here I am at last."

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

RELIGIOUS news from Cotton Plant, as reported by the *Woodruff County Democrat:*

> Just as we go to press we are informed that the missionary ladies of the city will hold a Revealing Party Tuesday afternoon at the Baptist Church at 3:00 o'clock.

CALIFORNIA

SPRIGHTLY handbill distributed throughout Hollywood, the new cultural capital of America:

> HOW TO DIE
>
> *Special Lecture by*
> *FRITZ KUNZ, B.A.*
>
> Do you know exactly what the process of your dying will be? What part of man expires and what survives? The exact details of an actual specimen of death described and analyzed moment by moment by a dying man—a narrative of enthralling interest—will be the central illustration of this lecture. What to do after your funeral; death as a bad habit; the after-death life of ordinary people, of drug and drink victims, of religious and learned folk, of suicides and murderers; the reason for death; the evil of gloom about death; cremation, burial, death at sea, towers of silence (the Parsee method of disposal).
>
> A cheerful and sane lecture on an obscure and important subject treated scientifically on the basis of experience, psychical research and the reports of experts (Swedenborg, Lodge, and others).
>
> HOLLYWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB
> 7078 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
> Sunday Evening—8 o'clock
>
> *Music* *No Admission Charge* *Collection*

ADVERTISEMENT in the San Francisco *Examiner:*

> GRAPE JUICE
>
> *Unfermented and Non-Alcoholic—Different*
>
> Imported Natural Not Synthetic Flavors Like Muscatel, Rhine, Riesling . . . $1.25 per gal.
> Sherry, Port, Burgundy . . . . $1.75 per gal.
>
> If not consumed soon, this grape juice will, of course, ferment, and to prevent fermentation, Benzoate of Soda may be added or the juice be kept in the refrigerator.
>
> VINO SANO CO.
> 237 NINTH STREET
> *Manufacturers of the famous California Grape Brick*

COLORADO

How the people of Colorado Springs amuse themselves:

> Titian-haired maidens from all parts of Colorado are flooding sponsors of the Pike's Peak Poultry Association show with locks of their tresses for competition in the contest to find the red-headed woman whose hair will most nearly match a feather of a Rhode Island Red fowl. The unique contest has attracted entries from far and wide, but while the affair is open to the world officials declare contestants must appear in person to allay the suspicion that they have substituted someone else's hair.

FROM the obituary notice of the Hon. Andrew Skow, a worthy of Kiowa, in the *Divide Review* of that town:

> He was a great student of politics, sometimes sitting up until 4:00 A. M. reading the *Congressional Record.* He could name a great per cent of the Senators and representatives from the forty-eight States, and knew fairly well what they were doing at Washington. He made little display of his very rare political knowledge, but went along from day to day seeking more information for his own satisfaction. He knew many of the evils of government and formed his own opinions as to their correction.

CONNECTICUT

FROM the great university of Yale:

> Choate Alumni returned to the School last Wednesday evening for the annual Yale-Choate Club banquet. . . . The Orchestra played and the Glee Club sang a group of songs while dinner was being served. . . . The entire company also sang a number of songs, "Thanksgiving," "On the Road to Mandalay," "Song of the Vagabonds" and "A Stein Song." In the last the words "a stein on the table" were changed to "a Steinway piano" by special request of Mr. Shute, out of respect for the Volstead Act.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM the report of an athletic struggle between two teams of the Georgetown Church League, in the celebrated and intellectual Washington *Star:*

> In the other games Christ took the set from Calvary, moving into fourth place.

MINISTER advance notice from the *Voice*, organ of the celebrated Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals:

> The American people used last year $141,488,000 worth of cosmetics and toilet preparations.

FLORIDA

STRANGE and treasonable words in Miami *Life:*

> A railroader who makes $215 a month and pays $125 rent bragged to his landlord the other day that he had seen, with his own eyes, a Boston milliner, an automobile mechanic, and an illegal voter arrive on an F. E. C. train with all intentions of spending several days here in search of employment. It so thrilled the landlord that he shot his rates up to $200 a month.
>
> The mere rumor that the mayor of West Terre Haute might spend a week in St. Petersburg caused three Lauderdale hotel men and a rooming house in Homestead to raise 25%.
>
> It is reported there was a conspiracy to destroy the $25,000 order of sky-blue-pink Chamber of Commerce booklets, en route here from the printing plant in Louisville. Tenants knew that every local hotel man who sees one of the booklets will immediately raise his room rates $3 a day.
>
> A retired capitalist who had been paying $3,000 a month for an apartment was ejected because a laundryman had told the landlord that he had it on good authority that a sightseeing bus, filled with three or four schoolteachers, would leave Chattanooga early in March for the purpose of viewing the effects of the Miami hurricane, and that they might rent a room while here.

CARD of a man of God, at the moment gracing the great town of West Palm Beach:

> REV. R. W. WILLIAMS
>
> DRUG AND MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
>
> If you have faith in God and confidence in man, See Me; I am a gifted man of God to do what other men cannot do. I give you Good Luck that you cannot Lose and it pays you to carry a Good Luck Glass if you choose.
>
> The Rev. Williams can cure all kinds of Piles and Consumption.
>
> I make the homes happy and love walk in, I cure all kinds of disease that man has: pyorrhea, dropsy, fithloes, tummers eating cancers, ulcers and all skin diseas. I am a K. of P. I am on the level, I am no fake, I am with you and my medicine is for you and God will raise you, so therefore it pay you to see me for your own sake; give this card to the sick.
>
> REV. R. W. WILLIAMS
>
> 605 N. TAMARIND AVE. WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

GEORGIA

ONE of the "additional benefits" incidental to being a Georgia Baptist, as revealed by a Moultrie news item:

> J. T. Corbin, a 67-year-old Baptist preacher, this afternoon was acclaimed as the champion hog-caller of South Georgia.

IOWA

THE eminent *Iowa Legionaire* suggests a talking point for the salesmen of American Legion memberships:

> Most veterans want a military funeral, but one is never held by the unorganized comrades. It should be a talking point for Legion membership, if used tactfully, to tell the prospect that if he wants military honors at his death his relatives will have to turn to the Legion, and that he owes it to those who go before him and to himself to support the organization that accords such honors.

ILLINOIS

TRIAL by ordeal in Chicago, as described in a press dispatch from that great city:

> To prove that he wasn't drunk, George Wilson, arraigned in court here today, offered to balance a penny on the end of a match. Three times he failed, and the court began to grow impatient. Then, trying his left hand, he managed to keep the penny on the match for thirty seconds. "Discharged!" said the judge an instant before the coin clattered to the floor.

NEWS item from the same decaying town:

> A set of twelve reliquaries containing fragments which, according to an accompanying note on ancient parchment, are bones of the Twelve Apostles, are offered for sale by the Chicago Historical Society. The caskets are contained in a tooled leather case and the explanation of their nature, written in ecclesiastical Latin, bears the signature of the Archbishop of Milan, dated in 1729.

WHAT Real Education, unspoiled by the capitalistic poison, is doing to bring the Windy City back to its former eminence:

> Charm will have a place in the curriculum of the Chicago Trade Union College, Miss Lillian Herstein, co-chairman of the college, disclosed today. "Lectures will be given," Miss Herstein explained, "on charm in dress, charm in interior decoration, charm in budgeting an income, charm in conversation, in good literature, in health and friendship."

INDIANA

NEWS of Good Fellowship in Peru, as reported by the *Tribune:*

City officials headed by Mayor T. O. Keller and representatives of the local press were entertained at luncheon at noon today by E. M. Jones, president of the Jones Odorless Garbage Crematory Company, of St. Louis. It was not a mere luncheon, but a real chicken dinner, including about everything that usually goes with such a repast, with ice cream and cake, which was served on a long table in the basement of the garbage disposal plant purchased from the Jones Company and recently completed and placed in operation.

IOWA

HUMAN existence in the remoter wilds of this great State, as revealed by a dispatch from Essex:

Henry Ford's old-time dances may be considered uplifting in Detroit, Bangor, and points East, but they are anathema in this village, where dancing, theatres and "other inventions of the devil" have been prohibited for twenty-five years. Taking the cue from his chief, a local Ford dealer tried to stage the old-time dances here. Five hundred of the town's eight hundred inhabitants attended, but when the dancers essayed a Virginia reel, the party was halted by the authorities.

KANSAS

RECREATIONS of the Pure-Minded of Lawrence, in the *Daily Journal-World:*

Following a supper at Andy's tea room at 7 o'clock last evening and a short business meeting, the members of the Business and Professional Women's Club listened to an entertaining talk given by Miss Fern Bauersfeld of Kansas City, Kans., who told of the work of the State board of censorship, of which she has been a member since last Fall.

She mentioned as some of the scenes which the board had made it a ruling to clip from moving pictures, any which would tend to excite crime, those which showed promiscuous smoking of cigarettes or infidelity to the marriage vows and those maligning religion, and flask and drinking scenes.

Following her talk, she showed a number of cut portions which had been rejected from pictures by the board, in illustration of the points she had made. The machine was operated by Miss Blanche Woodbury, of the university extension department.

KENTUCKY

FROM the Richmond correspondent of the celebrated Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

Court day attracted the smallest crowd to this city of any court day in recent years. Buying and selling was at a low ebb throughout the day. Live-stock sales on the streets were few and slow. About a hundred head of nondescript horses and mules were on the market, but few sales were reported. L. S. Hamilton, Winchester, purchased ten head of horses and mules at from $40 to $100. A few young mules changed hands at around $50 a head. On Jockey Row one sorrel horse of uncertain age was sold for a rifle and $2 in cash. A coon dog and $3 in money, from Red Lick, was swapped for a horse that was recommended to work anywhere. Several pocket knives were swapped and a few real sales of horses were made at $20 to $25 each. Fleshy horses that are out of commission for other purposes than to furnish meat for fox dog kennels were few and sold readily for $2.50 to $5 a head.

MAINE

THE Hon. Drew T. Harthorn, a distinguished Rotarian of Waterville, as reported by the *Sentinel:*

Rotary is one of the notable movements in the world's history. History runs in cycles and something similar has been seen in the past. In the Sixteenth Century it took the form of a religious uprising, and the Reformation resulted. Some two hundred years later there was a political upheaval that produced the French and the American revolutions. Now Rotary may be destined to be the author of another epoch.

MASSACHUSETTS

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. William S. Bett, pastor of the Green Street Baptist Church, of Melrose:

How Jesus Spent Thanksgiving

THE great city of Brockton makes a strong bid for the patronage of the Boston élite:

A dog and cat laundry has been opened in Brockton, Mass. An attendant calls at the home for the animals, and delivers them fully bathed, massaged and marcelled.

MICHIGAN

SUBJECT of a special sermon to motorists in St. Mark's Church, Detroit:

Gas and God

MINNESOTA

CRIMINO-ECCLESIASTICAL news from Fergus Falls:

For saying Amen too loudly in church, Arthur Isaacson, of Deer Creek, was arrested and fined $20 in Municipal Court here. Isaacson attended Union Church in Oak Valley with other youths. During the sermon they became enthusiastic, interrupting the parson with loud and frequent Amens. It was pointed out in court that fervency, not volume, constituted a proper Amen.

THE Higher Learning at the University of Minnesota:

The twelfth annual course in embalming offered by the university through its General Extension Division and under the direction of its Medical School will soon begin. This first course, of twelve weeks, will be followed by a week's intensive course of a post-graduate nature, open to licensed embalmers only. This year for the first time, four years of high school work or its equivalent will be required of all registrants for the courses in embalming. Applicants will be given the opportunity, in case they have not a high school certificate, of establishing eligibility by taking a test based on psychological principles.

MISSISSIPPI

RELIGIOUS circular stuffed into all the mail boxes of the great town of Louise:

SMITH CHAPEL, A. M. E. CHURCH
LOUISE, MISS.
will give a
TEN VIRGIN RALLY
at the
PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSE
The Virgin raising the highest amount will be given $5 in gold; the preacher, a fine shirt. The money received is to be used in the building of a church.

DINNER FREE *COME ONE, COME ALL*

REV. W. M. GAYDEN, *Presiding Elder*
REV. W. M. ARNOLD, *Pastor*
BROTHER JOHN FLEMING, *Secretary*

MISSOURI

THE Hon. William D. Edwards in the St. Louis *Star:*

Mr. Henry Ford is the greatest benefactor of this century; the third greatest of all times, both past and present. Christ is first; Lincoln second and Ford third. Lincoln is second, because he existed before Ford. But in comparison they are equal.

MYSTERIOUS advertisement in the eminent St. Louis *Star:*

WANTED
5000
CATS
5C EA.
We will pay $.05 apiece for 5,000 full grown live cats. Black ones preferred. (Kittens will not be accepted.) Cats to be delivered—Saturday—at
2747 CHEROKEE STREET

NEW JERSEY

EFFECTS of seven years of the Methodist Amendment within the shadow of Princeton:

Petitions signed by scores of mothers in the northern section of Trenton asking that some action be taken to curb the sale of liquor to school children have been received by Commissioner La Barre, director of the Department of Public Safety. The signers complain that the sale of liquor to boys and girls of tender age is common and that as a result their characters and their health are being undermined. In reply to the petitions Commissioner La Barre says that he is powerless to take any action in addition to what has already been done to wipe out this evil.

NEW YORK

THE Rev. Father Joseph F. Smith, former pastor of the Hon. Gene Tunney, as reported by the United Press:

He [Tunney] is an athlete of Christ.

THE Hon. Otto Kahn, LL.D., celebrated patron of the arts, goes to Boston and leaves there a few gems:

Art is democracy in its very essence.
Art pays dividends in dollars and cents. The love of Art of the early French and Italians brings millions of dollars to those countries now.
I believe that there are millions of the common people in the United States whose hearts are hungry for Art.

PASTOR NAMON A. SIMON, of Buffalo, superintendent of the Western New York District of the Anti-Saloon League:

Prohibition is the greatest single blessing to mankind since the annunciation of the birth of Jesus Christ.

NORTH CAROLINA

LIST of Afro-Carolinians discovered by physicians making a malaria survey of Northampton county, as reported by the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

Arneza Goods
Duncas Hymen
Demus Demory
Batty Price
King De Loach
Napoleon Ramsey
Alimenta Lawrence
Boston Green
Handbag Johnson
Squirrel Bowes
Iodine Williams
Prophet Ransom
Iodus and Pheodus Daniels (twins, age 4)
Bloom and Blossom Green (twins, age 14)
Bootjack Webb
Zooa Daniels

Solicitor Ransom
Rindy Watson
Negolia Johnson
Arginta and Dozine Lockhart
(twins, age 4)
Peconia Rawls
Abolena Sweat

OHIO

THE Rev. Frank Nelson, speaking before the budding Aristotles of the University of Cincinnati, as reported by the *Bearcat*, the official college organ:

God is a regular fellow.

THE perils of education in Cleveland, as reported by the celebrated *Plain Dealer:*

East High-school pupils will be taken on no more trips to Western Reserve Medical Museum until Principal Daniel Lothman determines if the museum contains anything the pupils should not see.

Prof. Robert Goldbach took fifteen members of his physiology and hygiene class to the museum yesterday to explain how cold germs lodge in cavities of the face and forehead. Opposite the exhibit he was explaining was an exhibit of a human embryo.

Some of the pupils asked questions about the embryo. Prof. Goldbach explained. When the class got back to East High, a complaint was made by a woman teacher.

THE wave of progressive justice hits Youngstown:

Men who go on petting parties and tear clothing off young girls will have to pay for the damage, said Judge Frank L. Baldwin, Monday, when he ordered Gerald Kistler, aged 19, of Warren, to give a young girl $30 to buy new garments.

OKLAHOMA

THE state of enlightenment in this advancing State, as revealed by a dispatch from Norman:

There is a shelf of books in the University of Oklahoma library that is *verboten* for general student loans. There are two kinds of books on this shelf—the expurgated and valuable rare editions. Charles Hanson Towne, noted magazine editor and author, is one of the expurgated writers. His book, "The Rise and Fall of Prohibition," has been removed from the general stacks because of the objection of Norman ministers.

THE eternal vigilance of holy men in Oklahoma City, as described by the eminent *Daily Oklahoman:*

The Governor's Inaugural Ball, which is scheduled to be held in the State Capitol, is not favored by the Oklahoma City Ministerial Alliance, according to a statement issued by the Rev. Paul V. Clark, president of the alliance. . . . Mr. Clark, as pastor of the First United Brethren Church, has issued the following statement relative to his stand on the ball: "The dance always has seemed to me very similar to wine. It goes to the head as well as to the feet and body, and there are often times after-results as serious as come from drinking."

PENNSYLVANIA

THE earthly honors of a free American of Philadelphia, as reported in the obituary columns of the *Public Ledger:*

DONOHUE.—Suddenly, JOHN P., beloved husband of Bridget Donohue (née McGinley). Relatives and friends, also Past Grand Chief Rangers' Asso., F. of A.; Court West Phila., No. 229, F. of A.; Phila. Chapter, K. of C.; Fourth Degree, K. of C.; Cardinal Dougherty Assembly; West Phila. Council, No. 344, K. of C.; K. of C. Auto Club; K. of C. Luncheon Club; Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute; Catholic Young Men's Asso.; County Board, A. O. H.; Div. No. 66, A. O. H.; Victrix Catholic Club; Holy Name Society; B. V. M. Sodality; L. O. O. M., No. 54; B. P. O. E., Lodge No. 2; General Henry Lawton Post, No. 2, V. of F. W.; Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; F. O. E., Aerie 42; A. L. P. A., of Phila.; Ideal Assembly, No. 62, A. O. M. P.; Funeral Directors' Asso. of Penna.; International Typographical Union, No. 2; Sanctuary Brooklyn Shepherds of America; Itaska Council, No. 27, D. of P.; Mondamin Tribe, No. 455, I. O. R. M.; Union League of Delaware County; American-Italian Society, of Clifton Heights, and all other societies of which he was a member, are invited to attend funeral, Mon., 8:30 A. M., from his late residence, 5400 Market st. Solemn requiem mass at the Church of Our Lady of Victory 10 A. M. Int. St. Denis' Cem.

NOTE on the Americanization movement, from the same Christian town:

A habeas-corpus suit in which the Federal Court will be asked to determine whether the government may deport a man and his wife because the man lost an arm in one of this country's industries was brought today in behalf of Giovanni Miceli of this city. Miceli and his wife came to this country in 1921, shortly after their marriage in Italy, and were admitted after the regular examination. While employed at the Baldwin Locomotive Works two years later Miceli in an accident lost his right arm. The immigration authorities issued a warrant for his deportation on the ground that his infirmity made it likely he would become a public charge here.

Two public notices appearing in the same issue of the New Kensington *Dispatch:*

NOTICE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—That I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mrs. Marie Scholze, on and after this date.

(*Signed*) F. J. SCHOLZE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—This is to certify that F. J. Scholze at no time ever did pay any bills which I have ever contracted, as I had to work to pay my own bills, so I don't expect him to pay any bills which I have contracted since we separated.

(*Signed*) MARIE SCHOLZE

SOUTH DAKOTA

NEW symbol of paternal affection discovered in the town of Spencer:

George W. Blackwood, of Spencer, S. D., has presented his two daughters and their husbands, the two children of his daughters and his wife with gold rings which have a history all their own.

Blackwood had to have his teeth removed by a Sioux Falls dentist. Nearly all the teeth were of gold. He first thought to sell the gold to pay his dentist bill, but there was not enough, so he had the gold fashioned into seven rings for presentation to the relatives.

There was sufficient gold so that the ring given one son-in-law has upon it an Elks emblem a half an inch across, while the ring of the other son-in-law is adorned with a Masonic emblem.

TENNESSEE

NEWS of the advancing South from Chattanooga, as reported by the eminent *Times:*

Just how big is Heaven will be answered by the Rev. J. P. McGraw, pastor of the Concord Baptist Church, in a sermon next Sunday night. Pastor McGraw promises to give the size of Heaven, even to the square foot, and to quote the Bible as authority for his figures.

CULTURE, spurred on by the consecrated labors of the martyr Bryan, booms in this immortal State:

Baptist students of the University of Tennessee will be the guests of the First Baptist Church at a banquet held tonight at 7:30 at the church. Over 300 students have already accepted invitations to attend. A debate on the subject, "Resolved, That a Glass Eye is More to be Desired Than a Wooden Leg," will feature the programme. Ralph Frost, of the University Y. M. C. A., is in charge.

TEXAS

FROM the letter-head of Gammel's Book Store, of Austin:

THE OLDEST BOOK STORE
IN THE STATE
ESTABLISHED IN 1877

THE PROPRIETOR, GAMMEL,
WAS BORN IN DENMARK,
RICH AND GOOD LOOKING
—NOT SO NOW
YOU UNDERSTAND MONEY
RULES THE WORLD
THE WORLD RULES YOUR
GOOD LOOKS
SO DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED
WHEN WE MEET AGAIN

REFERENCE:
MRS. H. P. N. GAMMEL
HER 3 BOYS AND 5 GIRLS
AND A FEW OTHER
FRIENDS

DON'T HESITATE TO SELL TO
ME OR BUY. YOU WILL NOT
DOUBT MY REFERENCES. IF
YOU DO, WRITE THEM.

H. P. N. GAMMEL

UTAH

FREE speech in Salt Lake City, as described by the *Industrial Digest* of the Utah Associated Industries, an organization of Men of Vision:

The antecedents of speakers should first be known, and the nature of their attitude toward accepted standards be ascertained before hospitality is extended to them.

WASHINGTON

THE judicial art and mystery in glorious Yakima, as revealed by the eminent *Daily Republic* of that imperial town:

Because the jurors who convicted Dan Downer on a bootlegging charge consumed too much of the evidence while deliberating in the jury room, the defendant was this morning granted a new trial by Judge Mitchell Gilliam of Seattle, who heard the case in the Yakima Superior Court more than a year ago.

Two full quarts of bonded liquor went to the jury room when the jurors entered upon their deliberations, so that they might taste it if they so desired to determine its genuineness. They consumed all of the evidence given them. In granting the motion for new trial, Judge Gilliam commented that he felt that too much liquor had been drunk, so he could not say for sure that the defendant had had a fair trial. If the amount consumed had been equally divided among the twelve jurors, the amount was not excessive; on the other hand, if some had abstained and one or a few had drunk more than their share, it was too much to assure the defendant a fair trial.

ELUSIVE AMERICA

BY JOHN COWPER POWYS

Generalizations about this country have so often been superficially patched up by bewildered perfunctory travelers that there is naturally a prejudice against them, and this is especially true of the opinions of wandering Englishmen; but having saturated myself in the American Scene for a couple of decades and having journeyed during that time into every region of the country I feel that I have a right to claim to be an exception to this rule. The generalization which I am anxious to make clear in what follows is one that has behind it a much weightier mass of conscious as well as unconscious impressions than it is the privilege of most strangers to receive. I am calling it "the embodiment of my imaginary America," for it is something that only quite recently has taken palpable form; though it is now more than twenty years since the premonition of it first hovered before my mind.

I well recall the occasion when this premonition first presented itself. It was just after my original invitation to visit this continent. While waiting in Liverpool for the departure of my boat, I sat one evening, drinking such coffee as that city affords, in a pseudo-oriental resort entitled the Kardomah Café.

I am as a rule unsusceptible to such music; but I remember on this occasion receiving a curiously insistent vision of what I was to encounter in the new hemisphere from the playing of a well-known popular tune. It was Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." How shall I express what I caught in that unsophisticated music? It was the presentiment of a mood rather than of people or places. And yet, in a mysterious way, both persons and scenery entered into the impression. But the mood was the chief thing and the easiest to describe at this distance off. It was a mood at once sentimental and sardonic, at once wistfully fatalistic and recklessly adventurous. It was chaotic to the point of an exultant nihilism; and it was resigned with a sort of ecstasy of resignation that seemed to absolve all human helplessness from the consequences of grim Necessity.

Thus in a Liverpool coffee-shop there came to me my first premonition of my peculiar America. Once visualized, in this absurdly casual way, all manner of hints, fragments, morsels, suggestions, drawn from indiscriminate reading, rose in support of the thing. I recalled certain queer isolated passages in Goethe, in Blake, in Dostoievsky, and in other great mystics, for whom America was rather a symbol than an actuality.

What I envisaged was indeed as far removed from the iridescent dreams of an over-confident immigrant as from the ponderous statesmanlike appreciations of a Lord Bryce. And fantastic though it may sound I am still inclined to think that my occult conception was nearer the truth than either of these.

I received the impression of a land of extreme contrasts, a land where nature was prolific, but untamed; full of fabulous riches but blighted in some way by a mysterious curse; thwarted, bewitched; intersected by regions of a sinister barrenness, desolate, forlorn, sterile. And against this chaotic and littered background I visual-

lized the figure of my elusive American. I saw him as a lean, humorous, drifting personage; facetious but melancholy, fatalistic but free from any bitter cynicism; a spendthrift, a wanderer, a gambler, generous and nonchalant; possessed, moreover, of some vast secret *rapport* with nature—with that disordered landscape whose formless untraditional poetry touched a similar strain in his own perverse yet patient soul.

He was no Lincoln, my American, but he was further—oh, much further!—from any remotest resemblance to the sly, pragmatic Franklin.

II

It has been with this preconception in my mind that I have been engaged, up and down this land, for the last twenty years, upon a sort of psychic foray, an æsthetic quest, searching everywhere for some palpable realistic embodiment of my lodged and rooted *idée fixe*.

It is hard to capture, under its shifting Protean disguises, that mysterious thing hidden in any integral fragment of civilization which Aristotle would call its *entelecheia*. But over and over again during these long years I have found approximations to this imaginary America of mine. I have found them in every quarter, in every climate between the two oceans. And at last—after so many foreshadowings—I have discovered, in concrete actual presence, what has haunted me all this while in a thousand teasing hints and glimpses and suggestions.

And where, geographically speaking, do you suppose my Simon Pure America has incarnated itself? Nowhere else than in the home-country of that famous typical American, Mr. Will Rogers!

Let me hasten to give it as definite a local habitation as I can. It is in the Southwest; but to call it *the* Southwest would be, I think, to give a wrong impression; for as far as I am concerned I would not extend it either to New Mexico or to Texas.

Roughly speaking, the region which I have in mind includes Southern Missouri, the southeastern corner of Kansas, the northern portion of Arkansas, and the whole of Oklahoma. There are many minor varieties of natural scenery within the borders of the district thus outlined; and there are many minor variations from the prevailing standard of life in those parts; but there is sufficient identity underlying these divergencies to make this particular locality a recognizable unit, and to give to it, compared with all other portions of the country, a marked individuality of its own.

Certainly the two great schools of the State of Oklahoma, the University and the Agricultural College, have a character utterly different from all other educational institutions that I have ever seen; a character that most happily lends itself to the nature of their surroundings. Large, airy, grandiose buildings, playing freely in haphazard confusion with all the historic styles of academic architecture, offer to these Southwestern boys and girls a spaciousness of culture as unconventional as it is comprehensive.

All the tedious restraints of scholastic custom seemed absent; and yet I could not detect any relaxing of the will to acquire knowledge. Culture seemed indeed to be pursued with a kind of passionate naïveté, with a sort of wilful exuberance, such as the youth of our race has not displayed since those turbulent poor scholars of the great mediaeval schools listened to this or that Mystical Doctor.

But scholastic culture in these Southwestern schools had a swing, a gaiety, a liveliness, I might almost say a wantonness,—Plato brought into the circle of Will Rogers's lasso—which was a salutary spectacle to a veteran Chautauqua lecturer.

Not much midnight oil could be burnt in these purlieus; for an air of unceasing contact with earth and sky seemed to pervade both faculty and students. And well might this be so; for these great brick buildings rose straight out of the aboriginal prairie;

scents and murmurs of which flowed in through windows and doors.

In Oklahoma City itself, which they tell me rivals Tulsa as an amazing centre of big business, the tone of practical enterprise, which in other parts of the country creates the impression of something implacable and forbidding, seemed to me tempered by an element of adventurousness, untrammelled, reckless, friendly, which offered to all those things in life which do not contribute to commercial success a large and spacious toleration.

I stumbled in Oklahoma City upon the best private library I have seen in America and upon the most philosophical discourse I have ever heard; and I well remember meeting, on one of those red-colored clay roads, a tramp drifting feebly and vaguely towards Arkansas, who was, of all human beings it has been my fate to encounter, the least adapted to what they call the struggle for existence.

At an out-of-the-way little railroad stop I was introduced to a lethargic individual in overalls who was occupying his time gravely and philosophically contemplating the passing of freight trains. All around him stretched the typical landscape of that fortunate region—prairie plains broken by green uplands and green gulleys—and there my American stood, like some rural Socrates, stalwart and dreaming, lost in a semi-vegetable, semi-mystical trance!

They introduced him to me with some facetious jest at his expense, the purport of which puzzled me; but the lucky man himself speedily explained it. "I'm knowin' how to keep," he said, "and I'm knowin' how to spend; and thanks be to Almighty for both keepin' and spendin' . . ." I forget how many hundreds of dollars a day—they always count their riches in Oklahoma by the day—his oil brought him; but I left him in pious discourse with two of the most incompetent looking farm-hands I have ever seen in any country.

One of these same farm-hands I had an opportunity of talking to myself later in the day. He was Shakespearean in his God-given folly.

And what a background it was for such quaint human types, this prairie that stretched to such far horizons, with its peculiar entanglement of glaucous stalks and pale-flowering weeds, the buffalo-grass of the old tradition!

The broad dirt highways diminishing in noble perspective across the rolling hills, straight as Roman roads, carried as their landmarks in place of milestones casual groups of cotton-wood trees, a tree that seemed to me possessed of all the sensitiveness of the aspen combined with a rooted sturdiness beyond any poplar trees of England or France.

Cotton-woods gradually became for me, in that Southwest, a sort of mystic formula of what I discovered in the character of those places. Their foliage was in a sense languid, transparent, meagre, insubstantial. One could see the indented bark of the trunk *through* this feeble umbrageousness, just as through the lackadaisical indolence of many a retired oil-man one could see the lineaments of a sly, tough, adventurous tamer of horses.

Extremely characteristic too of this astonishing region were the rain-ponds. These pools of incredibly clear water of a bluish tint contrasted curiously enough with the thick gamboge-yellow of the rivers and creeks. Over these rain-ponds which, because of some especial quality in the soil never seemed to drain away, I used to note—forever darting and crying—a peculiar thin-legged swallow-winged bird, the local name for which seemed to vary, as I tried to catch the syllables from the farmers' children, between kildeer, kildair and kildee.

Between this landscape, as devoid of sublimity as it is devoid of prettiness and the peculiar type of people who by some secret law of nature gravitate to its protection, a strange affiliation prevails. Littered, chaotic, casual, this particular portion of the country lends itself to all that is thriftless and negligent in human nature. Here life

ngers, meanders, lies back upon itself. ut with all this it has a certain curious ind of poetry which separates it as com-letely from the traditional picturesque-ess of Europe as from the lavish beauty of he tropics; a poetry that has found its ex-ression only now in these most modern ays.

Grown weary of crude, harsh realism, rown weary of conventional romance, odern American poetry has a mania for omething extremely simple and extremely izarre; something childish but at the me time evasive, illusive, hard to define. n the Southwest as nowhere else in this ountry, side by side with the gaunt der-icks of the oil-fields, all these qualities hich particularly appeal to the childish-ophisticated demands of modern poetry, he shrinking and sensitive nerves, the atalistic resignation, the furtive gipsy-ke subtlety of people for whom some-hing else than success in life is the domi-ant impulse, find their unexpected refuge.

Perhaps the thing that most of all en-bles this happy quarter to offer such arious liberation to those elements in uman nature which are either crushed ut or exploited to material ends in other istricts is the fact that a sort of fairy-ory atmosphere prevails here; where all en become travelers in search of treasure, nd all treasure is bestowed not in accord-nce with the usual laws of cause and ffect, but by pure chance and the fabulous agaries of fortune.

The projection of desperate mechanical nventions into a prolific wilderness that ; forever struggling to reassert itself must f necessity offer a background to life that evelops certain human qualities at the xpense of others. Increase the formidable-ess of man's contrivances—abolish every-ning that is neat, trim, orderly, tidied-up, rounded-off—and you get a world where there is a certain yield, a certain give, to the laws governing human conditions. This yield, this give, this vulnerability in the very armor of destiny itself, compensates for all the frayed edges, all the trailing débris, all the litter.

And it is surely this that gives to the unconscious mind of your average Southwesterner a furtive resilience, a drifting casual relish for life on any terms which is as entirely different from the sad fatalism of the Orient as it is entirely different from the weary stoicism of Europe.

III

I remember once as I stumbled through a wood of scrub-oak somewhere in the foothills of the Ozarks how after passing many a weedy mine-head and many a deserted pit covered with brambles I entered into a long conversation with a man who had just driven his family in a wagon from Texas to Arkansas. He had a basket of berries of some sort on his arm which he ate as we talked. I think I have never met so guileless a man nor one endowed with such congenital feebleness. Patient, whimsical, quiescent, he guarded in the midst of his aimless life a low-toned shameless humour as full of matter as was that of the ex-libertine in the Forest of Arden.

My America is not an Eldorado for Puritans. It is an Alsatia for philosophers. My American is not of necessity either rich or poor, either a knave or a fool. He is a man like the rest. But he is a man who has the good luck to live in a world where two and two *can* make five; and this gives both to his pleasures and his sufferings that feeling of *bon espoir y gist au fond* which I caught on the face of that berry-picker in the Ozarks.

AT THE COURT OF ST. CALVIN

BY DUFF GILFOND

It was very fortunate that Queen Marie of Rumania finally decided to bring Prince Nicolas with her to the United States, for until her decision was announced the official etiquette experts in Washington were wind-blown and exhausted by their search for someone of suitable rank to take Mrs. Coolidge in to dinner when the President escorted the Queen. Social precedence is accorded quite as much attention in Washington as in any European capital, but the difference is that Europe has its Almanach de Gotha, which definitely tells who's where, whereas we have only the State Department, which frequently doesn't know. Nobody in authority, in fact, has yet been willing to settle the paramount social issues of the Republic: whether the Chief Justice should eat his dinner to the right or left of an Ambassador, or whether a Senate lady whose husband came to Congress with a tremendous majority should or should not sit with folded arms until the wives of a merely appointed Cabinet call on her.

Seating a table where only the enjoyment of the guests has to be considered is a simple matter, but in official Washington the dinner and the dinner companion are not nearly as important as the number of chairs between the guest and the hostess. Some official ladies call up, before accepting an invitation, to find out whether their seats will be worthy of their husbands' positions. Others take a chance—and leave immediately if they are not. To preclude such embarrassment the wise hostess allows the experts employed by the State Department to seat her guests. Although fallible, these learned men may at least be blamed if a Senator's wife leaves in a huff. To the average American, no doubt, one Congressman is as good—or as bad—as another. But in Washington official society each has his fixed and invariable rank. To allow a third-termer to precede a fourth-termer at a dinner—if they have wives—would be as disastrous for the hostess as classing a highwayman with a man guilty of only petty larceny. With a little mathematics Congressmen may easily be filed in their right pigeon-holes, providing they differ in length of service. But when two Congressmen with equal service records are invited to the same table, elaborate research is necessary. The hostess, or the State Department, if she resorts to it, must consult a school-history to determine whose State was first admitted into the Union. The legislator of the prior State victuals nearer the hostess.

Holders of the same office may all be indexed by figuring out their seniority. The difficulty arises between dignitaries of different offices, the comparative importance of which is in dispute. Should an Ambassador be served before the Chief Justice? Should a Minister's wife or an Associate Justice's wife be accorded the arm of the higher official? Should a Senator or a Cabinet member be privileged to leave a party first? Nobody seems to know. The best the State Department can do is to send out taboo lists, *i.e.*, lists of persons of equal or nearly equal rank, whom it is not tactful to invite together. An uninitiated hostess who invited the Chief Justice and the Japanese Ambassador to the same dinner was advised to fall ill and go to Atlantic City. She did.

Another, in giving a luncheon to some congressional ladies, grouped the new members' wives about the head of the table and placed the House leader's wife and the spouses of other veteran officials inconspicuously at the foot and at card tables. She meant well. The new ladies were unacquainted, she reasoned, and needed attention. But it was a crime in officialdom, where seniority is supreme. She will never live down her display of heart. It is forbidden in Washington to let one's good sense or kindly disposition interfere with someone else's priority. It does not matter if two people are incompatible. If they follow in rank they must be contiguous at the table, lest their separation infringe on another's right of precedence. Thus Senator Reed of Missouri and Breckinridge Long once adjoined each other at a dinner after a bitter political contest in which the former hoped the latter "could keep clean, now he had fourteen baths in his house."

A Washington hostess cannot make a friend her guest of honor if the friend is outranked by one of the other guests—unless she courts disaster. A Senator's wife lately left a luncheon because an ex-Senator's wife sat at the hostess' right. An unofficial guest will be removed from her official friend, perhaps the only person she knows, in order not to supplant a woman of higher rank. Thus people who break into court society in Washington sometimes needs must break with their friends. Take, for example, the dinner of the William Alden Smiths. The friends were from Detroit, and the story goes that all the celebrities were invited so that the visitors could see them. An invitation was sent to the French Ambassador and his wife, but they had a previous engagement. The Detroiters, however, had to be dazzled, so the German Ambassador and his wife were substituted. They accepted. Alas! the mistake of a social secretary brought the French envoy and his wife to the dinner also, notwithstanding their regrets. The table could not be stretched; honorables could not be squeezed. So the poor home folks for whom all the brilliance was planned had to dine privately upstairs.

A diplomatic dinner at the Pan-American Union to former Secretary of State Knox was once retarded for nearly an hour because Congressman Jefferson Levy refused to comply with the rigors of social precedence. His rank in the party gave him the Haitian Minister's wife for a dinner companion. But she was too dark to suit him and the dinner was stalled until Representative Cooper of Wisconsin volunteered to escort her in.

II

The question of precedence hits the Washington ladies harder than the men. They have to plan the parties, they are less entitled to rank, and hence more zealous about it, and the tremendous job of calling devolves largely upon them. The new House member's wife, it has been estimated, has about 1400 calls to make. Like the high-school senior who becomes a nonentity after crossing the portals of college, the revered member's wife leaves all her social prestige at home in Main Street. In any other city of the country, as a newcomer in the community, she would be visited and an attempt made to assimilate her. But in Washington she must announce her arrival from door to door.

The ladies of the Senate, the Cabinet, the Judiciary and the Diplomatic Corps must all receive her homage. They must be visited on their respective days at home. On Main Street Wednesday was raisin-bread day and Friday fish day; in Washington, Wednesday is Cabinet Day and Friday Embassy Day. These calls, of course, are not obligatory. Only ladies who yearn to enter Court society make them all. But every good congressional wife has to call on the wives of her husband's committee members and those of his State delegation. The longer her husband keeps his office the more independent she can become, for

she only calls first on those people who have been in Washington longer. The cruelest thing constituents can do to a Congressman's wife is to break his continuity of service. Should he miss one term, after serving eleven, she falls to the end of the line and second-termers await her respects.

Some congressional women take all this calling very seriously and canvass the city with the perseverance of rent-collectors. Always by automobile, of course, which waits to convey them to the next most important address, and so on down the long line. Some linger until satisfied they have made an impression; others, finding that most of the hostesses are not interested in them anyhow, bob in and out of any house at which the chauffeur, with a long list, may drop them, without the least idea of whom they have visited. What matter? Their cards and their husbands' cards left behind, they are absolved from further duty. Calling systematically, an up-and-coming woman may make between fifteen and twenty calls in an afternoon.

The wives of the officials thus waited on are required to return all calls, but their importance relieves them from doing it in person. Sending cards by their chauffeurs is sufficient. Exempt from returning calls are the wives of the President, the Vice-President and the Speaker. But Miss Helen Cannon, the daughter of the late Uncle Joe, returned all calls, and Mrs. Marshall, wife of the former Vice-President, attributed her illness to her conscientious calling. Mrs. Longworth neither returns nor makes calls. The men only occasionally have the time or inclination. One popular New Jersey Congressman, however, wanted to ingratiate himself with official society. As he recently confessed to the boys at a poker game at the Elks Club, he had his calls made for him. It was a case of vicarious suffering to which he lent nothing but his frock-coat.

An excellent method of returning calls at wholesale is to attend a reception at Congress Hall. Many of the new representatives settle at this hotel, across the street from the House. Annually they give a party, lining up to receive their guests in the order of their precedence. Each member has a basket, which is placed in line with the other baskets according to its owner's seniority. The guests deal out their cards into these hampers, with the satisfaction that the ceremony will save them many calls. Important guests, familiar with the ropes, do not bother with the individual baskets, but leave their cards with a menial provided for the purpose. These cards are folded in the center to denote they are left for all present. A bell-boy, with no respect for rank, once noticed that one Congressman's wife's basket contained many more cards than another. Loving equality, he scooped a handful out of the brimming basket and evened them up.

The White House call is the easiest, but formal White House receptions are the most difficult to survive. Every official lady is expected to call, which simply means leaving her cards with the footman at the door. Every official is invited to one or more of the President's four receptions: the Diplomatic, the Army and Navy, the Judiciary and the Congressional. All the Congressmen are invited to their own reception, and select ones are apportioned to the others. Washington's unofficial best people are also included. These White House receptions are great events in Washington and great bores. One stands in line —in the order of one's precedence, of course —until one reaches the President and Mrs. Coolidge, where one is shaken by the hand and passed on. Biding one's turn takes several hours, and in new shoes, flanked by 2500 guests, it is no fun. A few non-conforming Congressmen decline to go.

"Why should I," flared up Mr. Huddleston of Alabama, "go to a party where the guests enter by different doors, hang their cloaks in different rooms and park their cars on different driveways? When I go to

party I want to come in the same way as everybody else."

But one doesn't at the White House. Each invitation is accompanied by a colored card, to be placed in the windshield of one's car; it indicates the door and driveway for the holder. If the card is blue or whatever color has been chosen for the officials of lesser importance, one must tag on to the long, wavy guest line trimming the East door; if green or yellow one is removed from the East door crush, passes genteelly through the front or West door, finds one's self at the head of the line among the first whose hands are shaken, and hears one's automobile number called last. The only consolation for East door guests is that fame is so transitory in Washington that those close to the administration today may be trailing at the last door tomorrow.

During Taft's and Wilson's administrations refreshments were served and dancing was in order after the retirement of the President and his wife. But punch was sometimes spilled and spangles caught in the hubbub. In Wilson's administration a woman fainted, and so hand-shaking was left as the only safe indulgence. President Harding had to eliminate even that somewhere in the middle of the guest line. But despite the ordeal all Washington clamors to make the White House list. Strangers, too, are eager to attend, but in recent years the invitations have been limited to 2500 and made non-transferable. It doesn't matter. A Congressman may apply for an extra invitation and then turn it over to a friend, or even a servant. Though not supposed to be there, it is undoubtedly the dressmaker and the butler who enjoy the party most.

Some years ago the late Admiral and Mrs. Dewey stalked out of the White House as soon as the finger-bowls were passed because they were dissatisfied with their places at the table. They really would not have eaten the dinner at all, scowling as they did toward their hosts. To eliminate difficulties in ranking, a social office was established in the White House about a year ago, whose main job is to juggle the dinner guests so as to obtain the least friction. It has no enviable task. The only definite rule of precedence is that of seniority, and even it may produce ill feeling.

III

At a White House dinner—there are four official ones, the Cabinet, the Speaker's, the Diplomatic and the Supreme Court—the President and his wife leave first. The guests then depart—according to their rank. One must linger at every official party until one's senior feels like going. The Prince and Princess of Denmark were evidently unfamiliar with this custom, for they kept the guests after a White House dinner so long that an attaché had to tell them it was growing late. The hostess who is not careful in seating her guests often finds it impossible to get rid of them. Should she, let us say, have given an ex-Senator's wife precedence of a Senator's wife by making her the guest of honor, neither will venture to leave first. The Senator's wife will hold that the guest of honor should break up the party; the guest of honor will wait for the ranking guest. Everybody sighs, nobody goes, and the hostess is duly punished.

One hostess placed Senator Cummins, then President *pro tem* of the Senate, to her right at a dinner to which she had also invited Senator (then Speaker) Gillett. After the dinner Mr. Gillett offered her his arm. She blushed and tarried, knowing she must leave the dining-room with her ranking guest.

"No one here outranks me," declared the Speaker, carrying her off to her surprise and that of Mr. Cummins.

The Speaker's rank was for many years a matter of dispute among the Washington experts. The story goes that Speaker Cannon declined an invitation to one of President Roosevelt's dinners because he thought the place to be given to him at the table offered a slight to his office. As

he later told the President, he would rather sit with the children, since first and second childhood went well together, but the dignity of the House demanded a due recognition of his rank when he dined with adults. Roosevelt, to make amends, tendered him a special dinner, which set a precedent for the Speaker's dinner of today, and boosted his social rank several grades. The Speaker now precedes the Cabinet and the Senate, very frequently to the latter's chagrin.

The question of precedence has aggrieved the Senate more than any other body. It claims to have been slighted throughout our history; others accuse it of expecting too much. Back in Monroe's administration the issue between the Senate and the Cabinet started. "Shall we of the President's official family be required to make the first call on mere legislators?" asked the Cabinet in disdain. "Shall we, upon whom the office of these individuals depends, humiliate ourselves before them?" fumed the Senate. Secretary of State John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary that according to the Senate's reasoning, it ought to call on the members of the State Legislatures, in appreciation for having been elected.

The dispute has never been settled. In Wilson's administration Senator Bacon of Georgia, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, was requested by the Washington *Post* to state his attitude. It was inserted in the Congressional *Record* for December 5, 1913, from which I quote:

> All officers of the United States, excepting only the President and Vice-President, and the judges of the Supreme Court, and the Senators and Representatives, have, without exception, been created by act of Congress; and, if deemed necessary, Congress can at any time abolish any one of these offices and create others in their stead. These offices, while most honorable positions, are nevertheless the mere creatures of Congress, nothing more. Within recent years Congress has created some of them, and has also abolished some of them.
>
> It is a plain proposition that the creature cannot be greater than his creator. The Senate, as the upper branch of Congress, cannot be the inferior in rank of offices which are the mere creatures of Congress.
>
> There is no controversy as to the relative rank of the officers created by the Constitution. Of course, the President and Vice-President in their order stand first without any question.
>
> In former times the question of precedence was in dispute between the Supreme Court and the Senate; but later the Senate courteously yielded the right of precedence to the Supreme Court. But though the Senate, as the head of the legislative branch of the government, has recognized the precedence of the head of the executive branch, and also of the head of the judicial branch, it has always declined to concede more in this regard.
>
> There is one exception to the claim of precedence over statutory offices which Senators, as a courtesy, seem willing to concede, and that is in the case of the Secretary of State. The late Senator Allison, who served for more than thirty years as a Senator and who was naturally very jealous of the dignity and rank of the Senate, said he was willing to concede this precedence to this officer, who is the immediate representative of the President in our far-reaching foreign relations, but he would go no further.

The learned Senator then went into the philosophy of precedence as follows:

> Senators under other circumstances would be willing that they, as well as other officials, should forego all distinctions of rank, but that is impossible in the official life of Washington. In official circles Senators will of necessity be assigned to a certain rank, and, that being so, they will insist on being accorded their proper rank; and, speaking generally, they prefer not to be present at any function, public or private, where this proper rank is not recognized and accorded to them.
>
> If this were a matter which related only to the personal dignity of a Senator, he might, if he saw fit, waive the question of his rank, but as the question of his precedence touches him in his official station his duty to his State leaves him no option in the premises.
>
> The Senate is the only branch of the Government which cannot be abolished by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. By constitutional amendment the office of the President could be abolished. By such amendment the Supreme Court or even the House of Representatives could be abolished. But in the Constitution itself it is solemnly covenanted that each State shall always have an equal representation in it, thereby pledging in advance that the Senate shall never be abolished even by constitutional amendment.
>
> This insistence by Senators on their superior rank is not made in any depreciation of other officials. No officer of the United States, saving only the President and Vice-President, is depreciated in being placed second in rank to Senators.

The Cabinet, however, was not thrilled by the privilege of a back view of the Senate. When Senator Harding became President, it felt that the Senate had been

dequately honored and refused to com-
ketely turn its head by making first calls.
nxious for harmony, Mrs. Harding in-
tted both Cabinet and Senate to the
Jhite House, where they might call on
ch other at the same time. But some of
e Senators' wives still protested, and
ffused to go.

IV

oday a compromise has been effected, but
meets with only lukewarm approval.
ne Cabinet calls on the Senate, but pre-
Hes it at dinners. To escape this humilia-
on of calling first, some Cabinet ladies
wite the Senate ladies to luncheons.
uring them with food, they thus succeed
getting the Senate ladies into their
mes first. Mrs. Lansing gave, not only
e Cabinet, but also Ministers, precedence
the Senate in her home. Mrs. Houston,
ife of the former Secretary of Agriculture,
ed to call up before accepting an invita-
on, so that she might be spared the
ortification of being preceded by Sena-
rs' ladies. The first Mrs. Swanson of
rginia believed ardently in senatorial
iority and her successor, known to be a stickler for precedence, undoubtedly agrees with her. Mrs. New, wife of the Postmaster General, once most zealous about her rank as a Senate lady, probably had to shift her attitude when her husband left the Senate for the Cabinet.

The Supreme Court, too, has found difficulty in establishing its august rank. The Senate, as Senator Bacon pointed out, finally yielded to it, after a long wrangle, the privilege of the first call. But the Diplomatic Corps still maintains its precedence of the Supreme Court. Before a Judiciary Reception some years ago the judges learned that the diplomats were to march in before them. They took revenge for what they felt was a slight to their dignity by absenting themselves, and so a Judiciary Reception was held without the judiciary. The tables were turned during Wilson's administration when, at memorial exercises held at the Capitol, the Supreme Court was seated in front of the Diplomatic Corps. The Dean of the Corps protested to the President and now the Supreme Court on days of public orgy, is always placed to one side of the Senate chamber and the diplomats on the other.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

BEETHOVEN

By O. G. Sonneck

The centenary of the death of Beethoven is upon us. If it is observed along the lines of organized efficiency and national advertising, it is likely to degenerate into an orgy of lip- and ear-service. The after-taste will produce a corresponding reaction toward the other extreme; indifference will follow the hysterical memorial drum-beating, and Beethoven, after having been centennially overdone, will suffer. In fact, he has already begun to suffer from the effects of chronic exploitation.

"They cannot rob me of my place in the history of art," the dying master said. A proud boast and true, but one winces at the prospect of Beethoven as a historical personage and museum exhibit rather than as an enduring, living force. And yet those loyal to his art ought not to eschew apprehension: the tides are ebbing away from Beethoven. More and more openly, musicians and critics with the power to color public opinion tug at the pedestal on which the monument to his genius appeared to be immovably placed. Antagonistic remarks about the value of his works, hitherto not subject to critical quarantine, increase with alarming frequency and confessions of boredom threaten soon to become fashionable. Epithets like "dull," "dreary," "tedious," "banal," "commonplace" and "platitudinous" are beginning to creep out of the inner recesses of minds where, I suspect, they had been lurking in the dark for years without the courage to face the light.

A rather respectable musician and critic said to me recently in confidence, about one of Beethoven's most famous works: "I am ashamed to confess it, but I no longer get a *kick* out of it." I refrained from admitting that similar experiences had been my misfortune in the whole range of music from Palestrina to Varèse and courtesy forbade me to remind him of Schopenhauer's famous saw, that if a head and a book collide and it makes a hollow sound, it is not always the fault of the book. However, even we old-time Beethovenians must reckon with the certainty that an indiscriminate and *de rigueur* admiration for the master's works is going out of fashion, and (to a measure) not because of the empty-headedness of the younger generation but because of certain characteristics of Beethoven himself. As for the swarms of those who carried or carry their Beethoven-*pax* without knowing why, they do not count, except that by sheer weight of numbers they make the waters of adoration rise or fall—in Beethoven's case, as in that of any other master who has stampeded them.

Just now Bach has been re-discovered by multitudes as their toy and joy, who ten years ago would have balked at his "dull" and "dry" and "tedious" fugues and arias, if not publicly, at least privately. Of a sudden a so rapturous enlightenment has seized them that one begins to wonder where and why they kept old Johann Sebastian in hiding for all these years from their inner consciousness, while so many conductors, teachers and performers labored valiantly to establish the rite. Are we to believe that the gates of understanding could be opened only by this or that later guardian of the secret key, or is not perhaps the usual hokum in part accountable for the suddenness of the uni-

ersal genuflexion? In part only, since nly sterile cynicism could fail to recogize in this belated Bach frenzy (partly by ay of Brahms, be it said in parenthesis) n inevitable, healthy reaction by the truly usical against the slush and mush of yper-romanticism and the æsthetic faities of the Nineteenth Century and its wentieth Century caudal appendages.

Now that Bach's turn has come, some us begin to wonder whom the fashion public taste will honor next. If there be ch a law as that of antithesis, it ought be the master whom Beethoven revered ove all others—Händel. But just at esent the bored and illumined are donng Bach and shedding Beethoven, and thing will stop the process until exgeration in both directions exhausts it.

Beethoven lived mainly by his pen. He mposed for money and made no secret it. Not for money in the sense of comsing what would yield him most money had he done so, he could easily have assed a fortune—but in the sense of mposing and then selling his music to e highest bidder or of executing comissions for compositions from rich pans of music like Prince Galitzin. Under e circumstances, not even a Beethoven uld always maintain the highest level genius. As a matter of fact, he frequently d not. But when his detractors in the ise of sober and impartial judges of usical values use that fact as a foundan for their claim that he composed comratively few unquestionable masterorks, they clumsily overshoot their rk. They simply seek a plausible reason their disillusions, but they seek it in wrong direction—at the expense of Beeven. The really astonishing thing about m is that so much of his output soars ve his own average level. And that erage level need not fear critical comrison with the average level of the exdingly few composers in musical history rthy of being mentioned in the same ath with him.

If one is interested in such futile comparisons, one may plausibly place Bach above Beethoven as the greater genius and craftsman, but when men and women rave nowadays about Bach, as if every sixteenth note of his were divinely inspired and as if he never composed ordinary routine-music, they become silly. So silly, that they may be suspected of getting at bottom not more of an intelligent *kick* out of Bach, than they do out of Beethoven. If Beethoven, the free-lance, made of composition a business, Bach composed tons of music because his jobs contractually demanded it. Did this weekly grind of cantorial contract-labor result in no works with flaw or blemish, in nothing dull, tedious, dry, dreary, commonplace, platitudinous? Bach would be the first to laugh into the face of those who might answer these leading questions with an unctuous *No.*

One need claim but a speaking acquaintance with other composers of that period to realize that Bach had his pockets full of the musical copper-coin of that age. His works abound in the *clichés* of the second half of the Seventeenth Century and the first half of the Eighteenth. He spoke the common speech of his time; only he spoke it better more often than his contemporaries, and the tremendous spirit and imagination which governed his musical thoughts imparted to many a conventional and shop-worn phrase of his a significance which, in itself, fished out from the ocean of ideas, it did not possess. The same observation applies to Beethoven. Like Bach and other geniuses of the first rank, he frequently shaped ordinary material into vehicles for extraordinary thoughts. Let performer or auditor not respond to or misunderstand the main current of thought, and the *clichés*, peculiar either to Beethoven himself or to his time, and the ordinariness of the material used, if ordinary, may annoy them.

Yet there is this significant difference: much of Beethoven's music has begun to "date," too, as most of that by his contemporaries did long ago. One should think that in Bach's case that observation

would apply still more, but it does not. Nor is that strange. The reason is that Beethoven's musical speech is still very much that of our own time. Hence, musical expressions of his which have become obsolete simply sound old-fashioned, but in Bach's case the old-fashioned has become so out-moded that it sounds antique. The merely old-fashioned jars, but the patina of antiquity becomes a delight for the ear. At any rate, one takes it for granted and does not permit a few decayed trees, as it were, to interfere with one's admiration of the forest.

Furthermore, the fundamental æsthetic conception of music in Beethoven's time—and Beethoven, though one hesitates to utter such a trite truth, could not possibly outgrow his time—is no longer shared by the more skeptical minds among us. Already, while he lived, the confusion of the arts had set in. The musician no longer contented himself with being a mere tone-composer; he had become a tone-painter, a tone-poet. He dabbled in musical philosophy and sought to express in music his opinions of God and the World and not merely his emotional and spiritual reactions. Programme music, not in the naïvely sophisticated manner of a Couperin, but in the cerebrally pretentious manner of a Berlioz, was ripe. Absolute music, or rather, pure music no longer, as with Bach, held the balance of power. Beethoven stood at the parting of the ways, and many whom the excesses of programme music have brought to their musical senses now feel it. They also shrink from a certain characteristic of Beethoven's music very much more peculiar to him than to any other composer, but hard to define and, at any rate, not welcome in circles where one hears much talk about the ethics of games of sport but where otherwise ethics appear to be at a discount. For many Twentieth Century fledglings, too much of Beethoven's music seems to bear as motto his famous saying: "The moral law in us and the starred Heaven above us! Kant!!!" Professing somewhat different ideas, if any at all, from Beethoven of what "the moral law in us" is, and fretting at the "us," with its denial of individualistic orientation, they have grown tired of listening to what they term musical sermons. They shy at the ethical aura of Beethoven's music and run away from the music itself, though with a little more confidence in Beethoven, the musician, they might to their heart's content follow their perfectly natural modernistic course and yet keep a soft spot in their hearts for him without whom they would be unthinkable. And if not love, then at least respect!

Furthermore, hailing from Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach very much more than from Johann Sebastian, Beethoven essentially represents the homophonic era. Even his polyphony, paradoxically, may be said to be a homophonic polyphony. Surely it is different in kind and essence from that of Bach. With Bach it was a mother-tongue; with Beethoven it was more like an acquired language spoken with virtuosity. A fugue of Bach sounds idiomatic, spontaneous, like something that had to be without fore or after-thought; a fugue by Beethoven may sound just a little anachronistic or too intentional to be convincing. And this quite apart from Bach's immeasurably greater skill and resourcefulness in counterpoint, which Beethoven did not learn to handle with the ease, for instance, of Mozart or Cherubini. Most of us, I dare say, would feel more than happy if we possessed Beethoven's contrapuntal ability, but that respect for his actual accomplishment does not affect the argument. It is that homophony has run its tyrannical course and allotted distance and no longer satisfies the appetite for something less familiar. We have begun to crave again the food of to-the-manner-born polyphony—what in modern catch-phrase terms "linear" polyphony—and, as a corollary, we crave again the food of pure, self-continent music.

Of that, of course, Beethoven produced

ore than enough to satisfy anyone's
ste, but where there is no longer a will
see it, there is no eye, and, moreover,
ck of Beethoven moves a *Zeitgeist* which
ain hardly corresponds to our own. We
ve lost the patience for the contempla-
e sedateness and leisurely expansiveness
an age which could acclaim a Jean Paul.
lack poise and we desire action, and
namic action in a straight line at that.
e device of thematic development, with
desire for variety within a given formal
eme, however elastic, does not answer
t want. It creates a turmoil of frag-
nts and, however logically brought
k to a plain restatement of the main
as, it savors too much of disorder (while
asts) for an age which prefers an almost
chanistic drive of a governing idea
ough thick and thin. Otherwise how
count for the fact that the stupendous
namic force of Beethoven leaves the
ostates just as cold as does, for other
sons, his democratic—and be it con-
ed, frequently rather bourgeois—urge
sically to embrace millions. Also, Nine-
nth Century thematic development,
h its fuss and ado, has come to give to
ny the impression of monotony because
our too great familiarity with it, while
equal, if not greater monotony of
ly Eighteenth Century thematic pro-
ure remains hidden behind the redis-
vered enjoyment of music which does
stop, consider and argue nor seek its
hetic salvation in sharply contrasting
mes within the formal matrix, but
ads its way from beginning to end, with
thmically determined step, subordinat-
variety to unity.

To be sure, Beethoven's sovereignty is
yet challenged, except by the small
nority which, intelligently or unin-
igently, always starts such movements
rt. But that minority will grow within
next few decades and the multiplying
rms of rebellion are likely to eat their
y into the public heart. Not because
thoven deserves it, but because he can-
escape it. Then, when he, too, has
become antique rather than old-fashioned, the pendulum will swing back to him. A new minority of renegades will rediscover him, will pay no attention to what caused the indifference and boredom of their grandfathers or grandmothers, and will inoculate the ever susceptible majority with their frenzy for the mighty master of Bonn, and perhaps for the very reasons which now prompt their snobby ancestors of the species to snub him. There will be Beethoven Weeks, in the sense that we now begin to have Bach Weeks, and, while the excitement lasts, happiness will descend upon the land. Learned commentators will ponder the instability of public taste and wonder where previous generations had their ears. And, unless I am a very poor prophet, the "advanced modernists" will shake their wise heads over the appalling obtuseness of the "modernists" of two hundred years earlier, whose contempt for homophony, thematic development, ethical music, Beethovenian platitudes and musical kisses for the whole world made them overlook the fact that the immortal part of Beethoven contained the cure for their own ills. They harped on the arbitrariness of such things as the doctrine of thematic development; they did not notice that thematic development with Beethoven was an unessential by-product compared with something that reaches to the very roots and the core of his art, something different from his laborious molding of a theme, different from and deeper than thematic variation, thematic development or other such more or less scholastic artifices: his genius (in the Gœthian sense) for the organic metamorphosis of a musical idea. With him, as I believe, a conscious principle of artistic procedure and the secret of the marvelous cohesion of his works.

If those who now yawn at the staleness of Beethoven's music and at its tendency to platitudinous utterance would but condescend to give him due credit for those personal aspects of his art which do not lie on the surface and never yet have been plumbed to their depths, they would stifle

their yawns and return to him with contrite hearts, eager to sit at his feet and learn what cannot be copied but, at least, can be emulated. Also, they would come with blushes of shame for having ascribed the hollowness of the sound when their empty heads collided with Beethoven's to him rather than to themselves. But, after the predicted decline and rise of the Beethovenian Empire, in A.D. 2100, what Whom will the strikers or revivalists o A.D. 2200 take to their astonished bosoms The Atonalists? I wish them much joy and in the meantime, shall be quite conten with stopping all work and bowing m head on the evening of March 26, 1927 for more than the usual two minutes be fore Ludwig van Beethoven.

Military Science

KEEPING UP WITH THE INFANTRY

By Robert Ginsburgh

The business of keeping up with the infantry, which perplexed the division commanders of the last war, promises to prove just as bewildering in the future. Why horses, mules, motorcycles, tractors and trucks should have such difficulty in keeping pace with the foot soldier, who walks at the average rate of one and one-half miles an hour, resting ten or fifteen minutes in every sixty, seems hard to understand, but it is a fact nevertheless. The infantry man himself is in a large measure responsible for this situation during active operations. He is not marching for the convenience of those behind him. Desiring to reach his objective with the minimum loss of lives and ammunition, he avoids the good roads, where he presents a conspicuous target to the enemy, and takes to the cowpaths and corn fields. He climbs precipitous hills and slides down steep embankments. He penetrates thick woods and cuts his way through wild jungles. And the division commander, all the time, expects the caissons and the limbers, the ammunition trucks and the ration carts, the ambulances and the rolling kitchens to stay close behind him.

The infantry man has had his support fail him too often in spite of its best efforts. Nevertheless, he instinctively looks back for his supports, and gets his greatest encouragement when he sees the red guidon and hears the rumbling of the rolling caissons of the field artillery. The infantry learned to depend on its field artiller during the last war. No attack could b successfully made without sufficient artil lery preparation. The field artillery, on th other hand, learned in battle what it ha been taught in training, namely, that th only justification for its existence is it ability to assist the infantry. Out of thi interdependent relationship there grew u the beginnings of the spirit of an infantry field artillery team, which the America Army has been trying to foster ever sinc the Armistice. It did not always wor smoothly in France. Repeatedly a how would come up from the front lines tha the field artillery was dropping its shell in the friendly trenches. The battery com manders, it was said, were not preparing their data carefully enough. Frequent in vestigations were made, and it was discov ered that these shots usually came fro the enemy, but the infantry was not alway easy to convince.

The average doughboy knew that if h aimed his Springfield at a bull's-eye 500 o 1,000 yards away, and followed his firing instructions carefully, he would hit th target, and he could not understand why the field artillery man could not do th same with his weapon. The ABC of bal listics learned by the field artillery man on the other hand, made it evident to hi that in a given series of shots a certai proportion would fall short of the target according to the laws of probabilities, i spite of his best efforts, and that when th opposing lines were drawn close to eac other, it meant the dropping of a few

hells in the friendly camp. During one of hese infantry-artillery debates a certain ivision commander came upon a happy olution of the problem. He ordered a umber of field artillery men in the front ines to act as a liaison group with their atteries. The complaints of the infantry n that sector stopped instantly. Other ivisions did likewise, with similar re-ults. The doughboy then felt satisfied hat even the most careful field artillery an would be a bit more careful if he knew hat one of his projectiles which fell short f the target would possibly drop in the ront lines, killing some of his own men. he liaison detail has now become a per-anent feature in the training plans of the nited States Army. The Army is now rowing the infantry and field artillery loser together in their peace time work an it has ever done before. Joint ma-œuvres are held frequently. There is an xchange of officer students between the wo branches, and each has representa-ves on the faculty of the other's school.

But old habits of thought will not down. he field artillery man's pre-war ideas are radually gaining ascendancy again. In ose days speed counted most. All the egiments were well trained, and all had cquired the ability to shoot accurately. he art of firing was reduced to a few mple rules. The battery commander, from is position on a knoll or a tree, used to easure distances with his naked eye. If e erred, what of it? In the rapid prepara-ion of fire he was allowed to jump his anges 400 yards at a time. He carried a air of field glasses, but he was not de-endent on them. He thrust his fist out in ront of him, and decided that the deflec-ion angle between the target and aiming oint was so many mils. Usually he was ight. Every field artillery man had cali-rated his fist to serve as an angle-measur-ng instrument. He knew exactly the num-er of mils in the angle described between he knuckles of his forefinger and little nger, with his eye as the base. With his oe he drew a few lines on the ground de-scribing the relative positions of his guns, aiming point, target and his own command post, and, by an application of a certain trigonometric relationship reduced to a rule of thumb, he could calculate his data in a few minutes in his head.

But along came the Great War and made rubbish out of all this. All sorts of instruments were introduced to measure angles and ranges. A pencil and paper became the primary tools of the field artillery man. The war on the Western Front was stabilized. There was no occasion to gallop into action. Movements were made at night, and there were hours of preparing data. Shrapnel was largely replaced by shell. Preparations were made from a map, and some field artillery men went through the entire war, shooting day after day, without ever seeing their target to learn what success they were having with their calculations. The French, after three years of experience on the Western Front, had learned the value of every round of ammunition, and tried hard to inculcate ideas of frugality among the Americans. Veteran field artillery men had no use for their new-fangled methods, and insisted that the only way to shoot accurately was to open up fire after as well a preparation as the time would permit, and then improve the effect by observation and adjustment. The veterans had their way in this country, and all through the war speed continued to receive its emphasis in the schools over here. The instructors usually carried a stop-watch and whistle to halt the firing of those novices who were unable to destroy a given target in the time allotted. But when the American officers reached France, the doctrine was completely changed. Deliberation, not speed, became the consideration.

Before a single round could be fired the artillery man had to make fifteen to twenty corrections in the original range and deflection taken from the map. He could not even use the map itself without correcting for true North, magnetic North and grid North. After computing corrections for

air density, temperature, wind effects for both range and direction, powder, weight of the projectile, erosion of the gun and curvature of the earth, the French allowed the battery commander to try a *coup de flambage*, a warming-up shot, after which he was permitted to throw away all the calculations and start all over again if his shot fell too far away from the target. Battery commanders accustomed to a liberal allowance of projectiles to adjust their fire were given but ten rounds a day, and many of them held out for several days until they accumulated a sufficient credit to adjust to their satisfaction.

The United States wanted the war to be in the open, and refused to consider the trench system as necessary. The offensive had to be taken and the old field artillery men were happy when they received the first news that the war of movement had begun. Here was the opportunity to open up the shooting in the old way. By this time, however, the young officers had forgotten what they learned in the States about open warfare, and could not keep up with the infantry. A story is told of a certain general trained in the pre-war field artillery, who found himself at a battery commander's post during the retreat of the Germans. He looked at the terrain, and saw thousands of horses, men and vehicles rushing toward the Rhine, with the American infantry in pursuit. There was an open war situation for which he had prayed ever since the Philippine Insurrection, when his platoon supported the infantry during a similar retreat of Aguinaldo's men. The battery commander, seemingly unmindful of the situation, fussed around with a ruler, alidade, map, pencil, paper and telescope.

"For God's sake, why don't you fire?" yelled the surprised brigade commander.

"General," replied the calm and deliberate captain, "the one over 50,000 map is not very accurate, and I have not quite finished calculating the co-ordinates of my directing piece. As for the traverse from the geodetic point, the battalion orienting officer had to do it all over again. He is not sure of his fourth decimal. We are also waiting for the ballistic wind."

"But you can see the Boche with the naked eye," roared the pre-war battery commander. "Lay on them and shoot. What are you waiting for? Fire a salvo and then correct for direction. Don't take notes on what I'm saying. Shoot! For God's sake, shoot! I need artillery men, and they send me astronomers."

To keep up with the infantry, the field artillery soon learned that an over emphasis on either careful deliberation, as the French insisted, or "shooting from the hip," as the pre-war spirit dictated, was dangerous. The present regulations of the Army encourage deliberate preparation, but admit that tactical conditions often demand speed.

In one respect only will there be a slowing up of the pre-war methods. The new regulations have omitted the gallop from the drill of the artillery driver, since it was learned by experience that the additional strain on the horses proved disastrous during a prolonged campaign. This applies only to the field artillery of the infantry division. In the cavalry division the rôle of the field artillery becomes the support of the fast moving horsemen, and the latter set the pace. If the primary object of the field artillery is to give the infantry the support it needs at all times, then the two must be constantly in touch with each other. This involves efficient communications, and the responsibility for their successful maintenance in battle evolves upon the field artillery. Before the war the field artillery had learned to place its chief reliance on the telephone, and during operations it continued to be the most dependable form of communication. When the airplane was pressed into service to assist in field artillery firing, a panel code of communication was adopted whereby the display of certain symbols by the infantry gave the air force information to send back to the artillery. Radio, telegraph and telephone communications were also intro-

duced during the war. The first is now used as the principal means of intercourse between the artillery and the aviators.

Visual communications, though long known to be of little value, are still taught at the training schools. During the war all field artillery officers and enlisted men were required to become proficient in the semaphore and wigwag codes, but they were seldom used in active operations. It seems that they were used in the officers' training camps primarily as a means of eliminating a number of candidates so as to keep within the War Department allowances for commissions. Every Saturday morning the battery commander would signal semaphore messages to the bewildered candidates at a rate which made it absolutely impossible for anyone to follow him who had not practiced the art for years. Every candidate usually failed, and a number were on this account discharged.

The most important link in the maintenance of communications between the infantry and field artillery in the future will probably be the liaison officer and his detail of enlisted men. His principal mission will be to inform the artillery of the demands of the infantry. To do that successfully he will have all the means of communication at his disposal, but when the guns begin to shoot and the telephone lines are battered down he will probably be the busiest man in the whole division. Horses, tractors, trucks and mules will be used in the future by the field artillery to keep the guns close to the heels of the attacking infantry men. When the war broke out most of the American field artillery was horse-drawn. There were a few mule batteries and only one motorized regiment, and the latter had been functioning less than a year. In France both the Allies and the Germans were having difficulty in getting their supply of horses, and were resorting to motors. The United States soon found itself in the same position. There were those who prophesied the end of the horse as a factor in artillery traction, but all the nations involved in the war were using both animals and tractors. After the war the question of horses versus motors caused a considerable amount of discussion, and by way of compromise the American Army has kept both.

Today the American field artillery man feels that he is equipped to follow the foot soldier anywhere and to carry out any division or corps firing mission assigned to him. There are tractors to draw the cannon over good roads, and horses for the marches over cross country. If the doughboy takes to the narrow paths, steep hills and thick woods, such as are found in Panama or the Philippines, the old Army mule with a 2.95 inch howitzer strapped to its back will march close to his heels. If he is carted off in trucks and rushed to the front lines, as he was frequently during the last war, the field artillery men will roll up their French 75's on similar vehicles, drive up close behind him, open the tail gates, roll down their portée artillery, as it is called, and deliver a concentration of fire as soon as it is wanted. These four types of draft are considered sufficient for training purposes at present, and unless the development of aircraft makes possible the carrying of men and field pieces through the air in considerable numbers for surprise attacks in strategic operations, no further developments are expected.

But in spite of the best training in times of peace, wheels will fall off carriages, horses will drop in their tracks from exhaustion, enemy fire will take its toll of men and animals, gasoline and oil will run out and any number of considerations will arise in action which will make it difficult to keep up with the doughboy. Well-trained troops will minimize the delays, but no division commander will ever retire at the end of a day's operations with a sense of security that his supporting troops have kept up with the infantry.

ANARCHIST'S PROGRESS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

WHEN I was seven years old, playing in front of our house on the outskirts of Brooklyn one morning, a policeman stopped and chatted with me for a few moments. He was a kindly man, of a Scandinavian blonde type with pleasant blue eyes, and I took to him at once. He sealed our acquaintance permanently by telling me a story that I thought was immensely funny; I laughed over it at intervals all day. I do not remember what it was, but it had to do with the antics of a drove of geese in our neighborhood. He impressed me as the most entertaining and delightful person that I had seen in a long time, and I spoke of him to my parents with great pride.

At this time I did not know what policemen were. No doubt I had seen them, but not to notice them. Now, naturally, after meeting this highly prepossessing specimen, I wished to find out all I could about them, so I took the matter up with our old colored cook. I learned from her that my fine new friend represented something that was called the law; that the law was very good and great, and that everyone should obey and respect it. This was reasonable; if it were so, then my admirable friend just fitted his place, and was even more highly to be thought of, if possible. I asked where the law came from, and it was explained to me that men all over the country got together on what was called election day, and chose certain persons to make the law and others to see that it was carried out; and that the sum-total of all this mechanism was called our government. This again was as it should be; the men I knew, such as my father, my uncle George, and Messrs. So-and-so among the neighbors (running them over rapidly in my mind) could do this sort of thing handsomely, and there was probably a good deal in the idea. But what was it all for? Why did we have law and government, anyway? Then I learned that there were persons called criminals; some of them stole, some hurt or killed people or set fire to houses; and it was the duty of men like my friend the policeman to protect us from them. If he saw any he would catch them and lock them up, and they would be punished according to the law.

A year or so later we moved to another house in the same neighborhood, only a short distance away. On the corner of the block—rather a long block—behind our house stood a large one-story wooden building, very dirty and shabby, called the Wigwam. While getting the lie of my new surroundings, I considered this structure and remarked with disfavor the kind of people who seemed to be making themselves at home there. Some one told me it was a "political headquarters," but I did not know what that meant, and therefore did not connect it with my recent researches into law and government. I had little curiosity about the Wigwam. My parents never forbade my going there, but my mother once casually told me that it was a pretty good place to keep away from, and I agreed with her.

Two months later I heard some one say that election day was shortly coming on, and I sparked up at once; this, then, was the day when the law-makers were to be chosen. There had been great doings at the Wigwam lately; in the evenings, too, I had

een noisy processions of drunken loafers assing our house, carrying transparencies, nd tin torches that sent up clouds of kero-ene-smoke. When I had asked what these neant, I was answered in one word, "poli-ics," uttered in a disparaging tone, but nis signified nothing to me. The fact is nat my attention had been attracted by a team-calliope that went along with one ff the first of these processions, and I ook it to mean that there was a circus oing on; and when I found that there as no circus, I was disappointed and did ot care what else might be taking place.

On hearing of election-day, however, ne light broke in on me. I was really itnessing the august performances that had heard of from our cook. All these ocessions of yelling hoodlums who sweat nd stank in the parboiling humidity of ne Indian Summer evenings—all the qualid goings-on in the Wigwam—all iese, it seemed, were part and parcel of n election. I noticed that the men whom knew in the neighborhood were not rominent in this election; my uncle eorge voted, I remember, and when he opped in at our house that evening, I verheard him say that going to the polls as a filthy business. I could not make it ut. Nothing could be clearer than that ne leading spirits in the whole affair were ost dreadful swine; and I wondered by hat kind of magic they could bring forth ything so majestic, good and venerable the law. But I kept my questionings to yself for some reason, though, as a rule, was quite a hand for pestering older ople about matters that seemed anom-ous. Finally, I gave it up as hopeless, d thought no more about the subject r three years.

An incident of that election night, how-er, stuck in my memory. Some devoted other, very far gone in whisky, fell by e wayside in a vacant lot just back of r house, on his way to the Wigwam to wait the returns. He lay there all night, ostly in a comatose state. At intervals of mething like half an hour he roused him-self up in the darkness, apparently aware that he was not doing his duty by the occasion, and tried to sing the chorus of "Marching Through Georgia," but he could never get quite through three measures of the first line before relapsing into somnolence. It was very funny; he always began so bravely and earnestly, and always petered out so lamentably. I often think of him. His general sense of political duty, I must say, still seems to me as intelligent and as competent as that of any man I have met in the many, many years that have gone by since then, and his mode of expressing it still seems about as effective as any I could suggest.

II

When I was just past my tenth birthday we left Brooklyn and went to live in a pleasant town of ten thousand population. An orphaned cousin made her home with us, a pretty girl, who soon began to cut a fair swath among the young men of the town. One of these was an extraordinary person, difficult to describe. My father, a great tease, at once detected his resemblance to a chimpanzee, and bored my cousin abominably by always speaking of him as Chim. The young man was not a popular idol by any means, yet no one thought badly of him. He was accepted everywhere as a source of legitimate diversion, and in the graduated, popular scale of local speech was invariably designated as a fool—a born fool, for which there was no help. When I heard he was a lawyer, I was so astonished that I actually went into the chicken-court one day to hear him plead some trifling case, out of sheer curiosity to see him in action; and I must say I got my money's worth. Presently the word went around that he was going to run for Congress, and stood a good chance of being elected; and what amazed me above all was that no one seemed to see anything out of the way about it.

My tottering faith in law and government got a hard jolt from this. Here was a

man, a very good fellow indeed—he had nothing in common with the crew who herded around the Wigwam—who was regarded by the unanimous judgment of the community, without doubt, peradventure or exception, as having barely sense enough to come in when it rained; and this was the man whom his party was sending to Washington as contentedly as if he were some Draco or Solon. At this point my sense of humor forged to the front and took permanent charge of the situation, which was fortunate for me, since otherwise my education would have been aborted, and I would perhaps, like so many who have missed this great blessing, have gone in with the reformers and uplifters; and such a close shave as this, in the words of Rabelais, is a terrible thing to think upon. How many reformers there have been in my day; how nobly and absurdly busy they were, and how dismally unhumorous! I can dimly remember Pingree and Altgeld in the Middle West, and Godkin, Strong and Seth Low in New York. During the 'nineties, the goodly fellowship of the prophets buzzed about the whole country like flies around a tar-barrel—and, Lord, where be they now?

It will easily be seen, I think, that the only unusual thing about all this was that my mind was perfectly unprepossessed and blank throughout. My experiences were surely not uncommon, and my reasonings and inferences were no more than any child, who was more than half-witted, could have made without trouble. But my mind had never been perverted or sophisticated; it was left to itself. I never went to school, so I was never indoctrinated with pseudo-patriotic fustian of any kind, and the plain, natural truth of such matters as I have been describing therefore found its way to my mind without encountering any artificial obstacle.

This freedom continued, happily, until my mind had matured and toughened. When I went to college I had the great good luck to hit on probably the only one in the country (there certainly is none now) where all such subjects were so remote and unconsidered that one would not know they existed. I had Greek, Latin and mathematics and nothing else, but I had these until the cows came home; then I had them all over again (or so it seemed) to make sure nothing was left out; then I was given a bachelor's degree in the liberal arts, and turned adrift. The idea was that if one wished to go in for some special branch of learning, one should do it afterward, on the foundation laid at college. The college's business was to lay the foundation, and the authorities saw to it that we were kept plentifully busy with the job. Therefore all such subjects as political history, political science and political economy were closed to me throughout my youth and early manhood; and when the time came that I wished to look into them, I did it on my own, without the interference of instructors, as any person who has gone through a course of training similar to mine at college is quite competent to do.

That time, however, came much later, and meanwhile I thought little about law and government, as I had other fish to fry; I was living more or less out of the world, occupied with literary studies. Occasionally some incident happened that set my mind perhaps a little farther along in the old sequences, but not often. Once, I remember, I ran across the case of a boy who had been sentenced to prison, a poor, scared little brat, who had intended something no worse than mischief, and it turned out to be a crime. The judge said he disliked to sentence the lad; it seemed the wrong thing to do, but the law left him no option. I was struck by this. The judge, then, was doing something as an official that he would not dream of doing as a man; and he could do it without any sense of responsibility, or discomfort, simply because he was acting as an official, and not as a man. On this principle of action, it seemed to me that one could commit almost any kind of crime without getting into trouble with one's conscience.

Clearly, a great crime had been committed against this boy; yet nobody who had had a hand in it—the judge, the jury, the prosecutor, the complaining witness, the policemen and jailers—felt any responsibility about it, because they were not acting as men, but as officials. Clearly, too, the public did not regard them as criminals, but rather as upright and conscientious men.

The idea came to me then, vaguely but unmistakably, that if the primary intention of government was not to abolish crime but merely to monopolize crime, no better device could be found for doing it than the inculcation of precisely this frame of mind in the officials and in the public; for the effect of this was to exempt both from any allegiance to the sanctions of humanity or decency which any one of either class, acting as an individual, would have felt himself bound to respect—nay, would have wished to respect. This idea was vague at the moment, as I say, and I did not work it out for some years, but I think I never quite lost track of it from that time.

Presently I got acquainted in a casual way with some office-holders, becoming quite friendly with one in particular, who held a high elective office. One day he happened to ask me how I would reply to a letter that bothered him; it was a query about the fitness of a certain man for an appointive job. His recommendation would have weight; he liked the man, and really wanted to recommend him—moreover, he was under great political pressure to recommend him—but he did not think the man was qualified. Well, then, I suggested off-hand, why not put it just that way? —it seemed all fair and straightforward. "Ah, yes," he said, "but if I wrote such a letter as that, you see, I wouldn't be reëlected." This took me aback a bit, and I demurred somewhat. "That's all very well," he kept insisting, "but I wouldn't be reëlected." Thinking to give the discussion a semi-humorous turn, I told him that the public, after all, had rights in the matter; he was their hired servant, and if he were not reëlected it would mean merely that the public did not want him to work for them any more, which was quite within their competence. Moreover, if they threw him out on any such issue as this, he ought to take it as a compliment; indeed, if he were reëlected would it not tend to show in some measure that he and the people did not fully understand each other? He did not like my tone of levity, and dismissed the subject with the remark that I knew nothing of practical politics, which was no doubt true.

III

Perhaps a year after this, I had my first view of a legislative body in action. I visited the capital of a certain country, and listened attentively to the legislative proceedings. What I wished to observe, first of all, was the kind of business that was mostly under discussion; and next, I wished to get as good a general idea as I could of the kind of men who were entrusted with this business. I had a friend on the spot, formerly a newspaper reporter who had been in the press gallery for years; he guided me over the government buildings, taking me everywhere and showing me everything I asked to see.

As we walked through some corridors in the basement of the Capitol, I remarked the resonance of the stonework. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "these walls, in their time, have echoed to the uncertain footsteps of many a drunken statesman." His words were made good in a few moments when we heard a spirited commotion ahead, which we found to proceed from a good-sized room, perhaps a committee-room, opening off the corridor. The door being open, we stopped and looked in on a strange sight. In the centre of the room, a florid, square-built, portly man was dancing an extraordinary kind of break-down, or *kazák* dance. He leaped straight up to an incredible height, spun around like a teetotum, stamped his feet,

then suddenly squatted and hopped through several measures in a squatting position, his hands on his knees, and then leaped up in the air and spun around again. He blew like a turkey-cock, and occasionally uttered hoarse cries; his protruding and fiery eyes were suffused with blood, and the veins stood out on his neck and forehead like the strings of a bass-viol. He was drunk.

About a dozen others, also very drunk, stood around him in crouching postures, some clapping their hands and some slapping their knees, keeping time to the dance. One of them caught sight of us in the doorway, came up and began to talk to me in a maundering fashion about his constituents. He was a loathsome human being; I have seldom seen one so repulsive. I could make nothing of what he said; he was almost inarticulate; and in pronouncing certain syllables he would slaver and spit, so that I was more occupied with keeping out of his range than with listening to him. He kept trying to buttonhole me, and I kept moving backward; he had backed me thirty feet down the corridor when my friend came along and disengaged me; and as we resumed our way, my friend observed for my consolation that "you pretty well need a mackintosh when X talks to you, even when he is sober."

This man, I learned, was interested in the looting of certain valuable public lands; nobody had heard of his ever being interested in any other legislative measures. The florid man who was dancing was interested in nothing but a high tariff on certain manufactures; he shortly became a Cabinet officer. Throughout my stay I was struck by seeing how much of the real business of legislation was in this category—how much, that is, it had to do with putting unearned money in the pockets of beneficiaries—and what fitful and perfunctory attention the legislators gave to any other kind of business. I was even more impressed by the prevalent air of cynicism; by the frankness with which everyone seemed to acquiesce in the view of Voltaire, that government is merely a device for taking money out of one person's pocket and putting it into another's.

These experiences, commonplace as they were, prepared me to pause over and question certain sayings of famous men, when subsequently I ran across them, which otherwise I would perhaps have passed by without thinking about them. When I came upon the saying of Lincoln, that the way of the politician is "a long step removed from common honesty," it set a problem for me. I wondered just why this should be generally true, if it were true. When I read the remark of Mr. Jefferson, that "whenever a man has cast a longing eye on office, rottenness begins in his conduct," I remembered the judge who had sentenced the boy, and my office-holding acquaintance who was so worried about reëlection. I tried to reëxamine their position, as far as possible putting myself in their place, and made a great effort to understand it favorably. My first view of a parliamentary body came back to me vividly when I read the despondent observation of John Bright, that he had sometimes known the British Parliament to do a good thing, but never just because it was a good thing. In the meantime I had observed many legislatures, and their principal occupations and preoccupations seemed to me precisely like those of the first one I ever saw; and while their personnel was not by any means composed throughout of noisy and disgusting scoundrels (neither, I hasten to say, was the first one) it was so unimaginably inept that it would really have to be seen to be believed. I cannot think of a more powerful stimulus to one's intellectual curiosity, for instance, than to sit in the galleries of the last Congress, contemplate its general run of membership, and then recall these sayings of Lincoln, Mr. Jefferson and John Bright.[1]

[1] As indicating the impression made on a more sophisticated mind, I may mention an amusing incident that happened to me in London two years

It struck me as strange that these phenomena seemed never to stir any intellectual curiosity in anybody. As far as I know, there is no record of its ever having occurred to Lincoln that the fact he had remarked was striking enough to need accounting for; nor yet to Mr. Jefferson, whose intellectual curiosity was almost boundless; nor yet to John Bright. As for the people around me, their attitudes seemed strangest of all. They all disparaged politics. Their common saying, "Oh, that's politics," always pointed to something that in any other sphere of action they would call shabby and disreputable. But they never asked themselves why it was that in this one sphere of action alone they took shabby and disreputable conduct as a matter of course. It was all the more strange because these same people still somehow assumed that politics existed for the promotion of the highest social purposes. They assumed that the state's primary purpose was to promote through appropriate institutions the general welfare of its members. This assumption, whatever it amounted to, furnished the rationale of their patriotism, and they held to it with a tenacity that on slight provocation became vindictive and fanatical. Yet all of them were aware, and if pressed, could not help acknowledging, that more than 90% of the state's energy was employed directly against the general welfare. Thus one might say that they seemed to have one set of credenda for week-days and another for Sundays, and never to ask themselves what actual reasons they had for holding either.

I did not know how to take this, nor do I now. Let me draw a rough parallel. Suppose vast numbers of people to be contemplating a machine that they had been told was a plow, and very valuable—indeed, that they could not get on without it—some even saying that its design came down in some way from on high. They have great feelings of pride and jealousy about this machine, and will give up their lives for it if they are told it is in danger. Yet they all see that it will not plow well, no matter what hands are put to manage it, and in fact does hardly any plowing at all; sometimes only, with enormous difficulty and continual tinkering and adjustment can it be got to scratch a sort of furrow, very poor and short, hardly practicable and ludicrously disproportionate to the cost and pains of cutting it. On the other hand, the machine harrows perfectly, almost automatically. It looks like a harrow, has the history of a harrow, and even when the most enlightened effort is expended on it to make it act like a plow, it persists, except for an occasional 6 or 8 % of efficiency, in acting like a harrow.

Surely such a spectacle would make an intelligent being raise some inquiry about the nature and original intention of that machine. Was it really a plow? Was it ever meant to plow with? Was it not designed and constructed for harrowing? Yet none of the anomalies that I had been observing ever raised any inquiry about the nature and original intention of the state. They were merely acquiesced in. At most, they were put down feebly to the imperfections of human nature which render mismanagement and perversion of every good institution to some extent inevitable; and this is absurd, for these anomalies do not appear in the conduct of any other human institution. It is no matter of opinion, but of open and notorious fact, that they do not. There are anomalies in the church and in the family that are significantly analogous; they will bear investigation, and are getting it; but the analogies are by no means complete, and are mostly due to the historical connection of these two institutions with the state.

ago. Having an engagement with a member of the House of Commons, I filled out a card and gave it to an attendant. By mistake I had written my name where the member's should be, and his where mine should be. The attendant handed the card back, saying, "I'm afraid this will 'ardly do, sir. I see you've been making yourself a member. It doesn't go quite as easy as that, sir—though from some of what you see around 'ere, I wouldn't say as 'ow you mightn't think so."

Everyone knows that the state claims and exercises the monopoly of crime that I spoke of a moment ago, and that it makes this monopoly as strict as it can. It forbids private murder, but itself organizes murder on a colossal scale. It punishes private theft, but itself lays unscrupulous hands on anything it wants, whether the property of citizen or alien. There is, for example, no human right, natural or Constitutional, that we have not seen nullified by the United States government. Of all the crimes that are committed for gain or revenge, there is not one that we have not seen it commit—murder, mayhem, arson, robbery, fraud, criminal collusion and connivance. On the other hand, we have all remarked the enormous relative difficulty of getting the state to effect any measure for the general welfare. Compare the difficulty of securing conviction in cases of notorious malfeasance, and in cases of petty private crime. Compare the smooth and easy going of the Teapot Dome transactions with the obstructionist behavior of the state toward a national child-labor law. Suppose one should try to get the state to put the same safeguards (no stronger) around service-income that with no pressure at all it puts around capital-income: what chance would one have? It must not be understood that I bring these matters forward to complain of them. I am not concerned with complaints or reforms, but only with the exhibition of anomalies that seem to me to need accounting for.

IV

In the course of some desultory reading I noticed that the historian Parkman, at the outset of his volume on the conspiracy of Pontiac, dwells with some puzzlement, apparently, upon the fact that the Indians had not formed a state. Mr. Jefferson also, who knew the Indians well, remarked the same fact—that they lived in a rather highly organized society, but had never formed a state. Bicknell, the historian of Rhode Island, has some interesting passages that bear upon the same point, hinting that the collisions between the Indians and the whites may have been largely due to a misunderstanding about the nature of land-tenure; that the Indians, knowing nothing of the British system of land-tenure, understood their land-sales and land-grants as merely an admission of the whites to the same communal use of land that they themselves enjoyed. I noticed, too, that Marx devotes a good deal of space in "Das Kapital" to proving that economic exploitation cannot take place in any society until the exploited class has been expropriated from the land. These observations attracted my attention as possibly throwing a strong side light upon the nature of the state and the primary purpose of government, and I made note of them accordingly.

At this time I was a good deal in Europe. I was in England and Germany during the Tangier incident, studying the circumstances and conditions that led up to the late war. My facilities for this were exceptional, and I used them diligently. Here I saw the state behaving just as I had seen it behave at home. Moreover, remembering the political theories of the Eighteenth Century, and the expectations put upon them, I was struck with the fact that the republican, constitutional-monarchical and autocratic states behaved exactly alike. This has never been sufficiently remarked. There was no practical distinction to be drawn among England, France, Germany and Russia; in all these countries the state acted with unvarying consistency and unfailing regularity against the interests of the immense, the overwhelming majority of its people. So flagrant and flagitious, indeed, was the action of the state in all these countries, that its administrative officials, especially its diplomats, would immediately, in any other sphere of action, be put down as a professional-criminal class; just as would the corresponding officials in my own country, as I had already remarked. It is a

noteworthy fact, indeed, concerning all that has happened since then, that if in any given circumstances one went on the assumption that they were a professional-criminal class, one could predict with accuracy what they would do and what would happen; while on any other assumption one could predict almost nothing. The accuracy of my own predictions during the war and throughout the Peace Conference was due to nothing but their being based on this assumption.

The Liberal party was in power in England in 1911, and my attention became attracted to its tenets. I had already seen something of Liberalism in America as a kind of glorified mugwumpery. The Cleveland administration had long before proved what everybody already knew, that there was no essential difference between the Republican and Democratic parties; an election meant merely that one was in office and wished to stay in, and the other was out and wished to get in. I saw precisely the same relation prevailing between the two major parties in England, and I was to see later the same relation sustained by the Labor administration of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. All these political permutations resulted only in what John Adams admirably called "a change of impostors." But I was chiefly interested in the basic theory of Liberalism. This seemed to be that the state is no worse than a degenerate or perverted institution, beneficent in its original intention, and susceptible of restoration by the simple expedient of "putting good men in office."

I had already seen this experiment tried in several scales of magnitude, and observed that it came to nothing commensurate with the expectations put upon it or the enormous difficulty of arranging it. Later I was to see it tried on an unprecedented scale, for almost all the governments engaged in the war were Liberal, notably the English and our own. Its disastrous results in the case of the Wilson administration are too well known to need comment; though I do not wish to escape the responsibility of saying that of all forms of political impostorship, Liberalism always seemed to me the most vicious, because the most pretentious and specious. The general upshot of my observations, however, was to show me that whether in the hands of Liberal or Conservative, Republican or Democrat, and whether under nominal constitutionalism, republicanism or autocracy, the mechanism of the state would work freely and naturally in but one direction, namely: against the general welfare of its people.

V

So I set about finding out what I could about the origin of the state, to see whether its mechanism was ever really meant to work in any other direction; and here I came upon a very odd fact. All the current popular assumptions about the origin of the state rest upon sheer guesswork; none of them upon actual investigation. The treatises and text-books that came into my hands were also based, finally, upon guesswork. Some authorities guessed that the state was originally formed by this-or-that mode of social agreement; others, by a kind of muddling empiricism; others, by the will of God; and so on. Apparently none of these, however, had taken the plain course of going back upon the record as far as possible to ascertain how it actually had been formed, and for what purpose. It seemed that enough information must be available; the formation of the state in America, for example, was a matter of relatively recent history, and one must be able to find out a great deal about it. Consequently I began to look around to see whether anyone had ever anywhere made any such investigation, and if so, what it amounted to.

I then discovered that the matter had, indeed, been investigated by scientific methods, and that all the scholars of the Continent knew about it, not as something new or startling, but as a sheer common-

place. The state did not originate in any form of social agreement, or with any disinterested view of promoting order and justice. Far otherwise. The state originated in conquest and confiscation, as a device for maintaining the stratification of society permanently into two classes; an owning and exploiting class, relatively small, and a propertyless dependent class. Such measures of order and justice as it established were incidental and ancillary to this purpose; it was not interested in any that did not serve this purpose; and it resisted the establishment of any that were contrary to it. No state known to history originated in any other manner, or for any other purpose than to enable the continuous economic exploitation of one class by another.[2]

This at once cleared up all the anomalies which I had found so troublesome. One could see immediately, for instance, why the hunting tribes and primitive peasants never formed a state. Primitive peasants never made enough of an economic accumulation to be worth stealing; they lived from hand to mouth. The hunting tribes of North America never formed a state, because the hunter was not exploitable. There was no way to make another man hunt for you; he would go off in the woods and forget to come back; and if he were expropriated from certain hunting-grounds, he would merely move on beyond them, the territory being so large and the population so sparse. Similarly, since the state's own primary intention was essentially criminal, one could see why it cares only to monopolize crime, and not to suppress it; this explained the anomalous behavior of officials, and showed why it is that in their public capacity, whatever their private character, they appear necessarily as a professional-criminal class; and it further accounted for the fact that the state never moves disinterestedly for the general welfare, except grudgingly and under great pressure.

Again, one could perceive at once the basic misapprehension which forever nullifies the labors of Liberalism and Reform. It was once quite seriously suggested to me by some neighbors that I should go to Congress. I asked them why they wished me to do that, and they replied with some complimentary phrases about the satisfaction of having some one of a somewhat different type "amongst those damned rascals down there." "Yes, but," I said, "don't you see that it would be only a matter of a month or so—a very short time, anyway—before I should be a damned rascal too?" No, they did not see this; they were rather taken aback; would I explain? "Suppose," I said, "that you put in a Sunday-school superintendent or a Y.M.C.A. secretary to run an assignation-house on Broadway. He might trim off some of the coarser fringes of the job, such as the badger game and the panel game, and put things in which Mayor Gaynor used to call a state of 'outward order and decency,' but he *must* run an assignation-house, or he would promptly hear from the owners." This was a new view to them, and they went away thoughtful.

Finally, one could perceive the reason for the matter that most puzzled me when I first observed a legislature in action, namely, the almost exclusive concern of legislative bodies with such measures as tend to take money out of one set of pockets and put it into another—the preoccupation with converting labor-made property into law-made property, and redistributing its ownership. The moment one becomes aware that just this, over and above a purely legal distribution of the ownership of natural resources, is what the state came into being for, and what it yet exists for, one immediately sees that the legislative bodies are acting altogether in char-

[2] There is a considerable literature on this subject, largely untranslated. As a beginning, the reader may be conveniently referred to Professor Charles A. Beard's work on the Constitution of the United States, and to a small volume called "The State" by Professor Franz Oppenheimer, of the University of Frankfort. The latter volume has been well translated and is easily available.

cter; and otherwise one cannot possibly ive oneself an intelligent account of their ehavior.[3]

Speaking for a moment in the technical rms of economics, there are two general eans whereby human beings can satisfy eir needs and desires. One is by work, ., by applying labor and capital to tural resources for the production of ealth, or to facilitating the exchange of bor-products. This is called the eco-omic means. The other is by robbery, *i.e.*, e appropriation of the labor-products of hers without compensation. This is lled the political means. The state, con-dered functionally, may be described as *e organization of the political means*, en-ling a comparatively small class of bene-ciaries to satisfy their needs and desires rough various delegations of the taxing wer, which have no vestige of support natural right, such as private land-wnership, tariffs, franchises, and the like.

It is a primary instinct of human nature satisfy one's needs and desires with the ast possible exertion; everyone tends by stinctive preference to use the political eans rather than the economic means, he can do so. The great desideratum in tariff, for instance, is its license to rob e domestic consumer of the difference tween the price of an article in a com-titive and a non-competitive market. very manufacturer would like this privi-ge of robbery if he could get it, and he kes steps to get it if he can; thus illus-ating the powerful instinctive tendency climb out of the exploited class, which ves by the economic means (exploited, cause the cost of this privilege must finally come out of production, there being nowhere else for it to come from), and into the class which lives, wholly or partially, by the political means.

This instinct—and this alone—is what gives the state its almost impregnable strength. The moment one discerns this, one understands the almost universal disposition to glorify and magnify the state, and to insist upon the pretence that it is something which it is not—something, in fact, the direct opposite of what it is. One understands the complacent acceptance of one set of standards for the state's conduct, and another for private organizations; of one set for officials, and another for private persons. One understands at once the attitude of the press, the Church and educational institutions, their careful inculcations of a specious patriotism, their nervous and vindictive proscriptions of opinion, doubt or even of question. One sees why purely fictitious theories of the state and its activities are strongly, often fiercely and violently, insisted on; why the simple fundamentals of the very simple science of economics are shirked or veiled; and why, finally, those who really know what kind of thing they are promulgating are loth to say so.

VI

The outbreak of the war in 1914 found me entertaining the convictions that I have not outlined. In the succeeding decade nothing has taken place to attenuate them, but quite the contrary. Having set out only to tell the story of how I came by them, and not to expound them or indulge in any polemic for them, I may now bring this narrative to an end, with a word about their practical outcome.

It has sometimes been remarked as strange that I never joined in any agitation, or took the part of a propagandist for any movement against the state, especially at a time when I had an unexampled opportunity to do so. To do anything of the sort successfully, one must have more

[3] When the Republican convention which nomi-ted Mr. Harding was almost over, one of the party ders met a man who was managing a kind of dark-rse, or one-horse, candidate, and said to him, "You n pack up that candidate of yours, and take him me now. I can't tell you who the next President ll be; it will be one of three men, and I don't just t know which. But I can tell you who the next cretary of the Interior will be, and that is the im-rtant question, because there are still a few little ings lying around loose that the boys want." I had is from a United States Senator, a Republican, who d it to me merely as a good story.

faith in such processes than I have, and one must also have a certain dogmatic turn of temperament, which I do not possess. To be quite candid, I was never much for evangelization; I am not sure enough that my opinions are right, and as I intimated at the beginning of this article, even if they were, a second-hand opinion is a poor possession. Reason and experience, I repeat, are all that determine our true beliefs. So I never greatly cared that people should think my way. I should be glad if they *thought*—if their general turn, that is, were a little more for disinterested thinking, and a little less for impetuous action motivated by mere unconsidered prepossession; and what little I could ever do to promote disinterested thinking has, I believe, been done.

According to my observations (for which I claim nothing but that they are all I have to go by) inaction is better than wrong action or premature right action, and effective right action can only follow right thinking. "If a great change is to take place," said Edmund Burke, in his last words on the French Revolution, "the minds of men *will be fitted to it.*" Otherwise the thing does not turn out well; and the processes by which men's minds are fitted seem to me untraceable and imponderable, the only certainty about them being that the share of any one person, or any one movement, in determining them is extremely small. Various social superstitions, such as magic, the divine right of kings, the Calvinist teleology, and so on, have stood out against many a vigorous frontal attack, and thrived on it; and when they finally disappeared, it was not under attack. People simply stopped thinking in those terms, no one knew just when or why, and no one even was much aware that they had stopped. So I think it very possible that while we are saying, "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" with our eye on this or that revolution, usurpation, seizure of power, or what not, the superstitions that surround the state are quietly disappearing in the same way.

My opinion of my own government and those who administer it, can probably be inferred from what I have written. Mr. Jefferson said that if a centralization of power were ever effected at Washington, the United States would have the most corrupt government on earth. Comparisons are difficult, but I believe it has one that is thoroughly corrupt, flagitious, tyrannical, oppressive. Yet if it were in my power to pull down its whole structure overnight and set up another of my own devising—to abolish the state out of hand, and replace it by an organization of the economic means—I would not do it, for the minds of Americans are far from fitted to any such great change as this, and the effect would be only to lay open the way for the worse enormities of usurpation—possibly, who knows? with myself as the usurper! After the French Revolution, Napoleon!

Great and salutary social transformations, such as in the end do not cost more than they come to, are not effected by political shifts, by movements, by programmes and platforms, least of all, perhaps, by violent revolutions, but by sound and disinterested thinking. The believers in action are numerous, their gospel is widely preached, they have many followers. Perhaps among the thousands who will see what I have here written, there are two or three who will agree with me that they do not need us—indeed, that if we joined them, we should be rather a dead weight for them to carry. We need not deny that their work is educative, or pinch pennies when we count up its cost in reaction; we need only remark that our place and function in it are not apparent, and then proceed on our own way, first with the more obscure and extremely difficult work of clearing and illuminating our own minds, and second, with what occasional help we may offer to others whose faith, like our own, is set more on the regenerative power of thought than on the uncertain achievements of premature action.

SLAVES OF DEMOCRACY

BY H. E. BUCHHOLZ

Whenever an American proclaims, as Americans are everlastingly proclaiming, that education is the bulwark of democracy, not a single voice in the din of patriotic amens is heard to propose an inquiry into the validity of the assertion. On analysis, this unanimity of assent is not surprising, but neither is it convincing. Relatively few of those who assent to the declaration could formulate a sensible statement of the precise meaning conveyed by either democracy or education. Consequently, agreement is much simpler for them than any effort to establish the premisses from which an argument, pro or con, would have to proceed. But the reader is not to be bored—nor is the writer—with an attempt in this place to supply the missing premisses. Lord Bryce, duly impressed with his status as super-authority on the subject, fathered the dictum that "democracy means nothing more nor less than the rule of the whole people expressing their sovereign will by their votes." For the present purpose this ready-made definition will suffice; and to it may be tagged the sequential deduction that certain types of education must needs serve the antithesis of a bulwark for democracy. For instance, any education which influences the people to *repress* their sovereign will rather than give it free expression can hardly be regarded as friendly to democracy. But education of just such promise now prevails in the public schools of the United States.

A moment's contemplation will carry any intelligent man to the conclusion that education, if it is to qualify as a defense of democracy, must be of a particular design. But without bothering about such contemplation, the American people have swallowed, hook, bait and line, the thesis that *any* education, no matter what its character, will serve as a bulwark for democracy undefined. Their next step in credulity is to presume that the task of imparting this education may be delegated, with complete abandon, to the public schools. The American pedagogue has accepted the assignment with alacrity; and for some years past the one theme which most frequently bobs up wherever two or more of his craft are gathered in the name of public education is the implied obligation of the schools to train citizens for democracy. In cases, doubtless, the willingness of educators to take on the contract has sprung from a virtuous sense of civic responsibility. But in other cases, and I suspect this means a majority, the response finds its urge in that weakness of most contemporary schoolmen for tackling anything new and easy, provided it furnishes an excuse for letting go of something old and difficult. Educating citizens for democracy appears easy primarily because those who prate about the thing are pleased to see it enveloped in vagueness. To them the proposal, therefore, wears the irresistible allurement of an uncharted route; it opens countless ways for superficial pedagogues to persuade themselves—and others—that they are getting somewhere when, in truth, they are merely drifting nowhere.

While the several generations of Americans who are now headed toward senility were being taught, it may have been intended that the public schools should im-

part the sort of education which would serve as a bulwark for a democracy conforming to Bryce's definition. If so, the failure of the scheme has been signal. On the one hand, with each passing year the American people have been called on to increase substantially the sums of money put up for "making citizens"; on the other hand, with each passing year there has been a further decline in the percentage of the product which, by the test of political functioning, has qualified as real citizens. The consequence is that disaster appears ahead of the ship of state. Dr. Coolidge himself has said as much; it was the burthen of his April, 1926, address to the Daughters of the American Revolution. He took occasion then to review the battlefield on which numerous non-partisan organizations had made attack upon the growing indifference of Americans to the franchise, and noted that the net result of this onslaught had been only a negative one—perhaps non-voting was momentarily prevented from making further headway. The President explained that since "our whole system of government rests on the ballot-box," the government "is doomed to failure unless citizens perform their duties there." He demonstrated that the aforesaid citizens in increasing numbers were neglecting those duties, and so sealing the doom of the government. He wept rhetorical tears over the fact that today a whole field of presidential candidates is able to coax less than half the electorate to the voting-places; in the senatorial elections of 1922 "not a single successful candidate secured anything like a majority of the total possible vote"; while in some instances the winner of the toga polled "as low as 7.9 and 10% of the total vote possible."

Dr. Coolidge, warming up to nearly 32° Fahrenheit, then permitted himself to declare: "If we are to keep our representative form of government, it behooves us to take some drastic action to arouse the voters of this country to their civic duties on election day."

II

There is no intention here of lodging upon the educational system full responsibility for this growing deflection of enfranchised citizens from the ballot-box, although certainly the schools have made the most substantial contribution. They have taught and still are teaching, the sort of insipid history and civics that tend to encourage neglect of all the political prerogatives belonging to the individual. The idea that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty has been shelved, and in its stead school children are led to believe that if a private citizen respects the Eighteenth Amendment, memorizes the Constitution, and goes to church on Sunday, he may rest in smug confidence, knowing that democracy, planted long ago by the Fathers, will continue to flourish under the benevolent care of machine-made statesmen.

But it is futile to weep over spilled milk. No appreciable improvement need be expected in those Americans who have already habituated themselves to neglecting their duties as citizens. It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks, or to break him of old ones, no matter how indecent. The old-dog voter, having blackjacked his sense of responsibility for what his government may do, is determined to die in his present state of happy indifference. But hope turns to the young-pup citizens who have yet to cast their first ballots; and there it is that public education beholds soft and pliable materials for experiment on a large scale. Consequently, the school administrators are making elaborate programmes—and budgets—for the training of democracy's future citizens.

It would be pleasant, doubtless, to presume that the public schools, having taken account of the defects in those bulwarks which they have already turned out, can now be trusted to do a better job with this fresh material. But such a presumption would be unwarranted. What reason, indeed, has the thoughtful layman for supposing that any American school

stem will or can impart the sort of edu-tion which will, in truth, serve as a ilwark for democracy, bearing in mind at public education, as administered in e United States today, is easily the most bitrary and undemocratic agency sup-rted by the public funds? In order to ow wherein the public schools of today e incompetent to perform the task which ey are thus so eager to attempt, it is oper, first, to indicate the requirements at democracy makes of its schools. At is point, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, esident of Columbia University, oppor-ely appears with specifications:

> It is for the educational system of a really free people so to train and discipline its children that their contribution to the national organization and national effectiveness will be voluntary and generous, not prescribed and forced.

Here is democracy's order to the educa-nal system. But turn to the public nools of almost any American commu-y to ascertain if they seem capable of ing the order, and at once you will find at the very first demand the school ministration imposes on those asked to in and discipline democracy's future izens is that the teacher himself shall ke a severely prescribed and forced eisance to whatever brand of political nk, at the time, is favored by the domi-nt political element of the community! In years past the most disastrous thing an American educator to do was to ay from the path of moral rectitude. A dagogue who acted contrary to the ral standards established by the New gland Puritans won summary dismissal l was subjected thereafter to persistent unding. In order that the doors of all ucational institutions should be closed ever against his further employment, n though his sole offense might have n to chuck some pretty chambermaid er the chin, he was branded as indel-y as Hawthorne's Hester Prynne. Prac-ally his only hope of continuing there-r in professional endeavor was to be-ne a revivalist of the reformed-criminal type or else to seek lecture engagements from women's clubs. Perhaps there was something to be said in favor of education's austere attitude, which thus denied the pedagogue the same sex freedom that was demanded by congressmen and circuit-riders. The tradition was that he was expected to set the pupils a lofty example, and school committees insisted that this example run at least 100% in moral purity.

Let us grant the justice of this position regarding the teacher and sex expression: it still obtains. But what is to be said of the fact that today the educator who is being delegated to train democracy's future citizens must also in his own personal life reveal to his snooping neighbors no less than to the student body the sort of citizenship which, if it ever became general, would transform the American people into a tribe of spineless political worms? Let any employé of an educational system show a disposition, even in his life outside the school, to exercise any of those traits that are supposed to be the ear-marks of a true democrat, and it were better for that teacher that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he kicked into the sea.

The cornerstone of contemporary educational administration in most systems in the United States is a type of despotism that most likely found its way to America before the World War with a consignment of caviar. There are exceptions, I frankly confess, and thank whatever gods permit them to exist. But the tendency of the day is not toward these exceptions, but in the opposite direction. Perhaps a fair number of superintendents at some time or other in their careers have sincerely desired, in their administration, to practice the sort of democracy that should be universal in the field of American public education; but they soon discovered that where the superintendent, of his own election, was not autocratic, civic bodies and patriotic societies stood ready to knock all his weakness for democracy out of him. Since it is now general for school administrators to presume that the first concern of any edu-

cational system should be to keep the superintendent in office, not many administrators are willing to go far in risking that disaster.

This idea of the importance of the superintendent being retained in office has been stressed to the point where the layman must, perforce, conclude that the primary purpose of modern school administration is not really to erect bulwarks for democracy, but to shield from any possible disturbances the man who occupies the berth of boss. William McAndrew, head of the Chicago public schools and editor of the *Educational Review*, in the December, 1925, issue of that journal bitterly arraigned a certain school board that had seen fit to dismiss a superintendent who, in the judgment of the board, showed no promise of ever being able to fill satisfactorily the position he held. Dr. McAndrew made an impassioned plea for strengthening the grip of the superintendent upon his job, and closed with the sublime proposal: "Let there be legal provision whereby weak superintendents may be made strong and good ones be protected."

Thus an age which keenly senses the curse of over-legislation beholds an outstanding American schoolman proposing to perpetuate by law the job-holding of weak superintendents, as if that should take precedence over the business of providing the best possible schooling for children! Of course, there could be no legal provision whereby an inherently weak superintendent would be made strong professionally—provision of that kind must needs be of divine origin—but, even without encouragement from Dr. McAndrew, the professionally weak superintendent invariably seeks to make himself strong politically. He usually succeeds so well that it becomes hazardous for a subordinate to neglect to cover over any blunder due to his administrative incompetency, or to hesitate about misrepresenting, favorably to the superintendent, the accomplishments of the schools.

In administering the public educational system, the authority of the superintendent has thus been made absolute. His commands must be obeyed as unquestioningly as the orders of an officer of troops in action. Not infrequently, compliance with these commands requires teachers to be downright unprofessional and dishonest. Since his own retention in office is the first concern of the system over which he rules, he insists that the performances of the schools shall be represented to the public always in a creditable, even though untruthful, light. This situation may be illustrated in a familiar aspect. Education has certified to the fact that there are marked inherent differences in the mental capacity of the individuals composing any unselected group. Some children go through school more slowly than others and know less after having completed the journey. In making school surveys during the past decade much attention has been given to this matter of retardation. A child of a given age, who entered school as early as other children, may be in the third grade while most of those of the same chronological group are in the fifth grade.

No one should find fault with an educational administration when it attempts to study this matter of retardation for the purpose of deciding if it is a perfectly natural condition or one which calls for correction. But everybody of intelligence and honesty must condemn a schoolman who would seek to wipe the record of retardation from his system by an arbitrary edict. Nevertheless, in numerous systems where retardation has been disclosed in large volume, the order has gone forth that pupils' marks are to be pushed up to the passing point regardless of the quality of the school work done, and in numerous other systems the command has been given that pupils who fail in one, two, and even three subjects are still to be promoted in all subjects. In a school system where there may be three, six or ten thousand teachers, not one will be found with sufficient courage to refuse to

llow such instructions, although com-liance represents a crime against both ne child and those who pay the bills r public education. The superintendent ho can issue such unbelievably foolish rders and know they will be obeyed, and ne servile instructors who must receive ch commands and observe them, in com-ination represent the sorry agency which, is proposed, shall be entrusted with the signing and construction of bulwarks r democracy.

III

ith the rapid expansion of the admin-trative phase of public education, the perintendent invariably appoints to the sitions of assistant superintendents, su-rvisors and "experts," those employés ho show themselves most useful in serv-g his personal ends. In the typical Amer-an public school system, they fare best ho serve the superintendent best, and e standard for promotion becomes sub-rvience to the chief. As usually happens such cases, the obsequious subordinate, omoted because he subscribes to the rt of loyalty which prompts him, when s master slaps his one cheek, to turn the her for cuffing also, quickly learns to e his master when dealing with those ho now fall under his authority. Con-quently, the superintendent's aids be-me a clique bent upon furthering the aster's absolutism.

An ambitious young man was lately ven probational appointment as prin-al of a night-school in a large American y. Taking his cue from the superintend-t's assistants, it became his first aim make such a showing, on paper, for e institution that it would appear to flect credit on the superintendent—and mself. Upon the members of the teach-g staff, this principal impressed the neces-y of pushing attendance up; if it fell off, might be compelled to let some of the structors go, since each night-school pointment is usually conditional upon sufficient pupils appearing to make up a class. This principal succeeded in setting a new record for attendance, but apparently neglected to enlist the coöperation of the ruler of the universe. Unexpectedly, there came a week of heavy snow, strong wind, blizzards, and interrupted street-railway service. Attendance met a fate similar to that of Humpty Dumpty. But this principal readily disposed of all evidence of the celestial interference. He ordered his teachers to disregard actual attendance and to mark down such figures as would indicate no falling off. The teachers, as all teachers would, obeyed; although several indiscreetly protested on the outside against the humiliation.

A busy-body layman heard of the affair and started an investigation. The teachers were willing, in confidence, to confirm the rumors that had reached this layman, but not one would consent to have his name used. The investigator then interviewed most of the students who had been present during the stormy week, and from them obtained information that enabled him to work out an approximation of the actual attendance. With these data in hand, he asked permission from the administrative officials to inspect the attendance records of the school. This request aroused some suspicion, and he was asked to explain his purpose. He made a frank explanation. After numerous delays, he was informed that the records he wanted could not be located, although they should have been filed at least a month before; and he was invited to return later. On his appearance later, he was handed a freshly typewritten statement of the attendance. This statement was not on the printed form used in the system; the figures did not represent those which, at the command of the principal, had been turned in by the teachers. Nevertheless, the investigation accomplished at least one worthwhile end. It revealed to the superintendent the sort of things this ambitious young schoolman was capable of doing. Shortly thereafter he was made an assistant superintendent.

Turning from the school administrator to the classroom instructor, it need occasion no surprise to find that the teacher is denied anything which, with the widest stretch of imagination, could be regarded as professional or personal freedom. The teacher does not dare speak out regarding school matters if his words can be construed as questioning the efficiency and professionalism of the administrative department. Even when subjected to most unfair treatment by his immediate superior, he may complain, if at all, only to that offending superior. He must take his choice between being a servile rubber-stamp for everything the superintendent and his aides do or else invite such discrimination against himself as will make life miserable for him so long as he remains in the system. No matter how superior his professional training, he must meekly adopt the methods and practices which the supervisors, who may have gained their position through boot-licking alone, may impose on him. He casts his professional career to the winds if he is guilty of practicing, even when outside the schools, the sort of democracy in which he must perforce pretend to believe in in order to hold his job. The signs of *verboten*, which for the educator once fenced off only the field of venery, today literally hem him in on all sides from everything that even remotely suggests freedom. In matters of education, science, religion, economics, government—his thought, speech, action are all prescribed for him by his superiors.

If he has any opinions of his own on school matters, he must conceal the fact as closely as if those opinions were a loathsome disease. On every hand he finds educational leaders ready to affirm that no teacher can justify himself for discussing education if his comments can be interpreted, or even misinterpreted, in such fashion as to appear critical of practices and conditions in the school system with which he finds employment. No matter how iniquitous a situation may become, each teacher is to feel that his loyalty commands him to keep his mouth shut so long as he stays in the system. Should he feel that he simply must speak, then the only honorable course for him is to resign before he utters his first word of criticism, and to speak as an outsider.

Not long ago the superintendent of a large city system was confronted with an educational problem which he sought to solve by political methods. The teaching staff was underpaid; various civic bodies had become aroused and were demanding better salaries for the teachers. But the politicians in control of the municipal government warned this superintendent not to offer any schedule which might threaten to increase the tax-rate, lest this operate against them in the next election. The superintendent decided to straddle the situation, and proposed a nominal increase in teachers' salaries, but at the same time ordered a marked increase in the sizes of elementary classes, so that the actual number of teachers employed could be reduced. When the scheme became known, the local press, realizing that this superintendent knew little about the elementary schools, invited those who were generally recognized as experts to express their opinions regarding the plan. Among those interviewed was an elementary principal who had been in the system several decades and who had been honored with high office by various professional groups.

This teacher discussed the effect of the size of a class upon classroom instruction. She asserted that when a class was expanded beyond a certain point, the effectiveness of the teaching took a disproportionate drop. She expressed the belief that the average elementary class in that city was then at the maximum size for proper handling. This teacher could have quoted countless books and scientific investigations in support of everything she said. But for daring to express an opinion that could be construed as not endorsing unconditionally a foolish makeshift proposed by the administration, she was slated for punishment. Although she was an exception-

lly good teacher and at the height of her fficiency, an order was issued that she as immediately to apply for retirement, nd thereafter to subsist on a miserable ension representing deductions made from er salary in past years, or else submit to eing tried and fired. It was made plain hat trying and firing would go hand-in-and. Moreover, a school board composed f supposedly representative citizens romptly thereafter passed a resolution hich made it insubordination for any eacher in the system to express his or er views on educational matters except private to the superintentent.

According to those codes of ethics for achers which have been graciously pre-ured for them by superintendents and col-ge professors of education, this teacher, eing the school system imperiled by a lse economy measure, should have re-gned before presuming to air her views, else she should have remained silent nd become an accessory to a crime both fore and after the fact. Supposing she ad had a strong martyr complex and had epped out into private life, what would ave been her status as a constructive itic? An experience of my dual person-ity—Ezekiel Cheever—answers.

Mr. Cheever for six-and-odd years con-ibuted a weekly department on school atters to a prominent daily. The articles alt in a "critically constructive" manner ith school affairs in the home city of e paper and also with those of the State rough which it circulated widely. For considerable time there was some mys-ry about the identity of Mr. Cheever, t gradually the few who were in the cret expanded their numbers. Among ose who in the course of time came to ow Mr. Cheever by sight was a mem-r of the city school board. It happened one occasion that Mr. Cheever and a unty superintendent were having lunch gether when this board member came ong. The spectacle was so appalling to m that he had a bell-hop call the school-an into the lobby and then, with great ado, warned him that he was imperiling his professional career by sitting in public with a man whom others also might know as the writer of the offending articles.

Shortly thereafter a colored teacher of the city system was speaking to the writer when some mischievous individual came along and expressed surprise that she should know so notorious a creature as Mr. Cheever. The good old soul, who had approached me as a Negress, fled in terror, to all appearances a white woman, and thus upset the tradition that an Ethiopian cannot change his skin. Finally, a college professor who for many years had been in the habit of calling on me whenever in town, admitted to others that it was indiscreet for him to continue the practice after the identity of Mr. Cheever had become known. And yet this professor had, from the beginning, known me as the author of the articles, and in groups of schoolmen had commended them for their accuracy and healthy influence.

In the light of these personal reminiscences, an interesting aspect is given to the proposal that an employé of a public school system should feel obligated to refrain from criticizing anything in the schools so long as he holds on to his position. A conception of loyalty which demands that a teacher serve only apple-sauce to his superiors is, in truth, disloyalty on the part of that pedagogue to both public education and democracy. The suggestion that a teacher, before he dares discuss education critically, should resign, is simply an underhand attempt to rid public education of those who promise to be usefully critical. If such an individual does actually resign, the evidence is that he thereby will step into a situation where, by the same prescription from which he thought to escape, his influence can be immediately neutralized. At a nod from the superintendent, the entire "loyal" teaching force will be ready to discredit this man by passing all sorts of resolutions, branding him an incompetent, a malcontent, a liar, and a communist.

IV

Enough has been said to show that if the pedagogue attempts professionally to be a democrat, he books himself for destruction. It is not necessary here to go into details concerning his prescribed and forced attitude on matters of science. Certainly no reader is without information regarding the steps being taken in all parts of the country to prohibit pedagogues from so much as mentioning the theory of evolution. Finally, the instant an educator begins to discuss the political administration of his community critically or government comparatively, he bares his head for a crown of thorns. He does not dare, even in his out-of-school life, to inquire into the operations of government or to discuss current political theories and practices. How, then, is this slave to train the young of the country to be more efficient citizens than their forebears?

An American who, as a volunteer, fought in the World War and later went through an American university, after graduation found employment as a teacher of biology in a Washington high-school. A magazine which is by no means radical offered a series of small prizes for original definitions of Socialism. On the whole, this contest was a commendable one, since, especially in the United States, so much is said about Socialism by those who, in their ignorance, suppose that a Socialist is merely an anarchist by another name. This high-school teacher of biology, Henry Flury by name, won the sum of $5 with a perfectly tame composition of about two hundred words. The next day some snooper made the startling discovery that a Washington schoolteacher had written a definition of Socialism, whereupon one Maj. Gen. Amos A. Fries, "as commander of the American Legion for the Department of the District of Columbia," came into action, with a demand that the public schools of Washington be purged of one who could express such un-American views. Among the damnably un-American expressions thus used by Flury was one to the effect that "little children still toil in factories." After citing this, Fries showed how dangerously un-American it was by saying: "Some do, but very few, and lessening all the time." The commander of the American Legion for the Department of the District of Columbia demanded that the Superintendent of Schools inform him "what action you propose to take in the matter. I shall await your answer before taking the matter up with various patriotic organizations in this city."

Mr. Flury was called before the superintendent and asked for an explanation. On the evidence of such information as has been made public, he at least showed himself a real American. He said that as a subordinate of both the superintendent and the board, he must decline to discuss officially matters that did not enter into his school work, but, if any of them wished, he would gladly, as man to man, debate his views on capitalism, Modernism, Prohibition, or any other controversial topic. However, while making this fine show of courage, Mr. Flury could still read the handwriting on the wall, for subsequently he observed:

"I am due to go into a higher classification next year, with more salary, but I'll bet I don't get the promotion."

There was ample ground for his suspicion. Has not the Board of Education of New York City laid down the law that a teacher whose political views are not pleasing to his superiors may be denied a square deal on that account? Among the notable recent additions to the vast literature dealing with the decay of the Bill of Rights, this New York contribution takes high rank:

> In determining whether or not a teacher shall be promoted, the Board of Superintendents is obligated to take into account the history of the teacher, his public opinions, the persons with whom he associates, and his attitude toward governmental questions. . . . A teacher may not have one set of opinions for the classroom and another for the public platform. As a schoolteacher, he has not the same rights as other citizens to print, publish, or declare his thoughts

and opinions. He is no longer at liberty to "freely write, speak or publish." This is not an interference with his rights as a citizen. His rights are as "free and untrammeled as they ever were." He may at any time emancipate himself from the shackles of the department and exercise his full rights as an American citizen by resigning his position.

It is almost unbelievable that such an undemocratic statement could have issued officially from the largest public school system in this country. Yet there it is. It says in effect that anyone who would train citizens for democracy must consent to assume the rôle of a serf; to be muzzled; to wear shackles. If the public schools see it, when the educational administration becomes corrupt, to cheat democracy even to the extent of not giving the child a decent common school education, this enslaved pedagogue must help in the cheating. When it comes to the matter of training children so that they will assume a wisely critical attitude toward their agent —the government—the enslaved teacher is not to open his mouth except for the purpose of drilling additional voices for the idiotic chorus—"My country, right or wrong!" He does not dare by his action show that he really believes it is *his* country and that he constitutes a unit in the sovereign will of the whole people. Thus public education, under its present trend, sets up an example of citizenship that is a greater insult to American democratic institutions than all the mouthings of the Reds and near-Reds.

Where this thing of undemocratizing the public schools may end is not easy to forecast, but a speculation may be offered as to where the process received its impetus. Undoubtedly the greatest influence in public education in America today is Teachers College of Columbia University. It is the Ford plant of education. At the head of Columbia is Nicholas Murray Butler, who kindly appeared for a brief moment earlier in this discussion. President Butler has set the world a remarkable example of undemocratic educational administration. The reader may recall that some years ago a very distinguished professor of English at Columbia was sued for breach of promise by his lady secretary. What happened to the lady or the suit has doubtless long since been forgotten; but most readers will recall the fate of the professor. He was ceremoniously set down on the sidewalks of Morningside Drive, jobless. Thus the world was advised that the striction of sex life for the pedagogue still obtained at Columbia.

Another time, another distinguished Columbia professor, this time a teacher of history, got into the limelight. This teacher of history was presiding at a public meeting when a man, in a burst of passion, consigned the American flag to a place which Ingersoll dislocated some years before. Since the teacher was also a scholar, he thought it proper to find out just what could cause an American citizen to form such a pronounced dislike for the Star-Spangled Banner. Had he requested the audience to take the fellow out and lynch him, he doubtless would have had a nice celluloid medal pinned on his coat. But he dared to practice the sort of democracy which seeks to take account of the sovereign will in all its ramifications. He invited the man to explain what caused his political biliousness. The incident was mildly sensational; but a New York newspaper sought to make it more sensational by crediting the slur on the flag to the professor of history himself. Subsequently the paper confessed that it had been guilty of gross and criminal libel, but Dr. Butler could not distinguish between a man who might do an un-American thing and some other man who was charged, by a self-confessed liar, with having done such a thing. Therefore the distinguished historian was also escorted to the gates of Columbia and bid a lasting farewell.

What is happening to public education in America now is that it is being thoroughly Butlerized. After the job has been completed, God save the Republic if it looks to the public schools to train for citizenship the youth of the land.

THE YIDDISH PRESS

BY PHILIP RUBIN

YIDDISH as it is spoken and written today in America is about 400 years old. It branched out from the German in the Sixteenth Century, when great numbers of German Jews settled in the Slavic countries of Eastern Europe, where, while remaining basically German and Hebrew, the language also assimilated many Russian, Lithuanian, Polish and Rumanian words. In Western Europe until the end of the Eighteenth Century, when ghetto walls began to crumble as a result of political emancipation, the Jews also spoke a jargon, mixing the language of their adopted lands with ancient Hebrew words and using the Hebrew script for writing purposes. If all these mongrel tongues used by the Jews in various countries may be generally called Yiddish, then the first Yiddish newspaper may be said to date from the year 1686, when there appeared in Amsterdam, Holland, *Die Dienstagishe und Freitagishe Kurantin*, published twice a week by one Urie Febus ben Aaron Halevi. Thus Yiddish journalism is about 240 years old.

Yiddish in America, as has always and everywhere been its wont, has adopted many English words into its vocabulary, but it is still read and fostered almost wholly by immigrants from Eastern Europe, and the difference between a Yiddish newspaper in the United States and one in Poland is therefore little greater as regards grammar, spelling and general style than the difference between an English newspaper published here and one issued in England. In Russia today, under the inspiration of Bolshevism, the Yiddish newspapers are going in very strongly for simplified spelling, which often makes it quite hard for an outlander to read them; in New York the new orthography is imitated only by the Communist *Freiheit*, and even then very timidly.

The first Yiddish periodical in the United States, the *Yiddische Neues*, was established in New York in 1871, only a decade before the advent of the great tide of Russian-Jewish immigration to this country, caused by the pogroms abroad. This periodical quickly died, but was followed three years later by the *Yiddische Gazetten*, still running as a weekly edition of the *Tageblatt*, which was the first Yiddish daily in the United States in 1885.

Many of the Russian Jews, particularly those belonging to the *intelligentsia*, who came to this country in the eighties were not of the meek, submissive type which stood for persecution, but had been actively engaged in the revolutionary movement in Russia. Fleeing from the wrath of the Czar's police, they did not desert their radical principles on coming to America, but on the contrary became active propagandists here. At first they preached their doctrines in the Russian language, but when they found that the masses to whom their appeal was directed understood Yiddish much better, they turned to that tongue as a medium. Some of these radical leaders who had not been brought up in a ghetto environment in Russia, such as Dr. Isaac Hourwich, were actually forced to learn Yiddish in this country, strange as that may appear. The first Yiddish organ of this radical Russian-Jewish *intelligentsia* was the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, founded as a weekly in 1890 by Socialists under the

editorship of Philip Krantz. A year later Abraham Cahan, who is today by far the most prominent figure in Yiddish-American journalism, became its editor. Later this radical weekly became the daily *Abendblatt*. In the year 1897 the *Vorwärts* (*Forward*) was born as a result of the squabbles between the Socialist-Laborites under Daniel De Leon and the Social Democrats led by Cahan, Hillquit and others. Under the editorship of Cahan the *Vorwärts* has attained a circulation of over 200,000, about one-half the total circulation of all the Yiddish dailies in America, and is the largest and most prosperous Yiddish paper in the world.

The Yiddish press in America is practically synonymous with the Yiddish press of New York. Nearly one-half of the Jews of America live in and around New York City and the proportion of Yiddish readers living in the Metropolitan District is perhaps even greater. All other cities, large or small, even those in Canada, are referred to on the East Side as *die Provinz*. Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Montreal and Toronto have one Yiddish daily each: they are the *Chicago'er Courier*, the *Philadelphier Yiddische Welt*, the *Clevelander Yiddische Welt*, the *Canader Adler* and the *Yiddischer Journal*. They are all poor and anemic in appearance and some have less circulation in their own localities than the New York *Vorwärts*. Not only the *Vorwärts*, but the other four New York dailies as well, carry more prestige with the Yiddish readers throughout the country than do the local papers. The *Vorwärts* has of late established a Chicago paper, which differs from the New York edition only in its news columns, the editorial pages being similar in both cities. Most of the New York papers also run special Philadelphia and Boston editions, while the *Vorwärts* tries to satisfy its readers in other large cities by printing their local news, so that the grip of New York on the American Yiddish reader is constantly strengthened.

Of the non-daily Yiddish publications the most outstanding is the monthly Socialist *Zukunft*, published by the *Forward* Association. It is edited by Abraham Liesin, a respectable poet and a far better publicist, and while its tone is serious, it is never dull. Beside political and sociological articles, it devotes much space to belles-lettres and some of the very best things in Yiddish literature, both by American and European writers, have been published in the *Zukunft*.

Der Grosser Kundes (*The Big Stick*) is a humorous weekly edited by Jacob Marinoff, brother-in-law of Carl Van Vechten. It is notable chiefly for its cartoons, some of which are from time to time reproduced in American periodicals. Its circulation is limited to the Yiddish *intelligentsia*, whose spokesman is Haim Gutman (better known under his pen name of Der Lebediger), associate editor of the *Kundes*, a feuilletonist and a dramatic and literary critic whose flings and arrows often hurt. The *Kundes* never tires of lambasting the *Vorwärts*, picturing it as a fat parvenu who has deserted the principles of Karl Marx and defiled the holy temple of Yiddish journalism by becoming popular and yellow. All the squabbles that are continually raging in the smelly atmosphere of the Second avenue and East Broadway cafés over politics and literature are faithfully mirrored in the *Big Stick*.

Die Freie Arbeiter Stimme, an anarchist weekly, is today living on its past glories. In the days when it was edited by S. Yanowsky, a severe critic with a virulent pen, every Yiddish writer considered it a great honor to have his story, poem or essay published in *Die Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, even though his remuneration consisted only of a compliment by the editor. *Die Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, like the *Zukunft*, did indeed publish some first-rate material, and the very shrewd and outspoken editorials and criticisms of its anarchistic editor put him on a par in the Yiddish world with Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. Today, with Yanowsky gone, *Die Freie Arbeiter Stimme* is only a tame ghost of its former self.

II

Der Vorwärts, *Der Tog*, *Die Freiheit*, *Der Morgen Journal* and *Dos Yiddische Tageblatt* are not merely newspapers in the generally accepted American sense, but also daily magazines of the better sort, devoting much space to serious articles, essays, stories (*Skitzen* they are usually called), poetry and popular science. If the sale of Yiddish books in the United States has today dwindled to almost nothing, one reason for it is that the Yiddish reader usually finds in these newspapers all the literature he cares to read. Every prominent Yiddish writer contributes to one or another of them. Since the field is very limited and payment for poetry and fiction is quite low, poets and short story writers, unless their work is of the very first magnitude, are often found working on the news staffs of the papers as re-write men or reporters.

The work on Yiddish newspapers is not as much sub-divided and specialized as it is on the larger English dailies; the hours devoted to news writing or reporting are very short and the remuneration, controlled as it is by the Yiddish Writers Union, is fairly good, and the reporter is given the privilege of signing his name to feature articles more frequently than is the case on English dailies. Thus the news staffs of the Yiddish dailies draw many talented men who couldn't otherwise make a living through writing.

The *Vorwärts* is the product of its editor-in-chief, Abraham Cahan. Cahan towers head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in Yiddish journalism; all the other papers have imitated his methods to some extent, even while they were railing at him. The *Vorwärts* is read most assiduously not only by the proletariat but also by that part of the Yiddish *intelligentsia* which criticizes it most severely. None can resist the lively, human appeal of Cahan's paper, even though one may condemn it ever so often as yellow. Besides, some of the best Yiddish writers, such as are very much respected by the highbrow element, are regular contributors.

Sholom Asch, famous as a playwright and novelist, is one such *Mitarbeiter*. Asch, who is now living in Paris, is the petted boy of Yiddish journalism. Recognizing his remarkable talent, Cahan and the *Forward* Association have given him privileges such as are seldom accorded any writer in any language; he receives a regular salary, and a quite high one, too, for a Yiddish newspaper, but is not obliged to contribute regularly. Very often weeks elapse before one notices anything in the *Vorwärts* signed by him. A rare privilege indeed, something of which most harassed writers can only dream!

Hillel Rogoff, assistant editor of the *Vorwärts*, is known to Yiddish readers as a historian, publicist and literary critic of fine quality; he possesses a rarely analytical mind and that still rarer gift of poise—so seldom to be found in the emotional Yiddisher; Rogoff is now the president of the Yiddish Writers Union. Dr. Ben-Zion Hoffman, better known by the *nom-de-plume* of Zivion, is another able publicist on the staff of the *Vorwärts;* he is witty, shrewd and possesses a biting style; he is chiefly known for his Saturday column of "Yiddische Interessen," which has made him anathema to the Zionists because of his fearless exposure therein of the futility and sentimental humbug that accompanies their movement.

Of the belles-lettrists of the *Vorwärts* outside of Asch, the most gifted is Z. Libin, a short-story writer; in his simple, half-humorous, half-pathetic style, throbbing with the atmosphere of his characters, Libin depicts the joys and sorrows of the Jewish workingmen and petty merchants of New York. J. Adler, writing usually under the pen name of B. Kovner, composes humorous prose and verse; his shrewish character, Yente Telebende, who is continually pouring maledictions (no language can beat the Yiddish for cuss words) on the head of her poor hen-pecked hus-

oand Mendel, is often cited as an instance of the *Forward's* catering to the tastes of the *vulgus*. Cahan, however, believes that such nonsense is necessary to offset the generally sombre tone of a Yiddish newspaper. Since he has no great liking for serious poetry, only one poet has until lately been allowed to display his wares once a week in the columns of the *Vorwärts*. He is Mani Laib, one of the younger generation of Yiddish poets, who often does masterly translations from the Russian. Mani Laib recently left the *Vorwärts* for the *Freiheit*.

Until about a decade ago Benjamin Feigenbaum, who is now ill and seldom contributes, was next to Cahan the most popular writer on the *Vorwarts*. As associate editor of the paper Feigenbaum was mostly responsible for the aggressive anti-religious policy which it then maintained, but which it has now abandoned. He preached forcibly against God and religion in general, and the Jewish religion in particular, with the fervor of an ancient Hebrew prophet; his devastating book, "Kosher und Traifa," gave some very plausible arguments to those of the non-religious element who consider the Hebrew dietary laws to be inspired by holy nonsense and not at all by hygienic considerations. Feigenbaum offended the orthodox element deeply and during the many years that he was prominently identified with the *Forward* the paper was ostracized by the more religious Jews. His son, William Morris, a former Socialist assemblyman, is now a regular contributor to the Sunday English section, and by his fervent espousal of the Socialist cause shows that he has inherited some of his father's old ardor. Apropos of the English section, much effort and money are now being expended by the *Forward* management to make it an outstanding contribution to American journalism. Bertrand Russell, Ramsay Macdonald and others of similar repute are now among its regular contributors.

Today the *Vorwärts* takes a more tolerant attitude toward religion. Cahan, regarding it from the romantic viewpoint of the dim past, when he was a boy and went to *Shul*, confesses a weakness for the music of the cantors (*Hazonim*) and for the synagogue ritual in general. And as to Zionism, which was years ago fought in the *Forward* as bourgeois and reactionary, only Zivion remains among its bitter opponents. Cahan returns from Palestine deeply moved by the poetic idealism displayed by the poor, hungry, deluded immigrants there; he writes enthusiastically in article after article about what he has seen in *Eretz Yisroel* (The Land of Israel), and, indeed, so much so that the Zionists begin to claim him as their own. But Cahan's innate sobriety and realism in the end get the upper hand and he proclaims their cause hopeless.

Like most Socialist newspapers, the *Vorwärts* cannot claim impartiality in its news columns. News of strikes, particularly in the Jewish garment trades, and news that is related to the fierce war now raging everywhere in radical ranks between Socialists and Communists, is treated from a frankly biased standpoint. But the *Vorwärts* is not the only, nor the greatest sinner in this regard; its bitter rival for the affections of the Yiddish workingmen, the Communist *Freiheit*, which never lets a day go by without reviling its bigger and stronger opponent, outdoes it in propaganda in the news columns.

III

At this writing the fight between the *Forward* and *Freiheit* for the control of the Cloakmakers Union is still raging in full blast and the front pages of both papers make one think less of newspapers than of the front trenches of battlefields; but it is the *Freiheit*, not the *Forward*, that insists on hurling such epithets as "gangsters," "underworld heroes," and "pogrom-makers" into the enemy's camp. Yiddish newspapers, just as is the case with the journals of Latin countries, are usually

party organs and are run on the principle that to advance the interests of the Cause it is no breach of journalistic ethics to tamper with the news or to call an adversary frightful names. Of the five Yiddish dailies in New York only *Der Tog* lays claim to impartiality.

Die Freiheit is the organ of the New York diocese of the Moscow Papacy. In its thirst for power and prestige among the radical Yiddish workingmen it is, as has been hinted above, out for the scalp of the *Vorwärts;* nevertheless it has not hesitated to copy the journalistic methods of its mortal enemy. Since it came into being about five years ago it has managed to hurt the *Vorwärts* only to the extent of taking away about ten thousand or so of its readers; altogether the circulation of the *Freiheit* is no more than thirty-five, or at most forty, thousand. It does, however, exert considerable influence in the garment trades of New York, particularly since the Communists managed to gain the confidence of the majority of morons in the needle shops and thus won over for the Revolution several powerful locals in the cloak, suit, dress and fur industries. The long and disastrous cloakmakers' strike, recently ended after six months' warfare, which reduced the workers to a state not far from beggary and which very nearly ruined the industry in New York, was led by the Communists and *Freiheit* sympathizers. Whether or not the garment workers have learnt the lesson that this Communist leadership should have taught them remains uncertain at this writing, when both camps appear to be fortifying themselves for a long siege, and rival unions have been set up.

With the exception of Moisseye Olgin, who was the editor at its birth and who is still prominently identified with it, the *Freiheit*, because of its strict Bolshevist theology, can hardly claim any first-rate publicists. Were it not for its daily bouts with the *Vorwärts* and to a lesser extent with the other Yiddish papers—the only thing which seems to give it a *raison d'être* —it would be very dull indeed. Writers who are not out-and-out Communists find it hard to conform to the rigorous Communist tenets of the *Freiheit* and so it can hardly attract to itself first-rate men. One European novelist of considerable reputation recently left the *Forward* for the *Freiheit* and declared himself hot for Communism; but as gossip in the cafés would have it, and as the *Forward* even publicly hinted, this gentleman, living as he did in exile and poverty in Berlin, was itching for a Russian visé wherewith he might enter the Promised Leninland and engage in trade under the New Economic Policy as a favored son of the Soviet hierarchy.

Olgin is known to American readers as the author of books on the Russian Revolution and on Russian literature. During the Revolution of 1905 he was a leader of the Jewish Socialist-Revolutionary organization called the Bund, and spent long periods in prison for his anti-Czarist activities. His Yiddish style is as peculiarly Russian as if he were writing in the language of Dostoyevsky and Turgeniev; it is nurtured in the deep, serious melancholy pathos of the Russian steppes. Olgin is undoubtedly a great stylist, whether he writes fiction, essays or controversial articles. Before he turned Communist, he was for many years on the staff of the *Vorwärts*, where he was idolized by those of its readers who remembered the stirring days of 1905, the old idealistic fervor of the Bundists in Russia, and his part in that organization. A touching friendship, as only enthusiastic Russians are capable of, and a sincere admiration of one another's talents existed between Cahan and Olgin (a much younger man than the former) until the Bolshevist upheaval in Russia tore the Socialist party into violently inimical factions and separated the two men forever.

In the department of belles-lettres the *Freiheit* makes an excellent showing, despite the many handicaps under which writers must labor when they compose for it. Abraham Raisin, who wrote many

years for the *Tog*, has recently joined its staff. A short-story writer and poet of small-town ghetto life in the Old World, Raisin's sympathies are wholly with the working people; he is perhaps the most beloved of all Yiddish writers and his fiftieth birthday was recently celebrated with a coast-to-coast tour, during which he was fêted by Yiddish radicals in many cities. Mani Laib, the poet, mentioned above, has also recently come to the *Freiheit*. H. Leivik, a sombre poet and dramatist whose play, "Rags" (*Shmates*), dealing with the misunderstandings that exist between the immigrant Jews and their American children, caused a furore on the East Side a few years ago, is another recent addition to the *Freiheit* forces.

Moishe Nadir, who is regarded by some ultra-modernists as a great humorist and stylist while most others confess their inability to understand him, contributes a daily column to the *Freiheit;* his mannerism of style consists in stringing words together *à la* Greenwich Village and in clever twists, turns and jumblings of words and phrases which make one fairly dizzy. Nadir once at a public entertainment in his honor openly sneered at Communism, characterizing it as "a mere bread-and-butter movement," but because of its dearth of writers who have made a name for themselves in the Yiddish world the *Freiheit* shortly afterward took him in. He recently visited Russia and is now a defender of the faith.

Before Nadir came to it, the *Freiheit* had on its staff a poet, Moishe Loeb Halperin by name; he wrote vigorous verse and delighted in using bar-room language, something which was very much to the liking of the Comrades; yet even poor, innocent Halperin could not conform to the regulations as laid down by the priesthood of Muscovy and had to leave. Some of the belles-lettrists who are now with the *Freiheit* appear to have pretty rough sailing and their lot will probably continue to be a hard one, not only in a spiritual, but also in a financial sense, for the *Freiheit* is poor.

But whatever one may say about it, it must be given credit for making a big noise in the Yiddish world. It has stirred up many a hornet's nest on the East Side, and has worked as a leaven on the other Yiddish papers, arousing passions and polemics which, were it not for the *Freiheit* and the brethren of the Communist confession, would have lain and slept very smugly and stupidly side by side in the spiritual lethargy of present-day, prosperous America.

IV

Der Tog (*The Day*) stands midway between the radicalism of the Socialist *Vorwärts* and Communist *Freiheit* and the conservatism of the *Morgen Journal* and the *Yiddische Tageblatt*. Its Liberalism is of a timid, apologetic sort, never aggressive. It is Zionist without being a party organ, and is sympathetic to Labor without being Socialist. During political campaigns it usually gives its support to the Democratic party. Although it tries in a halting fashion to attract the young who cannot read Yiddish by a Sunday English page, its programme is more Yiddishist than that of the other East Side papers. It supports that section of the Jewish *intelligentsia* which is fighting for the preservation of Yiddish as the Jewish language in this country and for the fostering of a sound Yiddish literature by means of books, lectures and, primarily, schools, where the young are to be taught early to imbibe the East European culture of their parents. Although many of the radical leaders who group around the *Forward* are also in favor of these Yiddishist schools and have established quite a few of them throughout the country, Mr. Cahan has consistently opposed them, believing as he does that such training is not in harmony with American life and arguing that Yiddish in this country is bound to die sooner or later.

Der Tog was started in 1914 as an organ of the *intelligentsia* under the editorship of Herman Bernstein, well known to readers

of English as a foreign correspondent and translator from the Russian. But Bernstein did not long remain with the paper. He was succeeded by William Edlin, a graduate of the University of California and a friend of Jack London, who was with the *Tog* until recently. Its present editor is Dr. S. Margoshes, a young man who, like Edlin, received the major part of his Jewish and secular education in the United States.

From its very inception the *Tog* drew to itself such Yiddish celebrities as Sholom Aleichem, the famous humorist who died in 1916; Dr. Haim Zhitlovsky and the late Dr. Nachman Syrkin, two philosophers of Jewish radicalism whose quibblings with regard to Socialism, Zionism, Yiddishism and Hebraism were a constant delight to the highbrow readers of that paper while they were kept up; Abraham Raisin, already mentioned in connection with the *Freiheit;* and Peretz Hirschbein, whose powerful dramas of pastoral life in Russia have been presented in translation on the American stage. Hirschbein, who is a world traveller and who was last heard from from the Orient, still contributes occasionally to the *Tog*. Zhitlovsky, too, still writes for it from time to time. The late Solomon Bloomgarten (Yehoash), a poet of genuine distinction, was also a *Tog* contributor.

A well-known Yiddish writer whose writings appear regularly in the *Day* is Leon Kobrin. In his novels and dramas he has portrayed the spiritual struggles of the more intelligent Jewish immigrants in their efforts to conform to American standards and ideas. S. Niger is primarily a critic of literature and secondarily a publicist; he is a fanatical defender of the Yiddishist position and is spiritually more at home in Poland than in America. Dr. A. Coralnik, a publicist of some repute, is a phrasemonger whose distinction seems to lie mainly in the fact that he is continually hurling at his dazzled readers quotations from the Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hindustani, Malay, Patagonian and what not.

Of a different calibre is Reuben Brainin, famous both here and abroad as a publicist in Yiddish and Hebrew. Brainin's style is charmingly simple, lucid and honest. Although a master of many languages and literatures, he never seeks to befuddle his readers with professorial stunts. He is the one Yiddish publicist who is always interesting in what he has to say, and his articles come as a welcome relief from the intolerable pomposity and dullness of some of the other *Tog* writers. The impress of the culture of Germany, where Brainin lived many years, is apparent in his excellent literary judgment; he is one of the very few Yiddish writers whose tastes are not provincial but cosmopolitan and civilized. His courage as a publicist was very clearly shown recently, when, as the result of a visit to Russia, he publicly praised the efforts now being made there to convert Jewish tradesmen into farmers, and declared boldly that "all those who are opposing the Russian-Jewish colonization plan are committing a crime against the Jewish people." This statement was made by Brainin, although he is a vice-president of the American Zionist organization, which body at its last convention went on record as opposed to the Russian colonization scheme, seeing in it a dangerous competition to its own efforts at Palestinian colonization.

Louis Miller, one of the ablest editorial writers Yiddish journalism has produced, recently joined the *Day* forces. Miller's career on the East Side during more than a generation has been a stormy one, and many a time, when it seemed certain that his day was done, he refused to stay buried, but popped up with a new paper. In the early days of the *Vorwärts* he was one of its editors and bitterly fought Cahan's policies. Even at the beginning of the war, before America had entered, Miller as editor of the *Warheit* was strongly pro-Ally in his sentiments and so managed to make himself unpopular with large masses of his readers, particularly those who came from districts formerly ruled by the Aus-

trian monarchy, who were decidedly pro-German. After the demise of the *Warheit* (which was amalgamated with the present *Tog*) Miller made two abortive attempts to establish a Yiddish morning paper to compete with the prosperous *Morgen Journal;* the last which he tried unsuccessfully to keep going, *Die Neie Warheit*, was in tabloid form, the first experiment with tabloids ever made in the Yiddish field. This paper held on for about a half year. Miller on the *Tog* today does not appear to command the respect that was his a decade or two ago.

V

Of all the dull sheets in America few can pride themselves upon being duller than the *Morgen Journal* or *Jewish Morning Journal*, as it calls itself in English. (Why do all Yiddish papers bear English cognomina on their mastheads? Is it to show the *Goyim* that after all they are not so strangely foreign?) The *Morgen Journal* was founded twenty-five years ago by the late Jacob Saphirstein, a sort of Yiddish Pulitzer both in his abilities and his eccentricities, whose great ambition was to establish an American paper in Yiddish, a paper that would teach its readers the laws, customs and ideals of the new land and mold them into good Americans of the Orthodox Jewish faith. In religion and politics Saphirstein was extremely conservative and he had a cordial hatred for the Zionists. The *Morgen Journal*, like the *Tageblatt*, has never been issued on Saturdays and Jewish holidays. Today it still supports religious orthodoxy and the Republican party—a continuance of the Saphirstein tradition. Being the only Yiddish morning paper in New York and containing therefore page after page of classified advertisements, the *Morgen Journal* is, next to the *Vorwärts*, the most prosperous of them all, with a circulation of about eighty thousand.

What ails the *Morgen Journal* is prosperity and absence of competition plus Zionism. Its present publisher, Israel Friedkin, who inherited the paper when his uncle Saphirstein died childless, is of the second generation of the East Side, and the only Yiddish publisher in the millionaire class. Just as was the case with Frank Munsey, *olov hasholem*, Friedkin regards a newspaper no differently from a grocery store, and looks upon the editorial department as mainly a feeder for the advertising columns. Recently the *Morgen Journal* became a quarter of a century old, but there were no festivities, not even a special anniversary edition, in honor of the event. The feeling in its office seems to be that as long as the *Morgen Journal* is the only one in its field and as long as the circulation of Yiddish papers in general is still good, why bother to make it livelier? In direct contrast to the policy of Saphirstein, the *Morgen Journal* has become the semi-official organ of the Zionist movement, and because of its extremely nationalistic policy it devotes rather more space to news of Jewish doings abroad than it does to American affairs. The only man on the staff who still manages to maintain part of the Saphirstein tradition is Peter Wiernik, nominally the editor but in reality only the chief editorial writer, whose daily two columns of three editorials each are sometimes in direct contrast to the general policy of the paper.

While his editorials savor of the dullness of the New York *Times* editorial page, Wiernik is nevertheless the most interesting figure in Yiddish journalism, next to Cahan. Jewish life never produced a greater contrast than these two men. Cahan is radical in his ideas, dynamic, impetuous and somewhat erratic in temperament, never afraid of new innovations, ever the stormy petrel in one fight or another; Wiernik is a Tory, calm, reserved, never given to anger, the most methodical and punctual man I have ever met. While Cahan may be regarded as typical of the Russian *intelligentsia* that was nourished on revolutionary ideas during more than a half century, Wiernik looks, acts and writes as would a New Englander of the generation of Emerson, Longfellow and

Lowell. Had his grandparents come over to America on the *Mayflower*, he might have been today the editor of the Boston *Transcript* or the *Christian Science Monitor* instead of the *Morgen Journal*. A scholarly man who would appear to be detached from the world's active interests, he walks through the noisy, ugly East Side streets as if he had come there from a far-away land; yet his heart responds warmly to Jewish suffering, and the Jewish religion finds in him a strong, albeit never hot, defender.

Wiernik is in love with everything American, sees all the virtues of the world embodied in Anglo-Saxondom and no good whatsoever in the Slavs, and never misses an opportunity to chastise the Jewish radical element for its romantic yearnings for the erstwhile land of Czars and pogroms and present *terra bolshevikia*. He has written a "History of the Jews in America" in English with the one idea of showing their attachment to the United States ever since it was founded. Beside his three editorials a day, which never fill more or less than two columns and which he has been delivering punctually for the last twenty-five years, he also writes book reviews for the Sunday paper. He never writes in harsh terms of an author and his work. If he cannot say anything complimentary, his kindly heart (his sixtieth birthday, and he is a bachelor, was recently celebrated) will not allow him to tear the poor poet's or novelist's book to tatters, and so he limits himself in such cases to a mere mention of its contents. Such an attitude is not unusual in the American press, but among the Berserker Yiddishers it is extraordinary and confined to Wiernik.

He has always been lukewarm toward Zionism and even today is not whooping it up for the Cause as much as the Zionists would want, although tremendous pressure is brought to bear upon him and he now gives mild consent to the Zionistic activities. He is an important member of the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee for Relief Abroad and supports the present efforts of that organization to colonize Jews as farmers in Soviet Russia, although the other editors of the paper, being party Zionists, are opposed to it. Zionist politicians now run and overrun the *Morgen Journal*, to such an extent that even the news columns of the paper, which were always regarded as the most informative and fairest of all the Yiddish newspapers, are being colored to suit the ends of the Zionist statesmen.

Outside of Wiernik, the *Morgen Journal* boasts no writer of distinction. Louis Miller, already mentioned, once declared that "if Wiernik's editorials were placed somewhere between the want ads of the *Morgen Journal*, more people might read him." It is true that the paper is read mainly for two reasons: because of its Help Wanted and Business Chances columns and because there is no other Yiddish morning paper in New York.

VI

Dos Yiddische Tageblatt, (the *Jewish Daily News*), the oldest Yiddish daily extant, is read by the bearded element of American Jewry—orthodox rabbis (*Rabonim*), holy meat killers (*Shochtim*), Hebrew teachers (*Melamdim*), itinerant preachers (*Magidim*), marriage performers (*Mesadrai Kidushin*), doctors of circumcision (*Mohelim*), and the followers of all these godly men. It emphasizes strict orthodoxy in religion, even more so than does the *Morgen Journal*. In the dispute of a year ago between the orthodox element and the heretical Stephen S. Wise over the latter's declaration of love for Christ, the *Tageblatt* led the orthodox in the fight to have Stephen ousted as chairman of the Zionist Fund campaign. Even the *Morgen Journal*, although traditionally orthodox in its policies, found it difficult to make up its mind as to whether or not the Wise resignation should be accepted, since the Zionist leaders were opposed to letting go such a wonderful shekel-gatherer. The *Tageblatt*, for over a week, with page-headings, fiery

Editorials and articles every day screaming "Wise Must Go!", with its gallant editor, Mordecai Bublik, appearing in person at the Zionist meeting to denounce him, was alone in its anti-Wise stand—and lost out.

Except for such occasional flare-ups, the *Tageblatt* shows little vitality. Nevertheless, after seeing other Yiddish papers come and go during almost a half century, it still manages to drag on through the inertia of an old-established reputation, and its imminent demise is by no means a certainty. Its circulation is comparatively low, but its readers are mostly in the smaller towns, where orthodoxy is more strongly intrenched than in the large cities and where reading the *Tageblatt* is as much a habit as making the Kiddush prayer before supper every Friday night.

Like the *Morgen Journal*, the *Tageblatt* supports the Republican party and is generally conservative. While it is Zionistic, it is not a party organ like the *Morgen Journal*, and very often is at loggerheads with the Zionist leaders over questions of policy. Its editor, the afore-mentioned Bublik, despite his strong adherence to medieval religion, is an enlightened man otherwise and his polemical editorials usually make interesting reading.

Although the *Tageblatt* in its poverty is handicapped by the absence of writers of distinction, it nevertheless fulfills its function admirably, mirroring as it does the quaint old Jewish life and customs which, under the constant hammering of the forces of Americanization and Babbittry, will probably not survive very much longer in this country. It has a department, "Ueber Ganz Amerike," wherein correspondents tell of the religious life in their various communities—of the ceremonies attendant upon the inaugural of a new orthodox rabbi in a town, of a hot fight raging between various groups of bearded patriarchs over the very important question of who shall supervise the killing of *kosher* meat, of a festival celebration in honor of the acquisition of a scroll of the law (*Sefer Torah*) in some synagogue, and of many another episode of Jewish life.

Dos Tageblatt devotes a half-page every day to English, having been the first Yiddish daily to inaugurate an English section for the young. Dr. I. Bril is the English editor and he ably defends the orthodox point of view against the constant aggressions of the reformed and half-reformed elements. The late J. Zevin, also known to Yiddish readers under the pen-name of Tashrak, years ago created in the *Tageblatt* the humorous character of Haim der Customer Peddler, somewhat analogous to the Mr. Dooley type; of late years, with Haim rich and living with his wife Henrietta in a swell Jewish suburb somewhere around Manhattan, Zevin has had his hero re-baptized and Americanized under the name of Charlie Carp.

With Jewish immigration virtually barred by law and with the American-born element discarding the language, the doom of Yiddish in the United States is foreseen by all. Yet it may continue to flourish for another decade, since a large proportion of its foreign-born readers are not as old as may be imagined and these people, even if they do learn to read an English newspaper, still retain an attachment for the Yiddish; sentiment and the habits of a lifetime are not so easily destroyed. But whenever it may please the Yiddish newspapers to abdicate they will not have left the American scene without having created a marked impression upon journalism and literature in this country. Now that the German-language press has lost most of its influence and prestige, the Yiddish newspapers are in the forefront of the fight against the blighting effects of industrialism and standardization upon the American mind. Among the forces that are battling for individual liberty and individual expression (no Yiddish paper, for instance, has a good word to say for Prohibition) the Yiddish press, representative of a race that is itself remarkably individualistic, cannot be overlooked and will not in after years be entirely forgotten.

THE LAWS WE ESCAPE

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

In addition to the thousands of laws which our State lawgivers hopefully adopt at their periodic deliberations to cure the evils which afflict us, they propose thousands more which never come to term. Indeed, the laws that adorn the books are but a handful to the bills that slumber fitfully in legislative archives. When the legislator seizes his fountain pen, and writes "A Bill to be Entitled An Act," he already gives us an inkling of the fervent hopes that move him. A Bill? What is it but the shy and hesitant idea of a single Solon in the grip of the creative spirit? But an Act? The same, but now in the guise of a conclusive and awful fiat. Yet, although the bills endure but for the brief space of a single session, and then are lost in the legislative shambles, they are far more valuable than the actual laws to the student of the legislative mind. They are the red-hot inspirations of gifted men, and represent all they would really do in the first flush and excitement of their arrival at the capitolian hills. Their compass is much greater than that of the actual laws, immense as the latter is, and so they furnish a more complete picture of the legislative libido. They are the *reductio ad absurdum* of the legislative process, and it is only when one has examined them in all their rich variety of subject, mood and object that one really begins to reach the inner core of the legislative psyche.

If one is alert as one travels through the land and happens to visit the different State capitals, there will often come to one's incredulous ears reports of recent stupendous legislative battles. Thus, one day in Richmond I learned that not so long ago a Virginia representative introduced into the Legislature a bill to discard the Newtonian physics for the physics of Einstein, and, I believe, in the public schools! In the charming town of Raleigh another day a confiding citizen recalled an heroic effort of one of the State lawgivers to prohibit the sale of coca-cola within the confines of North Carolina. He wanted to save the coca-cola fans from themselves. I happened to be in Columbia when I encountered a tremendous bill that was agitating the Legislature of South Carolina. Popularly known as the Anti-Hair-Tonic Act, it was intended to forbid the sale of any hair-tonic or other toilet preparation containing alcohol unless the purchaser executed a certificate under the pains and penalties of perjury that he did not intend to imbibe it as a beverage. Even then it could be sold only to "the head of a family."

Since then my researches have uncovered scores of bills equally fantastic. In Illinois a lawgiver has moved to erect municipal garages in the public parks. Then there is one who would have prohibited a charge of more than seventy-five cents for any ticket to a baseball game, including a reserved seat. Another would make it a misdemeanor for a dentist to advertise that he performs painless dentistry, or that he possesses any similar hellishly abnormal skill. Not to be outdone, one who must have witnessed a performance of "A Man's Man" has introduced a bill to make it a crime to bring in a member for a lodge without authority. A colleague would tax magazines that sell for fifteen cents a copy or more, and another would make it

a crime to use the American flag as a belt.

To look at a few from the Middle West, one finds in Minnesota a bill to penalize the broadcasting of slander by radio, and a bill inventing a special procedure for the discharge of professors in colleges. An Indiana legislator in a mood of Coolidge economy would forbid school text-books to be changed more often than once in ten years, and another Hoosier has a scheme for the organization of State chautauquas. A fearful Michigan Solon has arisen to make it a crime to move a tenement from off a lot when there are unpaid taxes on it. There is a Michigan law-maker, too, who would forbid the construction of roofs with wooden shingles. In Missouri, a master of the arts of statecraft would make it a crime to catch a frog, apparently oblivious of all the eager biology classes in the State colleges. A Nebraska representative would ban all newspaper contests. In Ohio, mother of Presidents, appears a Solon who would penalize the use of any President's or ex-President's portrait as an advertisement.

The great State of Pennsylvania holds its own in this field, as in others. One of its sages is in the van with a bill to provide a separate toilet for every recitation-room in the public schools. There is also one who would make it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to go to press without stating upon its face the exact time of doing so. Then, one dissatisfied with the town ordinances would have a State-wide law against loafing on street corners. Apparently the old Quaker influence still persists if we are to judge from a bill making it a high crime to "wilfully cut, snipe or sever any hair from any female." During the last regular session, moreover, one of the Penn Solons, the Hon. Mr. Burke, introduced a bill prohibiting the exposure of bare legs on the stage. For some obscure reason, it was referred to the Committee on Iron and Coal. In Connecticut dwells one who would outlaw book-agents, and in New Jersey one who would forbid sending one of those frightfully clever letter advertisements that come in the form of a legal summons. The Maryland Free State offers several even more imaginative ideas. I find a bill to forbid a clergyman to split his fee for performing a marriage ceremony, a bill to provide for the establishment of the gaudy office of Academician of Maryland, and a bill to forbid political candidates from making campaign pledges. This proposed election law has been matched only in Arizona, where a bill has been introduced to forbid the hiring of an automobile for the purpose of making campaign speeches.

A Mississippi lawgiver would forbid anyone from soliciting charity from any public school-teacher, and another would have school children as early as the sixth grade instructed in the whole contents of the Penal Code, plus the judicial annotations. An even more astounding proposal comes from the same moron State. The realtor's hand is plainly in it. The bill makes it a crime to slander the character of any piece of real estate in the State. A North Carolina dodo would make it a misdemeanor to waste soap in any public-comfort station and another would provide a modest pension for farmers reaching the patriarchal age of three score years and ten, and still another would make the wearing of any mask *prima facie* evidence of intent to commit a crime, except when going to a Hallowe'en party, masquerade or a lodge meeting. But a North Carolina bill that is really a wow is one entitled "A Bill to be Entitled An Act Relating to Unmarried Girls and Widows." It is *verbatim*, so help me God:

> The General Assembly of North Carolina do Enact:
>
> That every girl or widow who refuses to marry a bachelor when asked to do so shall be fined not less than $100 or serve not less than six months on the public roads, and pay a poll tax of one dollar, the same to go to the schools.

In Texas, the sale of imperfect oranges has given a lawgiver great concern. He consequently sponsored a bill to prohibit the sale of such oranges under penalty. In Virginia is the domicile of another who

proposes that it be made a crime for anyone to go into a cemetery at night for any purpose except to visit the grave of a member of his family. A friend, no matter how dear, does not count apparently, nor a sweetie gone to the land of shade. Ah, Romeo, ah, Romeo! In Florida, during the last session there, much ado was made by a lawgiver who wanted to have the name of the Gulf of Mexico changed to the Gulf of Florida. How Florida alone could accomplish this he did not make clear. During the same session the proceedings were enlivened with what is, perhaps, the most picturesque bill of all. It was entitled "A Bill to be Entitled An Act to Provide That All Cigar Stores in This State Shall Cause a Wooden Indian to be Placed in Such Manner in Front of Their Shops as to be Plainly Seen by the Public." Was this legislator against smoking cigars, and thus eager to make their sale as burdensome as possible, or did he just sentimentally yearn for the color of the good old days? Perhaps he wished to inculcate the moral that the only good Indian is a wooden Indian.

II

If one pauses to analyze critically a few of these samples, one begins to discover a predominant motive in all this legislative activity. When the legislator knits his brows, he is supposed in theory to be harboring lofty and conscientious scruples with respect to the public good. When he introduces a bill, he is presumed to meditate upon the welfare of his constituents. Above all, he is assumed to be bound by considerations of public policy. But the fact is that the legislative mind only functions to the full extent of its lush potentialities when the legislator himself has been wronged in his own person. It is when he, personally, has been jipped, stepped upon, his pride hurt, his dignity assailed, his rights invaded,—it is only then that he gets really interested in the business of lawmaking. In other words, he works to the best advantage when he is hot under the collar. When the average man is flaunted he must grin and bear it. The best he can do is a letter to his newspaper, signed Pro Bono Publico. But not so the legislator. He not only says angrily: "There orter be a law," but forthwith introduces one.

Take a few of the bills I have mentioned: the Illinois bill against advertising painless dentistry, the North Carolina bill against the ladies who turn down bachelors, the Texas bill against selling rotten oranges, the Connecticut bill against book-agents. Like every other creative artist, the legislator creates his masterpieces out of his own experience, and a bitter experience must be at the bottom of every one of these bills. The novocaine probably did not take well when the Illinois lawgiver had his tooth pulled. The North Carolina legislator must have loved desperately and in vain. Tony, the Wop, must have sold the Texas Solon a dozen oranges that were not so good. And a slick book-agent must have palmed off a limited, *de luxe* set of Bulwer-Lytton at a walloping price upon the Connecticut lawmaker.

The legislator thus works off his grudges by translating them into creative passion. If the insult added to injury has not been visited upon him personally, we may be sure that it has at least befallen one who has his ears and his councils, or is near and dear to him. The garage keepers have drawn down many thunderbolts. A legislator's motor, let us say, breaks down and he is soaked by the nearest garage. The result is a bill to prescribe how much may be charged an hour for an automobile mechanic's labor and how much for parts supplied. The usual limit is 10%, 15%, or 20% above cost. Such bills have recently been introduced in Idaho, Michigan, and North Carolina, and they are favorites everywhere. In Illinois, I find a bill prohibiting lawyers under penalty of imprisonment from charging more than eighty cents an hour for their time, and time and a half for overtime. Obviously the sponsoring legislator is one of the few who is him-

self not a jurisconsult, and one may hazard the guess that he has run into a high-priced one at some time in his career. A California bill to penalize pharmacists for overcharging for liquor prescribed by a doctor is similarly very suspicious. In Indiana, a legislator must have been held up by a traffic cop in a way he has never forgotten since, for he has actually introduced a bill to abolish *in totem* the whole motor police force.

"The power to regulate," a sapient Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States once remarked, "is the power to destroy." Well do the legislators know this when they have grievances. They proceed to regulate. They do nothing if not regulate. The few remaining unregulated fields are bound to be swept soon by their attack. In Massachusetts it is moved to regulate the janitors of apartment-houses. In Missouri one finds a bill to regulate hot-dog stands, and another to regulate the professional guides of hunting or fishing parties. In Michigan there has appeared a bill to regulate the construction of sleeping-porches, and in Pennsylvania a bill to regulate the sale of furniture on the installment plan, which incidentally stipulates that the furniture delivered must be the same as the furniture purchased. From Florida comes a bill to regulate peddlars, requiring them to display the unit cost price of their goods. In Minnesota a solon would regulate the sale of bread so that it could not be sold without a label. From California I garner a bill to regulate the packing of macaroni, another to regulate the standard of canned olives, and still another to regulate the use of the titular abbreviation, Dr. In Illinois we have "A Bill to be Entitled An Act to Regulate the Avocation of Cook or Chef, and Providing Qualifications as to the Knowledge of Cooking." But it is New York, perhaps, which offers the leading regulatory idea. It is in a bill to regulate the manner of fitting hats. It provides that all hatters and milliners, before fitting, must cover the customer's head with a sanitary head-covering to be discarded after a single use. Did the lawgiver once get dandruff (or worse) through the neglect of these simple precautions? Or did the idea come to him analogically as he meditated upon individual sanitary drinking cups? Many of the ideas of legislators seem to come to them in this way through the operation of well-known psychological laws. One idea just leads to another. Even the fact that no evil may actually exist makes no difference when they get worked up in this way.

Certainly the hotels of the United States have very high ideals of Service. Yet, despite the fact that they exist but to serve, they have given many a legislator an unforgettable pain. A New Jersey lawgiver would make it *malum prohibitum* for a hotel to make any misrepresentation about its location, advantages or food. If this bill ever became a law the lake and tennis courts of the advertisements would actually have to be on the premises, and the distance from the railroad station would have to be exactly as stated. In Indiana I find a bill to compel every hotel to supply sanitary drinking cups in every room, and in Ohio a bill to prohibit hotels from using paper towels. An Illinois senator has it in for *châlets de nécessité* equipped with five-cent locks, and would make it criminal to maintain them. A notion from New York is to make it a misdemeanor to make a false statement about one hotel in order to induce a prospective guest to lodge in another hotel, and another from the same rare atmosphere is to do away with all the evils of hotel operation in one sweep by establishing a course in the science at Cornell University. In California there has originated a proposition to prohibit hotels from soliciting for guests on trains. A bill introduced into the North Carolina Legislature provided ingeniously:

> No hotel, lodging house, or rooming house in this State, whether operated upon the European or American plan, shall for a bed, cot, sofa, lounge, or other temporary device for sleeping placed in a hall, lobby, or sample room, or other

> space not a regular bedroom charge for the same room more than 75% of the original or regular charge for a single room without bath.

The bill was referred appropriately to the Committee on Propositions and Grievances. A colleague of its author sagely offered the following amendment in committee:

> No male person shall be placed in a room with another male person who snores. No female person shall be placed in a room with another female person who snores.

When a railroad runs afoul of a legislator, the result is inevitably A Bill to be Entitled an Act. In Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, and doubtless many other States, there have been fierce legislative combats to regulate the length of freight trains, and prohibiting railroads from operating trains more than half a mile long. We need but picture to ourselves the legislator in his motor stuck at a railroad crossing in the State capital (often a city of the second or third class, with the railroad running through the heart of it), fuming and foaming at the mouth while the freight glides slowly by. Another pet antipathy of the legislators is the Pullman surcharge, and consequently we have numerous bills to prohibit the railroads from collecting it. Down South, the feeling against Pullman surcharges is particularly strong, and hardly a session passes without such bills, as witness Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas. In fact, it has reached such proportions that the North Carolina legislators were recently forced to enact such a law. In due course, no doubt, a grand constitutional battle will be staged in Washington. A very lively apprehension must be responsible for the repeated attempts to compel the railroads to instal so-called first-aid kits in each passenger car. Such bills come of late from New York, California, Michigan and Missouri. The articles usually prescribed for these first-aid kits are as follows: one quart of distilled water, a roll of two-inch bandage, medicated cotton, aromatic spirits of ammonia, a bottle of peroxide, and a flashlight. Presumably the flashlight is intended to be used to really get first aid.

For the rest, the endless railroad bills are to be explained on the ground of the general animosity against railroads. Indeed, there has come down from the good old days a legislative tradition that no session is regular and complete without at least a few bills to harass the railroads. In two States as far apart as Arizona and Pennsylvania one finds legislators who want the railroads to employ special police of their own. An Illinois lawmaker would stipulate that when a railway employs six or more men on road repairs for a month or more it must erect at that point a suitable building to protect them against possible inclement weather. In Texas one finds a lawgiver who would prescribe a new and presumably improved type of cow-catcher for locomotives. In Tennessee there is another who has a bill to forbid a railroad from running more than eight miles an hour through tunnels. In Pennsylvania, at the last regular legislative session, there was actually introduced a bill to provide that railroads must keep locomotives "in a sanitary condition." Doubtless a new kind of health law. The Missouri and Indiana legislators, however, really lead the procession with bills for harassing the railroads. In Missouri, I find bills (*a*) to amend the Anti-Free-Pass Law so as to allow the guide of a blind person to have a free ride, (*b*) to prescribe the number of doors to be opened at station stops, and (*c*) to prohibit a railroad from moving a terminal once it has been established for five years (I will vow there is the decay of a legislator's home town in this). In Indiana I find (*a*) "A Bill to be Entitled An Act to Empower and Permit the Driver of a School Bus to Delegate to the Children Riding in his Bus the Duty of Watching Out for Trains at Railroad Crossings," (*b*) a bill to compel railroads to destroy weeds along the highways, (*c*) a bill to fine citizens for getting themselves carelessly bumped by a railroad train, and (*d*)

a bill to prohibit locomotives from running backward. The legislators already try their level best to prohibit the railroads from running forward. What between forbidding them running forward and forbidding them running backward, the roads will soon have nowhere to run at all.

III

The rule that the more manifold the irritations to which the legislator is subjected the greater his professional frenzy almost postulates the place of origin of the most engaging ideas in new legislation. *A priori*, one would suppose that for ideas of that sort such a State as Tennessee offered the richest possibilities. But a little reflection must show that one harboring that thought would be bound to be disappointed. The attentive reader cannot have failed to notice that Tennessee has received hardly more than honorable mention in this chronicle, and conversely, speaking by and large, that most of the really fancy innovations have tended to come in the East from New York and Pennsylvania, in the Middle West from Illinois and Indiana, in the Far West from California, and in the South largely from North Carolina and Florida. So the generalization holds good that the greater the population and wealth and the higher the level of civilization of a State, the more prolific its legislators are in gimcrack ideas for new and crazy laws. Thus, North Carolina boasts justifiably of being the most progressive State in the South, and of leading all the rest in its expenditures for schools and good roads, and Florida is the new El Dorado, until recently the realtor's Paradise, filled, moreover, with *emigrés* from the great cities, yet both run to the wildest sort of fool legislation.

On the other hand, in the backwoods and rural wastes the general bankruptcy of intelligence seems to be such that there is not enough of it to conceive even lunatic ideas for new laws. In such desolate parts, to be sure, if a legislator is smitten with any unusual idea for a law, however idiotic, his bucolic colleagues are so enchanted that, when they can control their envy, the chances are that they will adopt it as a law. But more often, it appears, the rural legislator is merely imitative. In this respect, there can be little doubt that the development of the legislative reference library in recent years has been in itself in great measure responsible for the excesses of our legislation. The legislators, through its instrumentality, are kept acquainted with each other's doings, with the result that ideas for new laws which might have otherwise found themselves quarantined in one State spread rapidly to the rest. There is even, be it known, an American Legislators' Association. For the rest, the rural legislators mainly introduce bills which emanate from organized and embattled lobbies. One cannot, for instance, imagine the Tennessee Solons having conceived the Anti-Evolution Law without the suggestion and intervention of their pastors.

We benefit, then, from a saving grace: while the really original and festive ideas for laws in abandonment and profusion emanate from the great industrial centres, very few of them proportionately are ever adopted. In all parts, the legislator, despite the high pretensions of his office, is not notable for cerebral endowment. But where civilization exists it is finally bound to make its restraining influence felt—to an extent. From such regions come the hard-boiled veteran committee chairmen who are able from strategic positions to clamp the brakes on their high-strung colleagues. This, alas, is a none too perfect world, and many of the grievances which exercise the latter are real. Worse, the average legislator in even the most favorable environment is incapable of harboring the simple philosophic idea that a state of affairs may be not exactly desirable, and yet be beyond the scope of legislation. Even Bernard Shaw recently denounced Christmas as an unbearable nuisance, and declared that there ought to be a law

against it. "The only difficulty," as he saw it, "is to draft a law making the celebration of Christmas a criminal act," a difficulty, it may be said, which saves us from many, many laws.

There are more bizarre bills introduced into the New York Legislature than into any other. I can mention but a few. There are bills to regulate the number of inhabitants in any given area, to protect sky scraper window-cleaners against themselves, to teach school children methods of inducing artificial respiration for application when a New Yorker takes gas or drowns, to make cloak-room owners put up bonds, to bring out the Tammany vote by having all fire and church bells loudly rung for fifteen minutes on election and registration days, to regulate the callings of literary agents and play-brokers, and to make Good Friday a public and legal holiday. Strangely enough, there has apparently been no bill as yet to make Yom Kippur a holiday.

The list of proposed new misdemeanors is even more appalling. Anyone who has tried to find a house number in a dark New York street will sympathize with the legislator who would make it a crime to display such a number inadequately. Then there are bills to make it a misdemeanor to move without leaving an address with the city clerk, to sell a newspaper at a greater price than is printed on its face, to unlawfully display a degree, or even (ah, woe, woe!) to unlawfully detain a milk bottle. The last Crime Wave invented by the tabloids was responsible for a bill to make all pawnbrokers take the finger prints, right in their shops, of any and all customers. This bill is to be matched, if at all, with one from the only State that has a regular, honest-to-goodness Crime Wave. I refer to Illinois, and the Chicago lawmaker's bill to forbid the sale of master keys to minors and to regulate all locksmiths.

The city and not the backwoods is thus mainly responsible for the huge number of bills introduced every year into the State Legislatures. They are inevitable in any megalopolitan civilization. The conditions of city life breed them. The city is filled with all sorts of cranks and visionaries and swept by all sorts of fads and fancies. The cranks are as often as not the legislators themselves. It is particularly in cities that one finds the legislator who will go on pathetically introducing the same crazy bill again and again, no matter how often it is rejected. They are men with fixed ideas. I happen to live in New York and know that the New York Legislature is filled with them, but they exist everywhere. There is, for instance, in the New York Legislature the Hon. Mr. Hackenberg, who session after session goes on introducing his famous Hypocrisy Bill, making it the crime of hypocrisy to advocate laws against free speech. There were also the Hon. Mr. Steinberg, who session after session from 1919 to 1924 went on introducing his bill to prevent horses from slipping in Winter, and the honest Hon. Mr. Mandelbaum, whose heart bled for the little school children and who session after session introduced a bill to give them free eye-glasses, and another, whose name I forget, who wanted to give them free lunches, not to mention breakfasts.

In Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco the same or similar projects are constantly showing themselves. Indianapolis, known to its inhabitants as the Great Inland City, and Detroit do pretty well for their sizes. The constant annoyances of city life supply infinite suggestions for new laws. There is, for instance, the restaurant. Bills against making cover-charges are almost commonplace. Two of the most notable restaurant bills on record come from Pennsylvania, one to regulate the character of finger bowls, and the other to make the proprietors of all public eating places equip them with stretchers and wheel-chairs, on the chance that some day a patron may be suddenly taken ill. One can see the triumphant slogan: "Eat our fish without fear of ptomaine poisoning. Our stretcher is always ready." Miami must undoubtedly be the source of

fool bill in Florida to prohibit a public eating place from serving a meal without menu card on the table, which moreover must state of each entry whether it is fresh or canned, and, if canned, the name of the manufacturer.

Then there is the telephone. New York boasts a bill to require telephone companies to list every local call in the monthly bill, one by one. Chicago wants to require the company to instal an electric clock in every long-distance telephone booth, so that the patron may make sure that he is not being jipped. Both the Windy City and the Buyers' Paradise have produced bills requiring telephone meters showing automatically the number of calls made every month. The theatre has aroused the metropolitan Solons almost as much. In most of the large cities, there are legislators who live apparently only to forbid theatres from selling seats when there are no longer any seats. By way of really juicy bills we have one from Illinois to forbid a movie proprietor from seating his patrons nearer than thirty feet to the silver screen, and one from Pennsylvania to forbid theatres to raise their prices on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

IV

The environmental factor similarly explains some curious fashions in proposed legislation in the South. I have already noticed the dislike of the poor Southern legislators for Pullman surcharges. Legislators in practically every Southern State have introduced bills to inoculate all the dogs in their respective jurisdictions against rabies. I do not know the statistics on the number of dogs in the South, but I am afraid that if the project were executed it would be enough to bankrupt the whole region. It will be remembered that Pasteur once had to put down a suggestion that he inoculate all the dogs in France. The Southern legislators are often torn by proposals to make pedestrians who walk the public highways at night carry lanterns. One cannot but regret the loss of the rear filament in the human species, which might have served as a convenient place for hanging this rear-light. Above all, the Southern legislators amuse themselves with bills for the transfer of their State capitals from one city to another. Most of the cities in the South are small and many are of approximately equal size; hence the jealousy among them is so great that even the considerable expense of erecting a new State Capital building is forgotten. Recently it has been proposed to move the capital of North Carolina from Raleigh to Charlotte, the capital of Georgia from Atlanta to Macon, and the capital of Florida from Tallahassee to Jacksonville.

In the East, the large alien population addles the wits of the legislators. The most prevalent bill is for the levying of a special yearly tax on aliens. As common, almost, are bills to register all aliens. New York contributes one to forbid aliens from acting as pickets in strikes, which in the clothing trades would obviously result in no picketing at all. But the two really star bills come from Michigan and Pennsylvania. In the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the Hon. Mr. Stadtlander (obviously a *Mayflower* American) introduced a bill to prohibit any alien from either owning or operating an automobile. The name of the author of the Michigan bill was Palmer. It forbade any alien running a restaurant, either as manager or as proprietor, to employ as a waitress, dishwasher, cashier, or in any other capacity, any female under the age of thirty-five. Above that age, Mr. Palmer apparently felt, they could be safely left to the most wicked alien.

The great industrial centres supply many novelties in labor legislation. From Illinois comes a bill to establish an eight-hour day for cops, and from Indiana a bill to employ women in the fire department. In Pennsylvania is a legislator who wants an ambulance to be permanently stationed at all times in every coal-mine. A New York legislator wants to establish a Museum of

Labor Devices. The great State of California is spendthrift in such labor legislation. It has lawgivers who would regulate the hours of pharmacy clerks, forbid a manager from receiving a gift to continue an employé in a job, and prescribe what reductions may be made in an employé's pay for tardiness. There are bills to prohibit employing anyone in an improperly heated room. A Michigan bill is entitled "A Bill to be Entitled an Act to Protect Toilers Against the Unjust Demands of their Employers." What do you think it provides? That no employer may compel an employé to have his picture taken!

But motor vehicle bills are, perhaps, more numerous than any others. I can stop only for the most cuckoo ones. In Pennsylvania, enraged motorists must be taking to destroying detour signs at wholesale, for there is a legislator there who would make it a crime to do so. A Texas lawgiver would make it a misdemeanor for an operator to have his automobile make unnecessary noises. In Michigan, the citizens ride to hounds in automobiles, and one of their lawgivers has introduced a bill to confiscate any motor vehicle unlawfully used in hunting. A New Yorker would make it a misdemeanor for an operator to have his car running while gas is being poured in at a filling station. From Connecticut comes a bill to prohibit sitting on the doors of motor vehicles, and from the Maryland Free State a bill to make it a crime for more than two adults to sit on the front seat of a car. Hard as it is to believe, there has actually been introduced a bill into the Ohio Legislature to make all motor vehicles carry tourniquets at all times as part of their equipment. In almost all States there have been bills to prohibit carrying dogs on the running boards of automobiles.

From all this rush and confusion in the legislative scene, various types of legislators begin to emerge. These are as definite as the types of chorus girls. They specialize. Their single-track minds concentrate on particular evils. When these are up for consideration, they can exercise themselves until they are absolutely maudlin. To all other evils they remain largely anæsthetic. There is the moral legislator, who is as liable to come from the lurid Babylons of the cities as from the cow patches of the farms. There is the patriot who is always seeing sinister dangers threatening the country. There is the laborite whose heart bleeds for the poor workingman. The humanitarian is common, too. He works hand in hand with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One of his perennial offerings is a bill to abolish capital punishment. Above all, looms the legislative Fundamentalist, who never lets a session slip by without proposing a call for a State constitutional convention so as to start all over again from the ground up.

Countless, indeed, are the swords of Damocles suspended over our heads. If we were always aware of the laws that are being launched, we could not sleep o' nights. From the very worst we are often delivered, but it must not be assumed that when a legislator's colleagues do not pass his bill they necessarily reflect upon its merits. Always they consider them very gravely. Many of the bills we have examined have been actually approved in committee, and often passed either one or the other of the houses. The legislator may encounter questions of privilege, or legislative jealousies, or be unskilled in the collective bargaining of legislation, and so lose out. We have to thank, too, the comparative brevity of the State legislative sessions, and the meagre pay, which makes the legislators eager to hurry home. Above all, there is always the threat of the gubernatorial veto in the background.

But the bills of today are the laws of tomorrow. They simply need a few years to gather momentum. Their unfamilarity at first affrights the legislators, but after a while, here and there, they will begin to cry for them like babies for Castoria. A few sessions back many of the more novel ideas in legislation that rack and

stound the country today were obscure ills in legislative catacombs. Their review therefore offers a sound basis for prophecy. If the legislator thinks in terms of evils, he must naturally think in terms of movements. Many of the bills I have noticed have appeared in sufficiently diverse places to be entitled to this awful designation. A movement is an idea that goes marching on to shouts of "Glory! Hallelujah!"

Particularly do moral and regenerative ideas make movements. There is an increasing demand to make it a crime to park in automobile in dark spots for the purpose of partaking of unlawful joys and felicities. "It shall be unlawful," so read the texts, "for any person or persons not being a man and wife to stop any automobile or other vehicle on the public roads." Another up-and-coming movement is for laws to require more decorous attire for those engaged in basketball, football, baseball, track meets, and all other athletic exhibitions. Let our stalwart athletes blush for their modesty, especially the football and baseball players. Another movement aims at marriage bans to restrain the headlong marriages of the Younger Generation. Above all, there is now under way a movement to protect the home, by creating a new crime: the crime of disrupting a home.

Finally, we have a major movement which gains headway with every year; the movement to tax bachelors. Bills embodying it are of very recent vintage in Connecticut, Florida, Indiana and North Carolina. The most mild is the Connecticut bill, which would impose but a mere ten-dollar tax *per annum*. The most equitable is the Florida bill, which would also tax old maids. But the most savage bill is the North Carolina one, for it provides that the money raised in this way shall be paid over to worthy spinsters who reside in the same county as the bachelor. The rate, moreover, is as high as $100 a month. It will not be long, perhaps, before we shall out-Mussolini Mussolini. God save us!

ÆSCULAPIUS IN MANHATTAN

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE great city of New York, having more hotels, night-clubs, theatres, head-waiters, door-openers, expensive ladies and other such luxuries than any other place on earth, is regarded as fair game in all the more Christian parts of the nation, and is the ultimate objective of every American go-getter who has something to sell for several times what it is worth. This is partly due, no doubt, to the eloquence and zeal of its advertising geniuses. "Know the New York market" is the tip they pass out to the out-of-town *entrepreneur*. The more fantastic the product, it appears, the greater are likely to be the sales.

The bootleggers, of course, discovered all this in the infant days of their craft. They found that rich and eminent New Yorkers were willing to travel down to the steamship piers at 2 o'clock in the morning, go through any amount of hocus-pocus and expense and emerge triumphant with a case of just-off-the-boat Scotch that had been trundled on the wharf that same evening from a redistillation plant. They knew that the same highly sophisticated metropolitans would motor far down the sand dunes of the Jersey coast, and there watch, by the light of flickering torches, the real thing being dug out of the sand—where it had been buried five or six hours before. All other American business men, whether they operate within or without the law, know where the gullible gather in the greatest number. There are more trusting souls in New York, they have learned, than victims of pyorrhea. Most of them, to be sure, are immigrants from Buffalo, Chicago, Kansas City and points West. Many others are not New Yorkers at all, even by residence, but parts of the town's vast floating population. But whatever their status, they are all easy to rook, and they have the cash.

This great truth has of late reached the ears of the medical profession.

If New York is willing to support an army of door-openers, hall-boys dressed like Bulgarian major-generals and hat-check girls, it is not remarkable that it is also properly receptive toward health specialists. So the go-getters of the scalpel and stethoscope pour in, and become part of the expanding group now cashing in on the real or imagined diseases of the metropolitan population. Sometimes they build up practices with celerity by splitting surgeon's fees, a device officially condemned by the profession but widely prevalent and almost never exposed. Or they get juicy commissions from *x*-ray laboratories or from the manufacturers of philtres and appliances. Sometimes they become financially interested in private hospitals with exorbitant rates. Whatever the process, the motto is always to charge whatever the traffic will bear. When they attain to affluence and dignity they draft resolutions for the medical societies denouncing the reprehensible tricks of those coming after them.

Hundreds of the men now in practice as healers in New York are quacks who have never smelled the perfumes of a medical college. In their varied ranks are practitioners of the following mystic sciences: æro-therapy, diet-therapy, mechano-therapy, physio-therapy, naturo-therapy, spondylo-therapy, quartz-therapy, geo-therapy, zodiac-therapy, and spectro-ther-

py. In addition there are the fake psycho-aalysts, who specialize in love-sick ladies ad gentlemen, the barbers who have come chiropractors, the hypnotists, the t-reducers, the quack plastic surgeons, d the colored practitioners who, with ppropriate voodoo rites, cover their pa-ents with hot herbs and leave them to ke for three or four days.

New York is, in brief, filled with medi-ne men growing richer by the hour and pparently able to keep within the law and oid arrest. The established medical pro-ssion, always conservative and usually worried about abuses within its own nks, has finally been forced to take tion, and lately it supported the passage a State law which forces doctors to regis-every year. It is now illegal for any but censed practitioners to place M.D. after eir names or Dr. before them. The ex-gilist who runs a gymnasium can no nger advertise as Dr. John J. (Battling) Reilly. The statute is all-inclusive in its finition of the practice of medicine and clares a practitioner to be anyone who lds himself out as

> being able to diagnose, treat, operate or provide for any human disease, pain, injury, deformity, or physical condition and who shall offer to undertake, by any means or method, to diagnose, treat, operate or prescribe for any human disease, pain, injury, deformity or physical condition.

Obviously this should limit the activi-s of the quacks to working under the rection of licensed physicians. But actu-ly fat business men from down-town are ll riding on electric horses in a hundred udios of health, and the obituary columns the newspapers are still filled with tales captains of industry who have per-ned of heart disease. The electro-ther-ists still operate apparatus approaching awesomeness the electric-chair at Sing ng. As long as these and the other miracle orkers are allowed to have establishments e law is about as effective as the Volstead the Mann Acts. The quack just starting business often begins with a hairdressing rlor. Then he becomes a masseur and gives fat reduction treatments. Eventually he buys some machines that give out sparks or alluring light rays when a switch is pulled. He guarantees that anything under Heaven can be cured, so long as payments are made in advance. Thus his atelier blossoms out as an Institute of Health.

For years the New York business man was little concerned about his health or physical appearance. He was content to add to his bankroll and his weight at the same time. But more recently he has become convinced that even in the world of business no one loves a fat man. So he pores over Bernarr Macfadden's *Physical Culture*, does his daily dozen to the curt commands of the radio, and goes in for golf. In many cases, feeling that he cannot cope with the situation alone, he places himself in the hands of the physio-therapist. Gradually, in the name of efficiency, he has become a patron of gymnasia. These gymnasia are located at strategic points. Several are in the large office buildings near Wall street, so that financiers, having wrestled all day with the rate of exchange, may conveniently engage in combat with the rising tide of corpulency. Some are in the big hotels. Others are in the outskirts of the city, where country air can be offered as an added inducement to the scientific pursuit of vim and vigor. It is in the business men's gymnasium that the electric horse, formally approved by President Coolidge a few years ago, is tethered. There, also, dwells the less excitable electric camel.

In many of the establishments ex-pugilists undertake to prescribe for obesity, indigestion, rheumatism, lumbago, gout and insomnia. The New York business man, a mighty czar in his own office, meekly places himself in the hands of a professor with cauliflower ears and a broken nose. He wheezes on the handball court for hours and allows himself to be beaten, slapped and bruised by rubbers who might earn money on the side, and maybe do, as sparring partners for Gene Tunney. He perches perilously on a Coolidge horse and gallops for dozens of kilowatt miles.

"The New York business man," lamented a city official who had been investigating this state of affairs, "is a boob once he has his clothes off. In his office he wears swell clothes and a vest with white braid. He's got a bunch of push-buttons and secretaries. He's the boss. Naked, he does whatever some plug-ugly in a gymnasium tells him to. He'll meekly obey orders, be slammed around and come back for more. He isn't in shape for it and stands a fine chance of being hurt, but the fellow who runs the gymnasium doesn't know it. Why, up on one of the health farms outside the city they put a lot of fat old fellows on horses one cold Winter morning, galloped them for five miles and made them walk back on foot through the snow. It's a wonder they all didn't die!"

Thus the physio-therapists are doing nicely. One pays out $18,000 a year for rent alone. In several establishments business men pay a yearly fee of $1,000 each to be kept fit. The professors, being hustlers, watch business conditions carefully. A year or so ago they discovered that the fur trade was booming. A survey disclosed an increasing number of stout merchants in the wholesale fur district. Being affluent, they were attempting to avoid the excess profits taxes by eating as much as possible. Salesmen from the gymnasia called on them, holding forth on the dangers of obesity. These salesmen made many converts. That obesity is frequently a disease, that it is highly dangerous for anyone to reduce too quickly, that a 350-pound man is really ill—such facts do not worry the gymnasium directors.

II

Any New Yorker who is ill is apt to find himself in a mean fix. He is, to begin with, very unlikely to know much about the physicians in his neighborhood: he is thus lucky if he does not call in a quack. And when he is fortunate enough to get a competent man he finds, if he goes to a hospital, that the costs are ruinously high. He learns that few if any of the hospitals make the slightest effort, even unofficially, to limit the fees charged by the surgeons who man them. At the Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, a schedule is established which limits the amounts that may be collected from private patients. Surgeons with operating privileges at the institution cannot charge more, no matter how wealthy the patient or how complicated the case. But the medical profession in New York looks slightly ill whenever any such scheme is suggested for local adoption and moans about the vast quantity of charity work that it does. It is the theory in the town occasionally put into practice, that the price of a major operation should be ten per cent of the patient's yearly income. Actually, the surgeon usually gets whatever he can. He will often, like the realtor, shave his first quotation in order to get a case.

About 65% of the New York scalpel wielders, I am informed in such reliable quarters that it is impossible to doubt the accuracy of the indictment, split their fees with the medical practitioners from whom they get their business. That is to say, the medical man who first tells the patient that surgical treatment is necessary receives from one-third to one-half of the amount ultimately collected by the surgeon. If the surgeon can do so safely, he simply adds this commission to the sum of his bill and so avoids paying it himself. Recently a young Manhattan physician, who had declined to indulge in this lucrative custom, sent a tonsilitis case to a fashionable throat specialist. Later in the day the specialist's secretary called him on the telephone.

"Thank you for that case," she said. "Dr. Blank always gets $400 for the operation."

The practitioner pretended that he did not understand. "That," he replied, "is a matter for him to arrange with the patient. I think she is quite able to pay the regular rate."

The distinguished surgeon's assistant coughed.

"Quite so," she persisted, "but he always
ts the physician know that $400 is the
asic charge. How much do you want him
) add to the bill?"

Splitting fees is, of course, considered
ighly improper by the medical profession.
he American College of Surgeons, to
hich most surgical men of any standing
ow belong, makes doing it ground for
pulsion. Applicants for fellowship in the
llege must take the following oath:

Upon my honor as a gentleman, I hereby declare
that I will not practice the division of fees, either
directly or indirectly, in any manner whatsoever.

And on the front page of the year-book
the college is this elaboration of the
me idea:

I pledge myself to refuse utterly all money trades
with consultants, practitioners or others; to teach
the patient his financial duty to the physician and
to expect the practitioner to obtain his compensa-
tion directly from the patient; to make my fees
commensurate with the service rendered and with
the patient's rights; and to avoid discrediting my
associates by taking unwarranted compensation.

nfortunately, the pledge is not binding
surgeons who are not fellows of the
llege. From time to time, at meetings of
e various local medical societies, fee
litting is violently denounced. Dignified
edics, with impressive whiskers and
arming bedside manners, declare it a dis-
ace to the profession. But some of these
ry men, I am told, rose to opulence and
inence by being more amiable in the
vision of the spoils than were their sur-
al competitors.

The scheme, it is obvious, brings patients
d prosperity most swiftly to the medicine
an who has the best head for business and
the least handicapped by ethical prud-
es. His trade, at bottom, is simply that
buying and selling sick people. The
erage patient knows nothing of what is
ing on. He gives himself to the surgeon
commended by his doctor, and the doc-
r booms the surgeon who has agreed to
ve him the best break on the bills. Some
embers of the profession, exceptionally
nest and frank, attempt openly to justify
e-splitting. They point to the wide differ-
ence between the low rates paid to the family doctor and the large sum which the surgeon can demand for a half hour of work. The medical man, moreover, builds up the surgeon's practice by his recommendations. Frequently, of course, the practitioner's favors are returned in kind. Divided, the surgeon and the doctor are apt to starve in New York. United, they prosper through profit-sharing.

Among my acquaintances is a young surgeon living on the upper West Side. He has adequate hospital connections, did some excellent work during the late war, and his professional standing and skill are unquestioned. In the neighborhood in which he has an office there are plenty of affluent potential patients. During the first few months after he opened his shop several of the local medicine men dropped in, ostensibly to bid him welcome. Gradually they turned the conversation to the condition of the medicine business. All in all, they agreed, it was not bad. The weather had been raw and tonsilitis was prevalent. It was becoming increasingly fashionable for parents to have their children's tonsils removed. By the way, what proposition was the doctor willing to make with respect to their surgical cases? How about 40% of the returns from this business? The surgeon, recalling the oath of the College of Surgeons, replied that he did not split fees. His medical neighbors, arising to go, applauded his integrity and expressed gratification that so honest a surgeon had arrived to adorn the neighborhood. They would, indeed, remember him when patients needed surgical attention. He is still waiting for cases.

"I'll stick it out two more years," he remarked recently to a friend. "Then I'm going to be a success, too."

A vast amount of mystery and secrecy surrounds the whole business of splitting fees. Sometimes, but very rarely, the surgeon will instruct his patient to write two checks, one of which is to go to the medical man. This makes the patient aware of what is going on, and if he assents there is, per-

haps, no ground for complaint. Another comparatively honest plan is for the surgeon to call in the practitioner as an assistant during the operation, in which case also his payment is made directly by the customer. But in the majority of cases the negotiations are as hidden as those between bootleggers and Prohibition agents. Payments are made in cash in the dead of night. One New York medical man received, last Christmas, a box of cigars from a surgical friend. Pinned to the top layer was a $500 bill. No questions were asked.

Many of the New York surgeons send their patients to private hospitals, operated for profit. This is partly because beds in the large quasi-public institutions are limited in number. But it is even more due to the fact that the younger sort of surgeons, even when they have demonstrated their ability, find it difficult to obtain operating privileges at the hospitals of established reputation. Wealth or social and political influence play an important part in the appointment of staff men. There are no large "open" hospitals where any surgeon who knows his business may operate. The costs at the private hospitals vary greatly. Here, I am assured, is a fair example of the total bill for an appendicitis operation.

Room @ $10 a day for two weeks	$140
Private nurse @ $7 a day	98
Board for nurse @ $4 a day	56
Operating room fee	15
Anæsthetist's fee	25
Surgeon's fee	400
Total	$734

The surgeon's fee may be as low as $250 or as high as $2,500. It depends upon the current demand for his services, the financial condition of the patient, his gullibility, and the rake-off demanded by the family medical man.

A popular pastime of the medical profession in New York is to gather at the Academy of Medicine and inveigh against the growing number of quacks in the town, the idiocy of the public in trusting its health to them, and the terrible evils arising from their activities. No one, of course, will dispute the righteousness of these damnations. But I wonder whether the bewildered sick man, shipped from medical practitioner to surgeon and back again in return for a slice of his wallet, is not often forced into the hands of the quacks by coming to the conclusion that many of the so-called ethical medicoes are quite as bad. It may be that he has had enough of high fees, exorbitant hospital costs and erroneous diagnoses under the care of gentlemen who are members of all the medical societies. Thus he is driven to the quacks, who are cheaper.

The honest and high-class physician, in addition, alienates many of his less enlightened patients because he is quite properly unwilling to make promises. The quack will promise anything, as long as he is paid in advance. Not long ago a New Yorker in the last stages of cancer was told that he did not have a chance of living more than a few weeks. A fake healer soon got hold of him and said the verdict was silly. For $400, the man said, he could be cured. The money was paid and a series of treatments began. Within ten days the man was dead. His widow, destitute, attempted to get back the money, protesting that the pseudo-physician had contracted to effect a cure. A letter from the quack pointed out how unreasonable she was.

"Your husband broke the contract by dying," he wrote.

He is still at his trade.

III

It is considered unethical, in New York as elsewhere, for the legitimate physician to advertise. This is part of the old tradition. The fakers, on the other hand, advertise widely. In New York they send out bales of circulars to carefully prepared sucker lists. They take space in the few newspapers that will print their stuff. Dr. Macfadden's magazines are excellent mediums for all the new schools of healers

his tabloid daily, the *Evening Graphic*, is very hospitable to them. The exponents of the advanced "sciences" known as physio-therapy, spectro-therapy, vibro-therapy and the rest also drum up business by having agents in hotels, barber-shops, beauty-parlors and hair-dressing salons. Often they get their start through the patronage of visitors from out of town. But the permanent population soon follows.

New Yorkers pride themselves that in their city things are done in a Big Way. If one doctor is excellent, twenty doctors are more to be desired. An institution with twenty different electrical machines is better than one with a solitary *x*-ray set and a single spark-shooter. This, perhaps, is a reason for the current popularity of health institutions. Among the leaders in this field is Dr. Leonard Lincoln Landis, who runs the House of Health in a magnificent five-story edifice at 140 East 22nd street. Dr. Landis is more or less of an outcast from the ranks of the established medical men and glories in it. He has no use for their edict against advertising or for their enmity toward chiropractors. The latter, he says, are usually fakers, but sometimes have "golden hands by which they transmit the energy of their own personalities to others." Dr. Landis wishes to share his theories and experiences with his fellow doctors and has organized the American Association of Independent Physicians to spread them. He has spent as much as $60,000 a year in advertising, has treated almost a thousand patients a week on a pay-as-you-enter basis, and has heard $50,000 a month clink into his cash registers. At present, unhappily for mankind, Dr. Landis is suffering an investigation by the State Board of Medical Examiners. But he is not worried. He said recently:

> It's the money that counts. I can sign my name to a note for $150,000 any day. We treat up to 4,000 patients a month here and the ethical medicoes can have my license on a silver platter. The House of Health will go on just the same.

Dr. Landis has gone as far as to write a book of advice to the medical profession. In it he reveals that among the notable posts he has held are those of examining physician of the Order of Pythias and Ladies of the Golden Star, chief examiner to the Order of Independent Sons, and surgeon to the Panama Railroad Company. He tells his fellow physicians that "the size of your fees depends more on your business ability than on your professional skill." The business man advertises, he points out, and the physician should do likewise. Advertising, however, still arouses criticism and the doctor who uses it must be above suspicion. He warns his fellows:

> The troubles and persons of their women patients should be regarded more sacredly by the profession than they are even by the priest of the confessional:—and this not from any specially angelic point of view, but from a sensible business point of view.

Meanwhile the medical schools throughout the country continue to send a large proportion of their graduates to New York. Having acquired a second-hand set of tools, and a nurse for the outer office either by matrimony or the classified columns, these ambitious young men attempt to make a living. For years they have a pretty thin time. Patients are scarce when the beginner declines to split fees or to make extravagant promises. It is not remarkable, perhaps, that when business finally picks up he cashes in with slight regard for the pocketbooks of his patients. Meanwhile, a new school of quackery is developed almost daily. One method loses favor with the public and another is introduced. The violet ray experts give way to the spectroscopic healers. The chiropractors do a little additional studying and set themselves up as plastic surgeons. All that is necessary is a high-sounding name, and a new school of medicine is born. The New Yorker with a tummyache is not to be envied.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Collapse of Comstockery.—Save now and again for an isolated and ineffectual shooting out of an upper story window, Comstockery appears to have been put to rout in the Republic and to be in full and graceless retreat before the dismayingly overwhelming enemy hordes. The phenomenon is a remarkable one, for never before in the history of the country has there been so broad a field on which Comstockery might rightly and profitably plant its guns. Never before have censorship andsuppression had so much arguable in their favor, and yet so complete has been the abashment of the professional moral forces that they are powerless, apparently, to come into their own now that there is something for them really to get their teeth into. The news-stands throughout the land are presently stacked with magazines even filthier in text and in advertisements than those that are allowed circulation in France; a publication not nearly so dirty as any one of a dozen on free sale here was only yesterday suppressed by the French authorities. The moving pictures, for all of the Will Hays pious hoopdedoodle, go in for blasphemy and foul language that exceed anything in print, and cunningly excite the eroticism of susceptible youth with comely females in the nude. If a writer were to employ such execrations as are clearly and plainly conveyed on the screens of such films as "The Big Parade," "What Price Glory?" and "Old Ironsides," the post-office would be on his neck in a jiffy. The theatre displays, without interference, a play in Chicago that shows two Lesbians up to tricks in a bedroom, and in New York a play, albeit a work of distinction and merit, that is the most subversive and corrupting thing of its kind that the stage has ever known. And books crowd the public shops beside which "Fanny Hill," in part, is as innocent as a daisy.

Surely, if there were any strength left in the retreating corps of professional moralists, the latter would have at least a few bullets left ready for the old cause. But not an ounce of powder seems to be in the old guns. One may wonder at the reason. It is to be found, plainly enough, in the tactical mistakes made in the past by the now beaten forces. For years, the moralists wasted their strength attacking forts that not only should have been inviolable, but that turned out to be too strong for them. For years, the misguided prurientos devoted themselves to the oppression and attempted suppression of things that decent-minded citizens appreciated, and duly protested, they had no cause or right to oppress and suppress. Writers and publishers and artists of unquestioned integrity were harassed until the public and press revolted. The present powerlessness of the moralists is due simply to what they have brought upon themselves. They conducted themselves so idiotically that they disgusted decent people and now that they find a ripe and meet field for their activities the disgust still remains and there is no money forthcoming for their purposes.

A Man Meditates.—What is at the bottom of a man's desire, albeit not always gratified, to retire from the morris dance of the world and spend his declining days

peace and quiet? That is, a man who has cceeded in his work in the world and as reaped amply the attendant rewards? he general idea—and with the general dea the man himself often concurs—is aat he is growing old and no longer has st for the game; that he deserves a rest; aat, after all, his job has been done as ell as he has known how to do it and aat the applause the world has bestowed on him is a sufficient glory to last him til the embalmer comes through the ont gate. With due apologies, I privilege yself a loud hoot. What is back of such man's impulse to withdraw from the orld after he has tasted its tributes to his isdom and sagacity is the knowledge at they don't amount to a damn and that ly a relatively young man, still vain and iotic, can have any relish for them. The der man's ears have heard for years the discriminate handclappings and bravos a pack of dolts, visited alike upon comtence and incompetence, and he sees em for the trivial and absurd things they e. They are simply, he sees, toys with hich strutting children in long trousers nuse themselves. And so his wish is to ithdraw not from the true alarms of the orld, with all their excitement, their allenge and their stimulation, but from e false alarms and the little celebrating pguns. The cottage by the still sea, the ouse on the lonely farm—these are not e refuges of age; they are the refuges from world of adolescent celebrants, whose eworks mean nothing.

Birds as Schumann-Heinks.—My observaon, recorded a few months ago in these ges, to the effect that what is commonly garded as singing on the part of birds is atively as musical as the sounds proced by nickels dropped into a telephone ot has succeeded in stirring up the indigtion of many editorial writers whose usical education has apparently been nfined to grind-organs, vaudeville violins and circus calliopes. These doubtless herwise estimable gentlemen, conveniently confounding merely pleasant sounds with the tonal art, have denounced me, for my opinion, in terms which but a few short years ago they reserved for anyone named Schultz or, a couple of decades before that, for anyone named Alvarez. The clipping bureaux have made inroads upon my bank balance with allegations that I surely can never have heard a California nightingale, a Georgia swizzlegizzle or a Missouri whiffledingus, else I would not venture such transparent and unconscionable nonsense.

What has deceived the editorial writers is, once again, their confusion of emotional reaction with the instrument that produces that reaction. That the sounds made by a bird are soothing, ear-massaging and even inspiriting, no more necessarily constitutes them music, in the strict sense of the word, than Delius' "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" constitutes a treatise on bird singing. It is only when musicians order the sounds of nature into melodious sequences, rhythms, harmonies and forms that they become music, as the sagacious *Musical Courier*, taking up the issue, points out. As examples in citation there are listed Alabieff's "The Nightingale," Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyr," Liszt's "Waldenrauschen" and Bendel's "Cascade of Chaudron," to say nothing of the gigantic Wagner's bird music in "Siegfried" and even his orchestral description of the growlings and bellowings of a dragon. The literal recording of nature's sounds, it need not be argued, is never music save it be filtered through the art of the musician. The editorial writers who believe that the noises of birds are musical simply because they sound to them like music are the same editorial writers who believe that the noises of Richard Strauss are not music because they do not sound musical to them.

The American Home.—One of the phenomena that entertains the spectator of the present-day American scene is the gradual but unmistakable disruption and disap-

pearance of American home life. Not only in the larger cities is it increasingly manifest that the home life of even a generation ago is no more, but in the smaller towns, as well, is the decline evident in a relative degree. To this simple fact, I believe, are attributable most of the theoretically complex ills which afflict the modern American morality: increasing marital dissatisfaction, sexual promiscuity, divorce, looseness and cheapness of taste, general unrest and discontent, and the various allied corruptions of society and the spirit. It may be a banality that a man's four walls are his fortress against unhappiness, but it is none the less true. That way lies human nature. Once let a hole be shot through them, and the pikes of the enemy may be clearly seen drawing near.

Up to a generation ago, the American home, both in the cities and smaller places, was more or less inviolate and intact. There were few agencies operating against it. Today such agencies have been increased fifty-fold, with the result, plain even to a blind man, that the average American home is no longer a harbor and a haven but rather a mere place of debarkation. The married man, his wife and his children no longer see their home as a retreat and a safeguard from the world, but as a dressing-room in which to make up for the show on the outer stage. And even where they do not so see it, they see it as a place not of peace and rest and homely quiet but as one to be made indistinguishable from a sideshow. The object of most Americans today is not to remember that their home is a home, as the home of their fathers and mothers was, but to forget that it is one. As instruments toward this to them soothing forgetfulness they have recourse to any number of things of which their fathers and mothers knew nothing and which contribute to the converting of the old-time fireside into a pyrotechnica display. Thus, where once a family gath ered in quiet to hold converse or to read where once the boys and girls learned t play the piano, where once there hovere over a home the intangible but indelibl mist-blanket of contentment and heart's ease, today all is noise, nervousness an excitement from without. The radio an the phonograph are brought in to retai prize-fights and the latest monkeyshine of Memphis niggers. Cheap automobile bring a score of intruders where once diffi cult modes of transportation made caller rare. Cheap telephones banish privacy an bring the outside world, with its tempta tions, close to the door. Where, once, go ing to the theatre was an event, for ther was, among other things, the expense t be considered, cheap movies have nov made such pleasure-going a nightly possi bility. Young boys and girls twenty year ago thought of dancing only on relatively rare and gala party occasions; today, th phonograph and radio make it an easy an common indulgence. In the cities, too there are hundreds of dance places callin where formerly there were none; in th little towns there are the ice-cream parlor and roller skating rinks with their mechan ical pianos.

Such things, and the others that they suggest, may seem trivial, but that, i combination, they have broken up the ol American home life is readily perceptible Show me an American home with a radi called upon to entertain it, with childre abandoning their playing of "The Beauti ful, Blue Danube" on the piano to do th Black Bottom in front of a phonograph with pictures of Gloria Swanson and Joh Gilbert above the kitchen sink, with th telephone ringing and with a Ford at th front door, and I'll show you a family tha is heading rapidly for trouble.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Recapitulation

EDOUARD BOURDET'S "La Prisonnière," or "The Captive," as it is locally known, is, as I write, entering the fifth month of its New York engagement. Since it has thereby amply rewarded its author and producer, since the merited endorsement of the critical press has already taken sufficient root in the public, since the relatively small share of intelligent persons in the theatregoing element have already seen it and since the instruments of organized censorship have been frustrated in their intention that it should be shut down, a review of it other than the purely critical one may now be granted me. The morals of a work of art—and Bourdet's drama is, in a measure, such a work—together with its effect upon the more ignorant portion of the public are, of course, no concern of the critic. If a fine piece of work sends ten thousand morons to perdition, it remains none the less a fine piece of work, and that is all that the critic has a right to say of it. So much is so much. But once he has done his share in establishing the fine piece of work in its proper place, and in persuading the public to see it for what it is, and in fighting off the ignoramuses of censorship, and in helping generally, in so far as he is able, to spread the good news, the critic may conceivably be privileged for a moment to let up being a critic and to look at the work with eyes removed from contemplation of it as art. Even so, true enough, he is going afield of his province and properly calls down upon himself some perfectly justified hoots. But, on this particular occasion, I allow myself the luxury of a hoot or two, lay off momentarily the critical cowl and venture to consider Bourdet's exhibit in a light other than that of its obvious quality as drama.

So considering it, I cannot fail to find it the most subversive, corruptive and potentially evil-fraught play ever shown in the American theatre. It is a play written honestly and with an incontrovertible integrity of purpose; there is not the slightest touch of charlatanism or box-office mountebankery in it from beginning to end; it is, from first to last, the sincere work of an undeniably sincere dramatist. But, just the same, though unintentionally, it is a play that is completely degrading and of a definitely deleterious effect upon its more impressionable women spectators. It exercises this effect because it is the well written and hence provocative work it is. A piece of trash like "Sex" or "New York Exchange" is, because of its trashiness, perfectly harmless. It provides the stuff of moron diversion, nothing more. It is intrinsically so piffling and its craftsmanship is so crude that it is no more successful in influencing an audience one way or another than a burlesque show mesmerist. In the case of a play like "The Captive," however, its very quality—though that quality may be a secret to its audiences—succeeds in getting a portion of those audiences into its grip. And what, in this instance, is that grip? To put it plainly, it is the persuasive advancement of the assurance that a degenerate physical love between women is superior to the normal physical love of the opposite sexes.

That the play is thus at least of potential persuasiveness anyone who has visited the theatre where it is playing a number of times and eavesdropped at the conversations of various young women in the audience may be forgiven for believing. Art or no art, the fact remains that Bourdet's play amounts in simple to nothing

more nor less than a document in favor of sexual degeneracy, concealed though it be in a smoke-screen of detraction and in the pink mists of protestation. The basic tale you already know: the lure of one woman for another and the vain fight put up by the heroine, aided by her husband, to get the whip hand over herself. The aim is to present the story in terms of tragedy; the result is a presentation of it in terms of romance. Consider the drama closely. The male characters are drawn by the author, in their every shading, as contemptible weaklings. Bourdet, to repeat, has not drawn them so intentionally—that is clear—but pitiable, even humorous weaklings, they nonetheless are. One, the husband, is pictured as such a pallid fellow, to say nothing of a bounder, that he actually communicates with a stranger to enlighten him as to what his wife is up to when she is away from home at night. In addition, he is presented as so ineffectual a lover and as a man so devitalized by a calf-like sentimentality that he fancifully disembodies his mistress and, after seeing her again when his wife has long failed him, actually engages in baby-talk love with her. The second principal male character, the husband of the siren who holds the fellow's wife in thrall, is no less a milksop. He cries salt tears over his predicament; he weakly submits to it like a mule yoked to a refuse-cart; he humiliates himself with apostrophes to the physical beauty of his hypothetical mate; he remains anatomically faithful to her for all her desertion of him; he does nothing but bow his head, wring his hands, sniffle and sigh. These, then, are the pictures of manhood that Bourdet sets up as tissue-paper conflict with his central woman character.

Turn now to the women. The one presented as Irene De Montcel's charmer is depicted by the author in terms but slightly less beguiling than Juliet. Above the undercurrent of her husband's despair over her nature there shoot brilliantly aloft the many-colored fountain waters of her beauty, her allure, her peculiar physical hypnosis, her uncommon and vivid personality. She is all, confesses the husband, that a man might desire, if he could get her. And Irene herself? This Irene is pictured as one who finds in this other a physical and emotional yohimbin that no man has been able to hold out to her. This is conveyed with an unmistakable literalness; there is no sidestepping, no equivoque, no evasion. It is all made as plain as mud, particularly—and this point seems to have been conveniently overlooked by everyone who has written of the play—as Bourdet carefully restrains himself from any indication whatsoever that his heroine is the victim of any inherited aberrant tendencies. The indication is rather quite the opposite. We have then a character who deliberately, despite a few arbitrary, preliminary, moral but entirely undeceptive theatrical shudders, enters upon perversion and intimates her enjoyment of it. This enjoyment is made perfectly plain to the women in the audience. Not a trick is overlooked to make it convincing. The strongest objections are shrewdly confined to the mouths of the male characters, who, as I have said, are made to appear puny, ridiculous and even, at times, impotent. Save for a couple of momentary moral doubts patently thrown to the audience as sops, the heroine is definitely and ecstatically devoted to her abnormal practice which, in turn, is held out as an adventure of high excitement. This latter is cleverly emphasized no less than five separate and distinct times during the course of the evening, and in ways that are not to be mistaken. The episodes of physical tremor on the heroine's part at the middle and end of the first act, at the height of the second act, and—above all—in the attack of disgust with the husband and final flight in the last act, are as clear in this implication and suggestion as the light of day.

To believe that such stuff does not at least pique curiosity on the part of susceptible young women—and the Empire Theatre has been full of them since news

ff the play first got around the boarding-chools—is to believe more than I, for one, m capable of. I have been accused of many nings in my time, most of them true, but urely no one has ever accused me of being moralist. I have certainly done my mod-st share in fighting for a free stage and a ree literature, and I shall keep it up until ne angels claim me as one of the most eautiful of them. But, moralist or no oralist, there are some things that only jackass, to boot, can deny. And one of ese is the power that reputable art some-mes offers for evil. Like other critics who ave been solely concerned with broaden-g the American mind and making it adually receptive to the best of Euro-an, and also American, works, I have the past—under the recognizable mili-ry policy of attacking head-on and with l artillery—sometimes been guilty of gnificent lying in the cause of truth. have, not without a degree of success, I rivilege myself to believe, often put the emy to rout with arguments whose basic ubiety was adroitly concealed in eloquent gumentation, properly reinforced with mpressive polysyllables, long tables of atistics, custard pies and bricks. Indeed, successful was the technique and pres-tly so generally accepted is the propa-nda it devoted itself to that I find myself ced by difficulties when I set myself to hibiting the holes in it. These holes, owever, should be obvious. Though such play as "The Captive" is a dignified d reputable piece of dramatic writing, ough criticism should rest after saying is much about it and though anyone ho would suppress it should be taken t and ducked in the nearest sewer, it mains that it is also an exceptionally il one so far as an impressionable por-on of the public goes. Drama, like litera-re, can very easily throw morals off the acks. Mr. Justice Ford, though I hate to ve him the comfort of admitting it, oke the simple truth when he protested at his young daughter, like any number other young women, was influenced for the worse by certain otherwise estimable books. And certain members of the reverend clergy, Cardinal Hayes in particular, speak what is equally true in similar contentions on a portion of drama currently on view in New York.

With the morals and the fate of a moron public I personally am not concerned in the slightest; I do not care whether hell yawns for it or not; but there are persons who are concerned and these have something to be said, I regret to say, on their side. It is rank pretence to lift one's nose into the air and say that no one worth a nickel is or ever has been led astray, as the phrase goes, by drama or literature. Many such persons have been, as we well know for all our disdainful intellectual show. And not merely young folk and oafs either. Where the sense in sitting back and asserting that while drama and literature may often exercise an inspiriting and uplifting effect they may not also at times exercise a deleterious one? If the one effect is possible, why is not the other also possible? If "Romeo and Juliet" is capable of inculcating virtue, why may not "The Call of Life" be capable of inculcating sin? If the effect of "David Copperfield" is morally salubrious, why may not that of "The Lovers of Orelay" be the reverse? If the "Te Deum" soothingly conjures up Heaven, why may not the "Charfreitag" hint with an equal charm of the delights of Hades? For such fakers under sixty as still maintain the opposite, I propose a simple test: let them take a night off, go to the theatre and see Congreve's "Love for Love," return home and read a certain celebrated piece of literature by Alfred De Musset and then sit down to the piano and try to keep their minds on "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

Burlesque and Satire

The label-pasters have been having a hard time laying hold of the proper sticker to paste upon "Chicago," the play written by a former young Western newspaper woman, Maurine Watkins. It isn't, they

feel, quite satire and it isn't merely burlesque, so what is it? They are at their wits' ends; the situation is one for head-scratching and nail-biting. In this juncture, I gallop to the rescue with my customary wisdom and sagacity and settle the problem with the utmost ease by assuring the sadly perplexed and sorely tried brethren that "Chicago" is simply "Chicago," just as "The Hairy Ape" and "Peter Pan" are "The Hairy Ape" and "Peter Pan" and just as Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" is Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote." It is itself, which should be enough of a label to satisfy anyone.

This "Chicago" may be described roughly as a burlesque show written by a satirically minded person. The burlesque note is constantly uppermost, though now and again one gets a hint of irony. What the author has tried to do, and has succeeded admirably in doing, is to set forth a caricature of the Illinois frontier town that hides behind a mask of metropolitan civilization and that is yet actually not far removed, either geographically or spiritually, from that other Illinois hell-pot called Herrin. This caricature she has contrived with an uncommon dexterity: she has fixed the essence of the Chicago of today to the stage with the skill of a dramatic Massaguer or Covarrubias. Its exaggeration never for a moment becomes a burden to its recognizability; its emphasis and underscoring have the convincing naturalness and appositeness of so many foreign italics on an English type page. But, just as caricature is best in the way that a biting retort is best, to wit, on the wing and not too long lingered over, so is dramatic caricature likely to lose its force when perpetuated for the standard length of an evening's entertainment. Although Miss Watkins has done an excellent job in the face of the difficulties that confronted her, she has not managed entirely to avoid the curse of repetition and satiety that must inevitably attach itself to any such thick volume of cartoon humor. Yet, with its perhaps unavoidable defects, her play is an eminently worth-while affair, its roots in verity, its surface polished with observation and humorous comprehension, its whole witty, wise and appropriately mordant. It is American to the core; there is not a trace of imitativeness in it; and it discloses, unless I am badly mistaken, a talent that will go a considerable distance in the drama of the land.

The perplexity over the labels "burlesque" and "satire" may be handily explained. The two are often not so far removed from each other as the professors would have us believe. Burlesque at its best is automatically satirical, and satire when it speaks above a whisper unmistakably shouts a friendly hello to burlesque. There never was a genuine satirist who didn't plainly have trouble keeping his slapstick hidden, nor has there ever been a first-rate writer of burlesque who wasn't, whether he knew it or not, something of a satirist. Satire is burlesque in a dress suit. Burlesque is satire with its shirt-tail hanging out.

Ibsen and Mrs. Fiske

Mrs. Fiske's latest contribution to the art of acting is a performance of "Ghosts" that emphasizes what strike the lady as being the underlying humorous aspects of the drama. Her performance has, of course, been hailed as a new interpretation, which —like playing Bach on a saw—it assuredly is, and as a remarkable example of intellectual exercise, which—like pencilling a mustache on the Venus de Milo—it perhaps is not. The critical reception of any such histrionic shenanigan as this of Mrs. Fiske's is always accurately to be anticipated. A so-called new interpretation of any classic, however idiotic, usually persuades the commentators to a veneration of its impresario's cerebral gifts, when all that is actually discernible is an actor's sly effort to conceal his histrionic deficiencies, readily detectable from familiarity with past excellent interpretations of the rôle, by artfully giving a wholly different version of the rôle, thus temporarily throwing

ee critics off their guard and getting rid one swoop of all derogatory com-risons.

This new interpretation balderdash has come a pet chicane on the part of pro-ucers who hate the idea of paying royal-es, craftily lay hold of one of the classics d hope to put it over on the boobs as mething relatively new and lively by bitrarily doing it in a way—preferably nseless—with which the aforesaid boobs e not familiar. And no less a favorite odge has it become of actors and actresses ho desire to achieve a bit of facile *kudos* passing themselves off as sterling in-llects on the ground that they are able see something in a classic that no one se has ever seen in it, including the thor, and that is not there. All that an ror or actress who hasn't had a job for e years need do today to get him or her-lf viewed as a somebody is to hire a eatre and play Juliet as an Owen Davis génue in a Lanvin frock or Hamlet as a aracter out of William Gillette's "Held y The Enemy." Mrs. Fiske has simply sorted to what should be a perfectly ansparent monkeyshine and, say what ou will against her, she has succeeded in tting exactly the reaction that she had mind. Her Mrs. Alving is no more sen's—and if she is in any honest per-onal doubt on the score, one need only fer her to the dramatist's notes—than it Mr. Samuel Shipman's.

It is, of course, possible to read humor nto portions of any tragedy, and in such way, if the performer be a clever one, nat the less tutored among the critics ill be persuaded that it is justified by the xt. As I once pointed out, all that one ould have to do to convert "Little yolf," for example, into a very funny arce would be to play it word for word s written, but to have the actors chew um. In the same way, and more seriously, ven a casual reading of "Rosmersholm" r "John Gabriel Borkman" will betray umerous instances where a humorous ading is possible, if fundamentally absurd. Almost any classical tragedy offers loopholes for the species of dolts who like to laugh at funerals. And what is more, as I have already observed, with a measure of superficial justification. Humor may thus, with a fair degree of boob plausibility, be veined through the tragic loveliness of "Romeo" as through the woe and ache of "Lear." But it no more belongs there than it belongs in the Book of Ruth, although Mrs. Fiske, if she so desires, may as readily get it into the latter simply by emphasizing two little points that never were meant to be emphasized. Take, for example, some such passage out of tragedy as Hecate's speech on the heath or Othello's in the castle bed-chamber or, and this most surely, Cleopatra's in the palace at Alexandria. Certainly there is a possible humor, too, in these—if the author had only meant it to be humor. But the author plainly didn't mean it to be, and his text plainly doesn't mean it to be. And so with "Ghosts." We accordingly find Mrs. Fiske's performance to be of a piece with a vaudeville comedian's recitation of "The Raven."

The Guitrys

THE talented and generally astute Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, commenting on the Guitrys and their plays in the *Nation*, goes to considerable pains polishing off the critical high hat, adjusting it becomingly to his brow and pointing out, not without a touch of professorial disdain, that they are on the whole, for all the fuss that has been made over them, unimportant. While I entertain a very considerable respect for Dr. Krutch's opinions, all that I can say as to his present one is that he is quite correct, and, saying so much, yet ask him in the same breath, what the hell? Why will otherwise intelligent critics persist in going on with this arch jabber about important and unimportant? It should certainly be obvious to them that, once one ticks off the relatively few dramatic geniuses in all the history of the theatre up to

the moment, everything thereafter may very properly be put down as unimportant. Since the theatre began, there have probably not been more than a hundred plays which, regarded from the highest elevation of criticism, might be forthrightly designated as important; the rest fall into other grooves, are comparatively subordinate and, in the strict sense of the label-lickers, unimportant. If a critic of today were to confine himself solely to important drama, he would have very little indeed to write about.

The point, however, is that not everything that is unimportant (using the adjective in Mr. Krutch's sense) is, if he will forgive me the Hibernicism, unimportant. Critically, theatrically and dramatically, there is often a great deal to be found in what is undeniably unimportance, that is, so far as comparison with drama of the highest grade goes. Pinero's "The Magistrate" is certainly thoroughly unimportant in this respect, yet a fat book might be written tracing its influence on subsequent Anglo-Saxon playwriting in the direction of the single device of humorous reiteration. The plays of George M. Cohan are unimportant in the same respect, yet they influenced playwriting in America for many years as nothing else in their earlier day or, for that matter, their later day, influenced it. The least important and perhaps the worst of all the plays of Strindberg was the seed whence sprang the whole Expressionist movement, and an obscure two-act farce shown briefly in France fifteen or so years ago changed much of the character of farce writing that has been done since. The catalogue might be continued indefinitely, and carried back into other centuries. An apple changed the history of the human race, provided the world with one of its greatest heroic legends, and gave birth to a world-shaking scientific discovery. A thing equally trivial has often altered the course of dramatic writing. A German, whose name not one Anglo-Saxon critic out of a hundred has ever heard of, years ago wrote a negligible play that not one such critic out of two hundred has ever heard of, and in its train followed the wave of anti-sentimental dramatic sex that was to be hailed as revolutionary and that turned the Twentieth Century drama into entirely new channels. Nor let it be forgotten that the greatest drama the English stage has ever known was the direct flower, both in form and content, of the very least and most unimportant. It is not always easy to detect actual unimportance; the history of dramatic criticism is rich in illustrations of findings that, read in these later years, are richer still in low humor. What may seem trivial at the moment has a way, sometimes, of turning out to be the opposite. The important work of even important dramatists has often been curtly dismissed as completely unimportant by befuddled and short-sighted critics.

But all this is beside the point I started out to make. That point was this: that, while Guitry's plays are undoubtedly unimportant, their very virtue rests in that unimportance. They belong not to the marble niches of drama's hall but to the unaffectedly charming, amusing and very delightful little by-corridors wherein, now and again, even the best and most serious of critics, for all their prevarication, like to disport themselves. They are of the little pleasures and gratifications of life. The theatre needs such things badly; without them it would die the death in no time. A theatre given over entirely to true masterpieces of dramatic art, night in and night out, would find itself converted into a dance hall or skating rink before many years had passed. Even a great philosopher wants to play pinochle once in a while. There is something wrong with the kind of critic who can see nothing in the unimportant things of the theatre. For they give to the theatre that which it must have or perish: the light moments, the light laughter, the little wayward gaieties and the superficial and consoling joys of a too thoughtful and hence miserable human race.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Portrait of a Lady

HE CASE OF MR. CRUMP, by Ludwig Lewisohn. 10 x 7¼; 435 pp. Paris: *Edward W. Titus.*

HIS is one of the increasing number of merican books that come out with Paris nprints. The colleagues of the Dôme and otonde seem to have set up a number enterprising publishing houses over ere, and they are especially friendly to merican poets whose dithyrambs are too vage even for Greenwich Village, and to merican novelists who shrink from battle ith the national wowsers. The present olume, it should be said at once, is by no eans a collector's item for pornographic ethodists. There are a few passages in it at would probably shock an old lady ho had not yet had her hair bobbed, but ey are not numerous, and the general ndency of the book is moral, and even indignant. So far as I know, the vigilant ureaucrats of the Customs Services have ot yet forbidden its importation, as they me time ago forbade the importation of r. Hermann's "What Happens." It is berly composed, devoid of the usual ovelist's tricks, and full of excellent writg, and the publisher has printed it beautilly, though his binding is sleazy. There , as frontispiece, a photograph of a bust the author by Roy Sheldon. It does ore than justice to his pulchritude.

"The Case of Mr. Crump," in essence, a full-length study of an absurd marriage. he bridegroom is in his early twenties; ie bride has passed forty. In that bare ct, of course, there is no portent of dister, for when there is a disparity in years appiness seems to be far more apt to folw the elderly bride than the elderly idegroom. But in the present case the dy is not only considerably oxidized on the surface, but also full of acids interiorly, and so she leads Mr. Crump a dreadful dance indeed. When he meets her he is an aspiring and bankrupt musician, and she has a husband and three growing children, but neither the poverty of his prospects nor the handicap of her family stays her, and presently he is in full flight from her, and praying to God for a miracle to save him. But no miracle is vouchsafed. Instead, she pursues him a thousand miles, corners him, scares him half to death with threats of suicide and murder, and so drags him to the altar of God, the scene of so many appalling sacrifices, in both ancient and modern history.

What follows is a detailed and merciless analysis of her soul, and especially of its more revolting outward manifestations. She is a woman of abominable skill at all the immemorial tricks of her sex. She knows how to menace and she knows how to whine. Poor Crump, it quickly becomes apparent, is quite unable to cope with her. Not only is she his superior in age and worldly experience; she is also his superior in courage, resourcefulness and enterprise. A dozen times he prepares to flee from her; a hundred times he plans to turn her unspeakable children out of his house. But every time she contrives a situation that brings all his high resolves to nothing. Always she conjures up a catastrophe, and so fetches him by an irresistible appeal to his chivalry, his common humanity, his fear of scandal, his yearning for peace—if only the peace of a condemned man in the death-house. The unfortunate young man's life is an incessant horror. His wife, decaying under his eyes, becomes more and more forbidding, and more and more exigent. She wastes his money, interrupts his work, tortures him with her highly unappetizing

libidinousness, and shames him before his friends. Her children ride him like furies out of hell. Always they are in trouble, and always their trouble costs him dear, in peace, in dign ty, in hard cash. So he goes on for years. His mother and father, sorrowed and appalled by the disaster of his marriage, die. His friends are alienated. But he keeps on doggedly, and gradually, despite his woes, he makes some progress in the world. His compositions begin to attract notice; he gets a good job as a conductor in New York. One day, with success within his grasp at last and even a sort of peace in sight, something snaps. He grabs a poker from the hearth, and gives his darling a smart crack across the occiput. He sees her "crumple, and then tumble forward, and strike her forehead against the fender." The constables, after a decorous interval, arrive, and as we part from him at last he is beginning a twenty years' term in prison.

The thing, I daresay, seems ludicrous as I have attempted to summarize it. More than once, indeed, the actual text pushes so close to the ridiculous that all the skill of the author is necessary to drag it back. But that skill never really fails. Lewisohn is indignant about his story, and there are places where his lack of humor is somewhat painful, but he never lets it drop to absurdity. From first to last he keeps it plausible and engrossing. One is never in any doubt about his terrible lady; she takes on all the colors of life. Such women, alas, are to be found in the world. They inhabit many a Christian suburb in our own glorious country, and are to be found, too, on higher levels, not to say on lower. There is a variety of female that is hard to distinguish from a bird of prey. It converts the symbiosis of marriage into a sort of cannibalistic parasitism. The worst of it is that many of these gals are genuinely virtuous at bottom—that their deviltries issue out of the loftiest of intentions. Even Lewisohn's Jezebel is an assiduous and even almost immolating mother. She wrecks her husband that her atrocious children may survive. It is like killing an ox to feed a litter of rats. Her creator, is full of bile against her, but he never converts her into a mere disembodied succubus. She lives and breathes, even at her most inordinate moments. He is less happy with Crump. One understands the weakness of the fellow, but somehow it gradually grows fantastic. He is a bit too easy to be quite true. Time and again his woes are piled so high that he seems on the point of flight from them but every time he stays for more. Every time, that is, save the last time—when, by a curious quirk, they have grown relatively bearable. Perhaps it is half deliverance that heartens him for the final stroke. Whatever the truth about him, he is less real than his dreadful consort. In that lady Lewisohn has achieved a portrait of an indelible reality and poignancy. He has created a new Xantippe, and rationalized her with merciless skill. It is a capital piece of work.

Lewisohn is a man of fine talents, and I believe that his best books are ahead of him. He has learning and he also has a sense of beauty, a rather rare combination. Few better autobiographies than his "Up-Stream" have been done n America in our time. He is a well-informed and shrewd critic of the arts, and especially of literature; he has sound taste; he plies an ingratiating but by no means saccharine style. Some one told me lately that he is contemplating a history of American literature. If this is true, it is excellent news indeed. No book that I can think of is worse needed, and no man could do it with sounder information and better sense.

Die Polizei

SCOTLAND YARD: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS, by George Dilnot. $5. 8¾ x 5¾; 340 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Mr. Dilnot, in this book, though he has a great deal to say about detectives, tells very few tales of their prowess. What interests him more particularly is the history of the uniformed police, and especially of

e English police. Most persons, I dare-y, think of these worthy (if so often, as, unintelligent) men as coming down us in an unbroken line from the remotest ysses of the past. But it is not so. The ndon bobby actually made his first ap-arance in the world so recently as 1828, d it will not be until next year that he lebrates his centennial. His brethren of r own unfettered land are even newer. ey had, to be sure, predecessors, but ose predecessors were related to them ly as a horse-hair is related to the boa nstrictor which (at least in Tennessee) ows out of it. What makes the police werful today is organization. It was king in the olden time. Down to 1827 ery parish in London had its own watch-en, and every magistrate his own catch-lls and thief-takers. As a result, rogues re free of the town, and even honest n were unmolested. But now London s one great force, and is so magnificently liced that strangers marvel at the sight. most everywhere else the cops still have use force to execute their decrees, and ve arms for the purpose, but in London ere is no need. Up goes the bobby's hand, d the very dukes and marquises stagger-g home from Westminster stop short in eir tracks. The King himself, though in eory he can do no wrong, is as much in e grip of his own *Polizei* as the humblest mmoner. If he ran wild in the Green rk, trampling down the grass and up-tting perambulators, a polite but irre-tible cop would tackle him unarmed, d restore him instantly and infallibly to e paths of rectitude.

We have not got that far in the United ates, but we are on our way. Year by ar the power of the police increases. here was a time, in most American cities, hen their duty was confined to the dull siness of chasing burglars, but that time no more. Now they have a general pervision over all of us, and every citi-n, unless he walks very warily, is apt to id himself in their snares. In one of our eat cities last year they arrested one-eighth of the inhabitants, with no allowance for infants, the sick and the aged. Next year, no doubt, they will arrest a seventh, and then a sixth, and then a fifth, until finally they make a complete score. Thus the constabulary millennium will dawn, with the dream of every ambitious chief of police come true. The whole population will pass through the mill annually, and the finger-prints and other measurements of every man, woman and child will be on file. I see even further wonders. Those who, by any chance, escape arrest in a given year, will be summoned anyhow at its end, and forced to give accounts of themselves. If they deny that they have been guilty of any crime, they will be prosecuted for perjury. Babies will be registered at birth, and their ears clipped. Nay, the Maternity Act already proposes to register them *before* birth—in fact, from the moment when they announce themselves as a mere domestic perturbation.

I wonder that no one has ever attempted a study of the effects of this prodigious rise of the *Polizei* upon the old Anglo-Saxon concept of liberty. That it has been powerful in England must be obvious to everyone. The Englishman, a very unobservant man, still talks grandly of his liberties, but he has actually become one of the most docile of men. He submitted, during the war, to statutes that were almost as bad as the administrative orders of the Wilson *Cheka*, and since the war he has continued to submit to them, though all reasonable need for them has passed. Some time ago, being in London on literary business, I found myself, nearly every evening, in one of the historic pubs of Fleet Street, conversing with the resident literati. Suddenly, at what seemed to me to be an inhumanly early hour, the pub-keeper would strike a mallet on the bar, and order his clients to depart at once. The police, it appeared, were on their rounds. The news would have caused no panic in any great American city: the cops, arriving, would have come in and had their evening drams. But my English friends used to leap out as

if the devil himself had been announced. Worse, they dragged me with them, protesting that if I remained my position as an enemy alien would be a very hard one. I went back to my hotel with sad thoughts of Runnymede. The porter cautioned me to refrain from spitting out of the window. There had been a notice from Scotland Yard.

Mr. Dilnot, in his instructive book, shows the slow, irresistible, infernal growth of this system. The London *Polizei*, at the start, had very hard sledding. The populace was bitterly against them, and so were many Englishmen upon the upper levels. It was predicted that they would eventually corrupt and destroy the immemorial liberties of the free-born Englishman. This has actually come to pass, but so insidiously that he doesn't seem to notice it. As Mr. Dilnot shows, the police achieved their sinister purpose by the transparent device of being very polite. They were drilled in suavity before they were drilled in anything else. The early commissioners found this drilling difficult, but they kept at it with magnificent energy, and in the course of time they produced that mellow and perfect tyrant, the London constable of today. He is omnipotent, and yet he has the manners of a cooing dove. He carries the Constitution in his pocket, and yet he seems to be only an amiable blockhead. The American *Polizei* have never learned the lesson that he teaches. Operating upon a people with more inclination to the goose-step than the English, they have not bothered to be polite. On the contrary, they have apparently devoted themselves to improving the technique of boorishness. Does one, perchance, fail to observe a traffic signal? Then the first and worst penalty is a raucous blast of billingsgate. What will be the end? Will the American cops, with complete power in their hands at last, take to politeness? Or will they proceed from invective to the arts of the hangman, and execute their decrees on the spot? I give you two guesses.

Literary Confidences

TAR: A MID-WEST CHILDHOOD, by Sherwo Anderson. $3. 8¾ x 5¾; 346 pp. New York: *B & Liveright.*

MORE MILES: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVE by Harry Kemp. $3. 8¾ x 5¾; 437 pp. New Yor *Boni & Liveright.*

Both these authors write of their ow lives, and both try to conceal the fac Neither succeeds. Why they should reso to such hocus-pocus I can't imagine, f there is nothing in their chronicles that discreditable—nothing, that is, discredi able to such lowly organisms as literar men. Anderson, in his preface, hints tha various members of his family have ob jected to his confidences in the past, an that some of them are he-men who threate to give him a beating. But that is onl spoofing. I once met ten or a dozen of hi brothers in a body, and they all turned ou to be very amiable fellows. Kemp, so fa as I know, has no brothers, and even th husbands of his lady loves appear to be o friendly terms with him. One of them, a he recounts, once went so far as to put hi wife in Kemp's custody for a month o two, on a lonely New England farm. Kem confesses that he was sorely tempted, bu in the end, it appears, he resisted magnif cently. In order to sublimate their attrac tion for each other he and the lady wen out one dark night and burned down neighbor's hay-rick. The husband, on re turning, penetrated the purpose of tha arson, for he was learned in the works o Dr. Sigmund Freud, but he seems to hav been pleased rather than annoyed. Perhap he was glad that Kemp and his wife ha not sought sublimation in the far mor anti-social act of writing poetry.

Anderson's book, like most of his work is uneven. There are chapters wherein hi philosophizings over the experiences an aspirations of his youth become so thin a to be almost puerile; worse, there are repe titions in his story, and much of its materi has been used in other places, sometime much more effectively. But there are als chapters that show him at his very best—

tle, penetrating and incomparably ro-
ntic. I point to Chapter XV, the story
Mame Thompson, the circus-man's
ghter, and to Chapter XII, the story
the old woman dead in the snow. The
er, in a slightly different form, was
ted as "Death in the Woods" in THE
ERICAN MERCURY for last September. It
truly superb piece of writing, beauti-
y conceived and very skillfully exe-
ed. Let it stand as an answer to those
iewers who still maintain that Ander-
doesn't know what he is about. I think
knows very well what he is about. But
metimes he tries to do his work with in-
icient materials, and sometimes he is
bergasted by technical problems that
beyond his ingenuity. His air of ama-
ishness is one of his most valuable
ts. In part it represents a very real de-
ncy. There is nothing of Cabell's virtu-
y about him, nor anything of Herge-
imer's high sophistication. He is still a
gaping at the world, and it often
zles him. But I think his timorous, half
ertain manner is precisely suited to the
of thing he tries to do. The omnisci-
e of the more professional and work-
like novelist would spoil him. I hope
remains the amateur so long as he
res.

Kemp tries to obfuscate his autobi-
aphy by giving transparently false
nes to the real characters in it—for ex-
ple, Sinclair Lewis, Robert H. Davis
Emma Goldman. Sometimes he varies
dose by mixing real names with the
e ones; not infrequently the same char-
r appears under both. Kemp is now
enough to be a grandfather, and should
beyond such childish tricks, but poets,
ourse, never grow up. They rust and
ay, but never become adults, for the
ute any man passes his intellectual
ority he ceases to be a poet. Kemp will remain at seventeen or eighteen until he heads for the medical college. He is an immensely charming fellow—visionary, violent, nonsensical, blatant and preposterous, but always charming. In "More Miles"—which is considerably less amusing, it seems to me, than his first volume of blabbing, "Tramping on Life"—he tells us many instructive things about life in the Greenwich Village of twenty years ago, before the realtors turned it into a fashionable quarter. The common belief, I take it, is that the Villagers were very wicked people—that such a handsome young dog as Kemp led a life among them comparable to that of a fashionable gynecologist, a movie actor or a colored preacher. But he is far too honest to let that flattering fable survive, though he knows how to boast in other departments. He shows plainly that the Village girls—all of them, that is, save those of a pathological homeliness—were very coy. No doubt they were engaged, like their more orthodox sisters, upon dreams of connubial bliss. Kemp was a hero among them in those days, for he had been the central figure in a divorce case that kept to the first pages of the Hearst papers for weeks, but it must have been plain enough to every Sonia in those romantic cellars that more likely husbands were avilable. So he suffered from what the Freudians call suppressions, and they broke out in the form of revolutionary verse. He was hot for gore in those days. But the war taught him something, and the affinity of oxygen for the complex proteids of the human body finished the business. He is today a wealthy theatre manager, writing his own plays and thus collaring colossal profits. He remains one of the charming odd fish of this Republic. There are no rubber stamps on him—not even the rubber stamp of the Village. He is no literary Coolidge.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

H. E. Buchholz *is the publisher of the* Journal of Educational Psychology, *established by him in 1910, and* Educational Administration and Supervision, *started in 1915. Among his books are "U. S.—A Study in Democracy" and "Of What Use Are Common People?" His contribution to this issue is part of a work on "Democracy and Citizenship," to appear in the Fall. He was born and lives in Baltimore.*

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Robert Ginsburgh *was born in Russia, and graduated from Harvard in 1917. He is an officer in the Field Artillery, and editor of the* Recruiting News, *a national official publication of the Army. He was on the staff of the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Okla.*

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Albert Jay Nock *was editor of the lamented* Freeman. *His last book was a life of Jefferson.*

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Henry F. Pringle *is on the staff of the New York* World.

Philip Rubin *was born in Burlington, V and has contributed to various Yiddish new papers. He has studied at Columbia and College of the City of New York.*

Carl Sandburg's *most recent book is "Abr ham Lincoln." A new book of poems by him scheduled to appear in the near future.*

E. T. Saintsbury, *now in business in Ch cago, was formerly a school superintendent the Middle West.*

William Seagle *is the author of numero articles on legal matters. A collection of th will soon appear in book form.*

O. G. Sonneck *is the editor of the* Music Quarterly. *He was born in New Jersey a educated in music in Germany. From 1902 un 1917 he was chief of the Music Division of t Library of Congress. He has written much voc music and many works on musical history.*

Ruth Suckow *is the author of numero short stories and two novels. A collection of first has just been published under the tit "Iowa Interiors." She is now living in N York.*

Robert Joyce Tasker *is a Dakotan a was educated in Oregon and Canada. He is n in San Quentin Prison, San Francisco, serv a term of from five years to life for robbery.*

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

Pittsburgh. The beer had a sort of mouldy taste, but became quite agreeably *süffig* after one got acquainted.

A distinctive old-time Washington saloon was McGuire's, in Ninth street near F. The distinction was provided by two good-sized washtubs that reposed on the two ends of the bar. Filled with sparkling ice, they served as restrooms for those steins which were not on active duty.

A more lowly place was Karl's in Seventh street, N. W., opposite Center Market. It was a haven of refuge for old pensioners. It had tables, chairs, and free lunch galore. The talk was mostly about Hancock, Custer, Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face. And, of course, about the old companions who had gone their way. "I hear that Hogan is dead." "How old a man was Hogan when he died?" "Oh, he was all of eighty-three." "Well, I wouldn't call that such a great age." You couldn't kill some of those old codgers with a cleaver.

Writing for the dripping wet AMERICAN MERCURY, your accomplished correspondent naturally served his eggs sunny side up. He failed to mention the tough joints that graced the Swampoodle section of North East Washington. Railroad men foregathered there. After handling rolling stock all through the month they themselves were rolled on pay day. Crooked salooners and their barkeeps attended to that.

The review of the *Festschrift* in honor the Hon. Henry William Thomas, an em nent Washington bartender, printed "The Library" for February, brings for the following from an esteemed custom Mr. George W. Dalzell:

Driver's was not the first bar one encountered in Pennsylvania avenue after leaving the Capitol. In the six squares between the Capitol and Driver's there were quite a number, including three famous ones—Made's, which had the frog-pond; Fritz Reuter's, with a remarkable *Rathskeller*, and that of the National Hotel, where Henry Clay lived and died. There were also the St. James Hotel bar and three or four groggeries, so that if you started at the foot of Capitol Hill you might be quite glorified by the time you reached Driver's. Driver's, like Shoomaker's, was known for the high grade of its strong stuff. After Driver died it became Buck-

Continued on page xlvi

Reproduction of Louis Orr's Etching of La Porte St. Denis, Paris

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xliv

ey's or Buckley's. At the time of the resigna- tion of Roscoe Conkling and Tom Platt, a story was told of two employés of the Capitol who were discharged and started consoling themselves up the avenue. By the time they got to Driver's they turned and gazed at the Statue of Liberty on the dome. One said, "Tom, she's still there." "Yes, but she totters, Roscoe, she totters!"

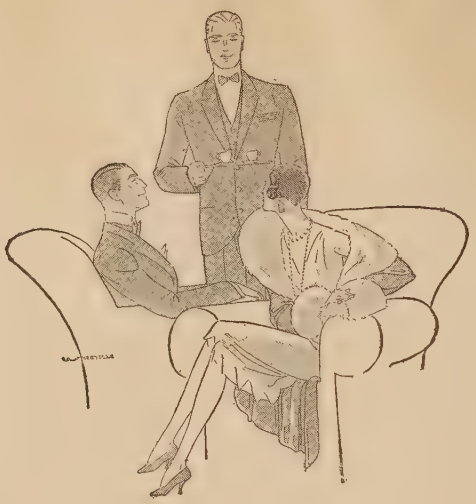
A very interesting book could be written about the characters in Washington who used to look after statesmen in difficulties. There was Black Berry at the old Willard, and another at the Grafton—thoroughly discreet and reliable Negroes, who could always find the missing Solon (sometimes in resorts that were not saloons), restore him quietly to his home through the back gate, and never mention it. They made considerable fortunes. I know one such old coon who could shake the country to its foundations. But he won't.

Mellow meditations of a Bronx insurance man, A.B. (Yale), on a sublime topic

The real difficulty with the modern marriage ceremony lies, perhaps, not in the idiocy of what the clergyman says, but rather in the length of time it usually takes him to transact the business. Everybody knows that the drivel he mumbles is only so much polite poppycock. Most brides and grooms, with the exception of those who get married for the same reason a dog scratches himself when harassed by fleas, jump in where angels fear to tread primarily because of the moral good they expect to derive from it. This good, as every male just back from the honeymoon knows, is one of the colossal illusions of mankind, but its real nature would not be grasped or even suspected were it not for the fact that the two participants, especially the man, must of necessity find something to think about during the hour or hour and a half it takes the church to chain them for life.

In this regard the Catholics and the Jews sin the most. I once witnessed a Catholic marriage ceremony in St. Patrick's which took one hour and forty-five minutes. I saw the groom as he left the church, and was thoroughly convinced that the ten priests who collaborated on the job were guilty of a crime against the race. There was disillusion all over the poor man's

Continued on page xlviii



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Editorial NOTES

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face. There was remorse at having left behind a freedom which would never be his again. He was evidently disturbed by ideas vastly out of accord with the answers he gave to the priests' questions. The total result of his experience was evident. He will never be the faithful husband and the devoted father which he hoped to be an hour and forty-five minutes previous.

Among the Jews it is even worse. With them it usually takes two and a half hours to do the trick. The fiddler and the trumpeter always consume not less than thirty long minutes in playing dreadfully some hideous wedding march. The parade from the door to the block usually takes all of twenty minutes. The clearing of the rabbi's throat takes up fifteen more. Eighteen minutes elapse before the bride and the groom are placed in exactly the center of the platform. And the rabbi takes up the rest of the time with his admonition to the united ones to be good Jews, good Zionists and good Republicans, and to keep a *kosher* house and remember the collection plate on Yom Kippur.

I have seen young Jewish lawyers, doctors, dentists, pants-makers, Hebrew-school teachers, butchers, high-school teachers and other such big-hearted and high-thinking people go to their doom in high spirits. But not one of them have I seen come out the same way. The reason for this unsocial attitude of mind, I think, as I have said before, lies in the length of the service. Even if the groom is a dentist, he begins to see the farce of the whole business by the end of the first half hour, during which time, perhaps, his so-called mind has been a total blank. Thereafter he begins to ponder over the wisdom of his step—and, as it is well-known, thinking is the death of love.

There is, I believe, a simple way out of all this. Marriage ceremonies should be performed in the same efficient and merciful way in which the Almighty has trolley cars chop off little girls' legs—that is, instantly. The great jurisprudential minds of the land should make it sufficient for a legal marriage ceremony for a rabbi or minister merely to put his left hand to his forehead and his right in his hip pocket and yell "Ready—GO!" Of all the schemes suggested for the diminishing of the divorce rate and the heightening of domestic bliss I honestly think that this simple proposal offers the only reasonable, intelligent and spiritual way out.

Continued on page l

A sluggish body slows down the leaping mind

A clear mind is conditioned on regular clearance of the body. Delay or irregularity in the clearance of residual waste burdens the system with poisons which the blood-stream absorbs and carries to every organ of the body. Little ills, big ills, ills of the mind and even of the imagination often can be traced to intestinal inactivity.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlviii

From Kansas City comes this commen a well-known phrase:

"Larrows catch meddlers" is an English e pression, and it is quite general throughou the United States. In "A Classical Dictiona of the Vulgar Tongue," by Captain Franc Grose, second edition, London, 1788, you wi find the following:

"Lareovers for Medlers. An answer fr quently given to children, . . . as a rebuke f their impertinent curiosity, in enquiring wh is contained in a box . . . ; perhaps from a la over, or turnover, a kind of tart not baked in pan but made to contain the fruit by turnin one end of the crust over the other. Medl tarts were probably so made in former times.

The application is contained in the pun, course.

The third of the series of articles on high, heroic deeds of the home pat during the late holy war will appea the April issue. Some of the other th will be:

"The Associated Press", by Dewey M. Owe How the new régime on the A.P. is putting pep and snap into its formerly stodgy dispatches—with beautiful examples.

"Go Down, Death!" by James Weldon Johns One of the most remarkable and moving poems of its type ever written in America.

"The Youngest Generation", by Chester T. Crow A father of five meditates on the libels cast on the Youngest Generation, and finds them preposterous. Perhaps the first sensible article of its kind written to date.

"Dwellers in Neurotica", by Eleanor Rowland Wembrid A brilliant essay on the neurotics and their ways, with cases, by the author of "The People of Moronia" and "Morals Among the Unmoral."

"Hemp", by James M. Cain
A study of the psychological processes and agonies of public hangmen—done in the mellow manner of the same author's "The Hero."

"Harriet Beecher Stowe", by G. D. Eaton
The story of the sudden rise and collapse of a New England literary star.

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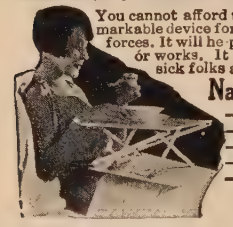

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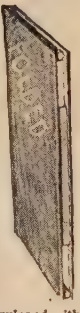

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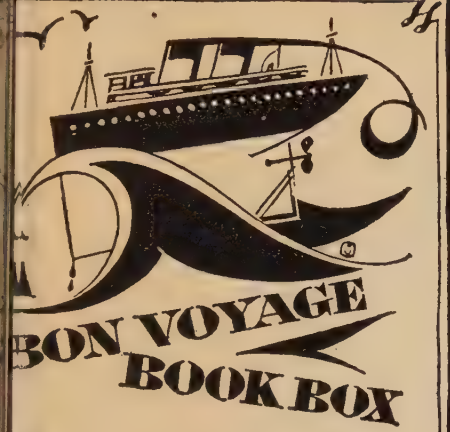

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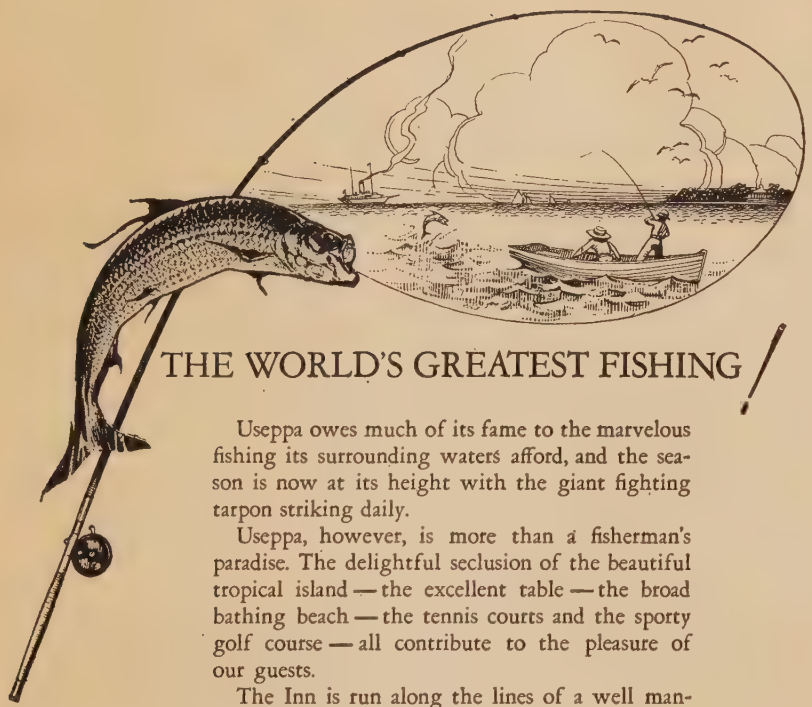

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MARCH, 1927 — VOL. IX. No. 3.

A Methodist Saint

THERE was a poet whose self-imposed discipline took the form of withholding the products of his poetic ebullience for seven years in order to determine their value before giving them to the world—and very sensible of him, too! Only from a considerable distance can any work or activity be justly appraised. In all probability an obtuse angle is ignorant of its full-face appearance and of the tendency of its lines; it would be obliged to stand off if it wished to know itself.

HERBERT ASBURY

No contemporary, however broad-visioned, of early Methodism in America and of Bishop Francis Asbury, its foremost exponent, could have written as unprejudiced an appraisal of the institution and the man as has *Herbert Asbury* in his A METHODIST SAINT. For *Mr. Asbury* can stand back and look at his amazing subject, viewing the religious turmoil of the period surrounding the American Revolution from a distance of some 150 years. *Mr. Asbury* is able to see events, emotions, ideas, in their proper perspective, so that, if one feels his criticisms are sometimes scathing, one feels as well that the mood of early Methodism and indeed of Francis Asbury must surely have been fanatical. "The people love their sessions of passionate excitement," said Bishop Asbury in opposition to Mr. Rankin, who advocated interfering with the popular emotional extravagances. "They are convinced that the only way to go to heaven is to first experience a considerable degree of insanity and emotional upheaval." That is the tone of this certain phase of American life that *Mr. Asbury* describes.

Probably there is no one better fitted for critical analysis of this strange, passionately religious man and of the religious life of the later Eighteenth Century than *Herbert Asbury*, whose family since colonial days have lived in the tradition of the Bishop. Preparing his way to this work, *Mr. Asbury* wrote UP FROM METHODISM, an important and comprehensive study of the amazing religious prejudice and intolerance in small American towns of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.

A METHODIST SAINT is a powerful work. It tells a clear, just and engaging story of the beginnings of Methodism in America, describing a phase of early

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Timeliness: A Shop-talk

ONE of the insoluble problems of the book-publisher's existence is the distribution of his attention between new or forthcoming publications and works which, though issued weeks or months back, are still by no means dead. In a sense, any book ever published is a current book as long as it is in print—certainly as long as the publisher can really afford to keep it represented by an allotment of space in his stockroom. Yet the major part of his advertising, his publicity, his planning, and his worrying o' nights is devoted to works of which he cannot possibly know the value, because they have not as yet proved themselves. Much of the time, a publisher knows perfectly well that he is spending considerable sums of money to tell the world about books which, even in the six months following publication, are wholly unlikely to gain him as much of either prestige or profit as will accrue through volumes published months or years earlier, on which he is spending hardly a cent.

The publisher, on this side of his activities, often reminds himself of an obstetrical specialist so busy assisting babies into the world that he has no attention to expend on the important question of what is to become of them after the first brief span of life. Worse, the publisher sometimes has occasion to suspect himself of actual literary infanticide; for the recent history of publishing is filled with instances in which, by dubious management, the distribution of a valuable and successful book has been halted in the interest of something later by the same author, or of another work in the same field, or of a book supposed to be more "timely." What there is every inducement to realize, whether one be a publisher, a bookseller, or simply a reader, is that any book is timely just so long as people want to acquire and read it.

We of the *Borzoi* office, looking back over the interesting stretch from 1915 to 1926 and, simultaneously, forward through what bids fair to be an extraordinarily interesting and momentous 1927, are resolved to think more than ever before in terms of deliberate service to what may be called our current past—specifically, service to those books which, having made our history, are still making it; such books as THE THREE BLACK PENNYS, GROWTH OF THE SOIL, MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET, THE MAUVE DECADE, THE PROPHET, and many another. In succeeding Shop-talks, we shall try to remind you of some of these works, bearing our imprint, which belong with equal momentousness to the past, the present, and the future.

A New Conception of Morality

Jacques Fischer has written a non-technical, scientifically accurate study of thought processes, which he calls "An Attempt at a Physiological Interpretation of Human Thought." In his Introduction to LOVE AND MORALITY he writes:

"It is an attempt—which may be regarded as an audacious one—to explain the genesis of thought in man by the working methods at present prevalent in the physical, chemical and biological sciences. . . .

"One of the few advantages of the sad years of the war was that, on their return, the survivors dared to look in the face the gods to whom they were accustomed in their youth, and failed to recognize them. A new world seemed to have arisen, and the old explanations did not satisfy them. . . . It was no longer easy to know at what point life began. And once it was in motion, biology stepped in. The human body became a closed vessel, in which the directing action belonged solely to certain imperceptible and imponderable substances—diastases, lipoids, internal secretions which represented life and directing energy, and upon which illnesses depended. And not only the maladies of the organs,

(*Continued on page lxx*)

The Cross

SIGRID UNDSET

ON publication of THE BRIDAL EATH, the first volume of *Sigrid dset's* trilogy KRISTIN LAVRANS-TER, *Edwin Björkman* wrote: *Sigrid Undset* has undertaken in this umental work, first, to give us pic-s of the early fourteenth century in way so intimate that we feel that are reading about this morning's penings in our own particular back , and, secondly, to trace the life ad of a strikingly unusual woman the cradle to the grave. Both these oses of hers have been achieved, to my thinking. Kristin Lavransdatter is one of those figures h, although woven out of a poet's fancy, yet l to take on more reality than the men and en with whom we touch elbows on the streets; arvelously tender and charming figure as we encounter her in her early childhood, and then ering force and strength and will and person-until, when we at last part from her at her ding, we feel that her fate cannot fail to con-e as one of those that take their places in uni-al consciousness beside the great characters of ally recorded history."

he critical world welcomed THE BRIDAL EATH with genuine and generous enthusiasm. ot since the publication of *Hamsun's* GROWTH THE SOIL has any Norwegian book made such mpression on the reading public," came from conservative pages of the *Literary Digest*.

he second volume of the trilogy was THE MIS-SS OF HUSABY. Critics who had anticipated excellence availed themselves of the demon-red fact of its importance in the literary world ow how well they had predicted, and to impress reading public with the scope of KRISTIN RANSDATTER and with *Sigrid Undset's* mas-l presentation of her subject.

nd now THE CROSS, the final volume of the gy, has been published. Those who have not l the preceding two volumes will nevertheless this one complete in itself; and they will get now and understand Kristin before they have e very far into the book. THE CROSS pictures tin during the years in which her greatest tests hardships occur. Age intrudes upon physical fort; circumstance deprives her of companion-; she loses her child and she finds herself con-ted by the petty meanness and even admitted enmity of the peasants with whom she has contact.

There is a tremendous depth of understanding permeating the passages that treat of her problems. You feel that *Sigrid Undset* must surely have suffered all the misery of Kristin, perhaps tasted of an unexplained universal distress, to write so seriously, so richly, of the declining years of her heroine. Plague adds its devastation to the wreckage already gathered. But now emerges the true greatness of Kristin, which, always evident in incidents of daily life though never shown in its fullness, now becomes vividly real, triumphant. Out from the turmoil of misfortune rises the figure of her profound faith, by the strength of which obstacles of her own are surmounted and guiding laws of her peasant neighbors exposed as mere superstitions.

The trilogy has won the respect and admiration of all of Europe. It is most probable that it will become known in America also as a work of fiction sharing honors with the greatest in all countries.

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"Once upon a midnight dreary"—
Wait a moment, do not go;
This is not another weary
Paraphrase of Mr. Poe.
True, the volume that I pondered
Was of quaint, forgotten lore
That got by (but how, I wondered!)
In the days entitled "yore."

Things were gathered in this volume
Over which our fathers roared—
Gems from many a by-gone colyum,
Writ by Billings, Twain, and Ward.
Some of it, of course, was funny,
More was sad as sad can be.
How it ever got the money
Is a miracle to me.

So, when dreary seems *my* colyum,
When I fear it grows a bore,
I take down that yellowed volume
Of forgotten comic lore.
Seeking vainly to discover
Something really rich and rare,
"Gosh!" I say, "if *that* got over,
Why should *anyone* despair?"

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Mr. Charles Whibley, in his brilliant appreciation of *Lord Beaconsfield* (POLITICAL PORTRAITS: 1923), wrote: "The political passions of sixty years ago have grown cool with age, and at last *Disraeli*, the Novelist, is judged by his merits, and is set far higher among the writers of fiction than even he dared to hope. His novels and tales are more widely read today than ever they were. He fights for esteem with Dickens and Thackeray, and issues not wholly worsted from the encounter."

Clearly, when the author of a novel published in 1826 is assessed in these terms, when a classic, in fact, is found to be also a modern, it is time that his works should receive the seal of an edition, if not de luxe, at least a little finer than the ordinary. Hence the BRADENHAM EDITION, in twelve demy octavo volumes, printed on fine laid paper, and bound in strong buckram, handsomely decorated. In this edition all of the novels and tales—from A TRUE STORY, written when the author was fifteen years old, and first printed in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* in 1820, to the unfinished fragment of a novel printed in the *Times* in 1905, and at present only to be read in Messrs. Monypenny and Buckle's "Life" of *Lord Beaconsfield*—are for the first time collected together. And, which adds greatly to the interest and value of the edition, *Mr. Philip Guedalla* contributes an Introduction to each volume, describing the point in the author's career at which each novel or tale was written, and identifying the numerous characters who were drawn from life. The twelve introductions, in a word, will provide the reader with a complete literary biography of the author.

The BRADENHAM EDITION is being published at the rate of one volume a month, beginning in January, 1927, with VIVIAN GREY, that "incomparable exercise in the social picaresque" which the author achieved at the age of twenty. Less famous than the later novels, it holds an especial place in the hearts of novel-readers and in the pages of literary and political history, for Vivian Grey is the young *Disraeli* himself. The second volume, published in February, is THE YOUNG DUKE, than which no more light-hearted and vivacious tale exists. The author, still with his way to make in the world, wrote of duchesses and routs, political intrigues and fashionable life, much as a landsman may describe desert islands—an excellent enough procedure, when the landsman is also a man of genius. Volume III contains all the short pieces, including those high-spirited satires, POPANILLA, IXION IN HEAVEN, and THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE. *Mr. Guedalla*, whose knowledge of the politics of the day is unrivalled, gives new and highly interesting information concerning the movements and personalities so gaily pilloried in these little masterpieces of irony. These first three volumes alone preserve the London of a hundred years ago.

From this point onwards, from CONTARINI FLEMING ("a development of my poetic character") to the mature ENDYMION, *Disraeli* perfected, if he did not create, the political novel. He could make politics a romance to the least politically minded of his readers; and had there been no CONINGSBY, no SYBIL, no LOTHAIR, there might well have been no "Robert Orange," no "New Machiavelli," no "Lord Raingo." On one side of their work *Disraeli* is the literary ancestor of both Wells and Bennett, just as he was the ancestor of Trollope, and—as an epigrammatist—at least the godfather of Wilde. "He who anticipates his century is generally persecuted when living and is always pilfered when dead." "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." Such aphorisms and wise truths are to be found scattered throughout the novels, and they will never be stale.

It is true, perhaps, that none of the twelve volumes which will make up this new collected edition will tell a tale of such romance as the story of *Dizzy's* own life; but if he never wrote his autobiography, it was only because he was always writing it. For with VIVIAN GREY really begins a twelve-volume novel which might have been called "The World of Benjamin Disraeli." He who reads these twelve volumes has in his mind the epitome of the nineteenth century, and the key to our own.

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Store of Ladies

LOUIS GOLDING

MILLIE HORSHAM'S husband had been, during the years of their married existence—one could hardly call it "life"—a victim of the migraine. Her son, the fruit—or perhaps one should call him the victim—of this colorless marriage, was a bag of skin and bones and minor ailments. Mrs. Horsham could not love her late husband even retrospectively; and when, eighteen months after his funeral, she discovered that the beneficiary of his sole burst of normal male vitality had been, not herself, but an insignificant milliner, she could not summon one jealous retroactive pang. What more natural, then, than that Belgravia should turn to Bermondsey? She conceives a towering passion for Jimmy Burton, prize-fighter—or rather, let us say, for his superb muscles, his granite jaw. It was nature's poetic justice to the rich widow of a weakling patent-medicine inventor whose nostrums, it seemed from the size of the fortune they accumulated, could cure all human ills except his own.

And so we have the delectable high comedy of the lady and the prize-fighter. For a month she pursues him in his orbit of boxing-parties, fashionable in the wake of the war. Then she hits on the lucky expedient of engaging him as a physical instructor for her puny son; and presently she transports her establishment and her romance to golden Italy and the beach of Fiore del Mare.

How much of her design, ultimately, did she accomplish upon Jimmy the "not ill-made clod"? And how nearly, by what queer and comedic strokes of chance or workings-out of character, did each of the personæ resume his own natural level? Where did Jimmy eventually come out with his faithful factory-girl sweetheart Emma, whose destiny was for so long to wait and worry?

It is a story that only *Mr. Golding* could have steered on an even keel between the twin dangers of tastelessness on the one hand and solemn dullness on the other. Incongruity is always perilous; and when its perils are courted and successfully defied, the result is likely to be, as here, a new kind of exquisiteness.

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The Literature of Russia

"JUDGED exclusively by its literature," says *Prince Mirsky*, "Old Russian civilization cannot fail to produce an impression of poverty. But it would be wrong to regard literature as its principal expression. The very nature of this civilization, traditional and ritual, reduced literary originality to very little. The real expression of the artistic and creative genius of Old Russia is to be found in its architecture and in its painting, and those who want to gauge its true value must turn to the history of Russian art rather than to that of literature."

Since 1922 *Prince Mirsky* has been a lecturer in Russian Literature at King's College, University of London, and is an able interpreter of his native literature to the English-speaking world. His CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE, which came out a year ago, has become valuable both as a work of reference for literary and academic use and as a critical survey for the general reader.

Prince Mirsky supplies a great need for those readers who desire to have their knowledge of Russian letters coördinated. He has now written another volume, A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE, which leads up to the previous work. Together, the two volumes provide a complete history of the subject. The present book brings the story to the major events of Russian literary history grouping themselves around the year 1881: the deaths of Dostoevsky and Turgenev, and the conversion of Tolstoy. The author has included a comprehensive bibliography of important works written in Russian, English and other languages.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. *By* D. S. MIRSKY, *author of "Contemporary Russian Literature."* $4.00 *net.*

A Methodist Saint

(*Continued from page lxiii*)

American life which has been totally ignored by most historians, and which is consequently an invaluable additional chapter of our national history.

Many will be astonished by the bold truthfulness of this book, but every sincere reader of A METHODIST SAINT will be obliged to admit that it is a powerful and valuable contribution not alone to our biographical literature but as well to our sociological and historical.

A METHODIST SAINT: THE LIFE OF BISHOP ASBURY. *By* HERBERT ASBURY, *author of "Up From Methodism."* $5.00 *net.*

Fire Under the Andes

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant calls herself a "disaffected Puritan." Though she lived in Winchester and Boston during her childhood and her teens, and continued to live in Boston between-times, she revolted against the ossified culture of Boston. France, New York and Santa Fé, New Mexico—these places she loves.

Miss Sergeant served in France as correspondent for *The New Republic* from 1917 to 1919. Just before the Armistice she was wounded by an exploding shell and spent seven months in a Paris hospital. From France she went to New Mexico and discovered that it had for her so strong a fascination that she immediately bought herself a house and remained in Santa Fé for a number of years. She finds, however, that New York is more conducive to study and work and for that reason spends much of her time here. At present, she is working on a book about Indian lore and the Pueblos.

Miss Sergeant is interested primarily in individuals, not groups. The portraits in FIRE UNDER THE ANDES are of American men and women of distinction, and include: Amy Lowell, Robert Edmond Jones, Eugene O'Neill, Elinor Wylie, Charles Townsend Copeland, William Allen White, Paul Robeson, H. L. Mencken, Robert Frost, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others. In the Introduction she writes: "My 'subjects' are all fighters. Americans in conflict with something—with the age, with evil or ignorance, as they see it—with themselves, if they are artists. Below that conflict lies the fire under the Andes which gives them their motive force and makes them, however small or great, absorbing to a New Englander who cannot quite do justice to those who take life with too great contentment and bland satisfaction."

She has succeeded in getting to the heart of her subject in every case and in translating the personality of her sitter into words.

FIRE UNDER THE ANDES. *By* ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT. *Illustrated with portraits by* E. O. HOPPÉ. $4.00 *net.*

Latterday Symphony

Miss Romer Wilson in her novel DRAGON'S BLOOD was intensely serious. In her latest, LATTERDAY SYMPHONY, she looks at life through a glass of champagne. There is delight and brilliance in the book and also the morning-after bitterness and despair. London during the Season is the scene, and the diversion and amorous dalliance of a group of amusing people the theme.

ROMER WILSON

Three young men, one English, one American and one half-Negro, fall under the fascination of an innocent idealistic girl, wholly charming, whose fatal though unconscious capacity for entangling the hearts of all men she meets impels the story into a series of emotional conflicts. Here *Miss Wilson* is at her best. With a hyper-sophistication very agreeable to the exposition of her characters, all natively urbane, she sends the young men, one by one, to propose to Mary Linton, who, after refusing two, being confronted by Stephen and the necessity for answering yes or no to a marriage offer, finds that she actually wants only his friendship and is really completely owned by her love for another man—one David, essentially a stranger to her but the man without whom she can not get along.

LATTERDAY SYMPHONY is filled with a spirit of amusement and gaiety, a spirit distinctly in keeping with its types. In fact, most of the drama takes place to the tune of the orchestra's syncopation. It is not easy to write convincingly about gaiety. Jane Austen did so, because she enjoyed parties thoroughly. And *Miss Wilson* has succeeded in suggesting as much laughter, music, wine and wit in LATTERDAY SYMPHONY as could very well be found in Park Lane on June evenings.

Romer Wilson won the Hawthornden Prize in 1921. *Rebecca West* writes of DRAGON'S BLOOD, *Miss Wilson's* last book: "I am completely fascinated by the thing, its beauty, its intensity and above all its strangeness. . . . It seems to move—to fly, I should rather say—upon a spiritual plane removed from the actual Earth and yet related to it by ties of tragedy and love."

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Miss Hurst now brings together in SONG OF LIFE nine of the finest, most permanent of her recent stories. They are written on the themes in which she has always found her utmost of underlying

(*Continued on page lxx*)

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* MARCH 1927

A New Conception of Morality

(*Continued from page lxiv*)

but even those of thought. The study of these had been revolutionized by the observations of Freud and his pupils. Phobias, terrors, neuroses, all acknowledged the same sexual origin. More than this, our whole life, our simplest actions, were crushingly dependent upon our sexual impulses. . . .

"All this vast body of work and research provided us with a fresh capital, fruitful and creative. It was necessary to try and understand or consider different relations between facts, to interpret them with new means of appreciation. Though our minds, which had been accustomed to a convenient classification of the elements of the world, rather lost their bearings when forced to speak—otherwise than as a laboratory exercise—of the degradation of energy, had we not as a compensation the marvellous prospect opened up by the application of this principle? . . .

"After studying the formation of the sexual impulse and its repercussion upon thought, we shall see, at the conclusion of this study, whether it may not lead us to some new conception of morality."

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A New Volume of Stories by Fannie Hurst

(*Continued from page lxix*)

drama, and which she is generally conceded to have made her own by the very special power with which she treats them.

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And through one story after another the reader wonders, with *Inez Haynes Irwin:* "Whence comes that intimate knowledge of the poor; their pathetic makeshifts, their tragic compromises? . . . Whence comes that understanding of the criminal mind—violent impulse—heaving hope—quaking regret? . . . And above all whence comes that extraordinary fecundity of detail?"

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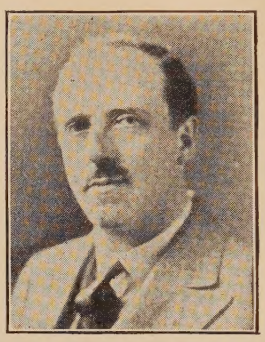

I have taken unusual pride in adding to my list at intervals this author's SEA HORSES, a stirring tale of the West Coast of Africa; COLD HARBOUR, his chronicle of sombre lives in a fishing village of Cornwall; and THE DARK TOWER, a modern love-story in a wild and timeless background of Welsh mountains.

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I address this word to any such possible reader, as well as to the many now being privileged to hear *Mr. Brett Young* discuss in public the problems of his chosen craft; also to all the readers of his earlier books, and to everyone who is inclined to give the slightest weight to my personal recommendation.

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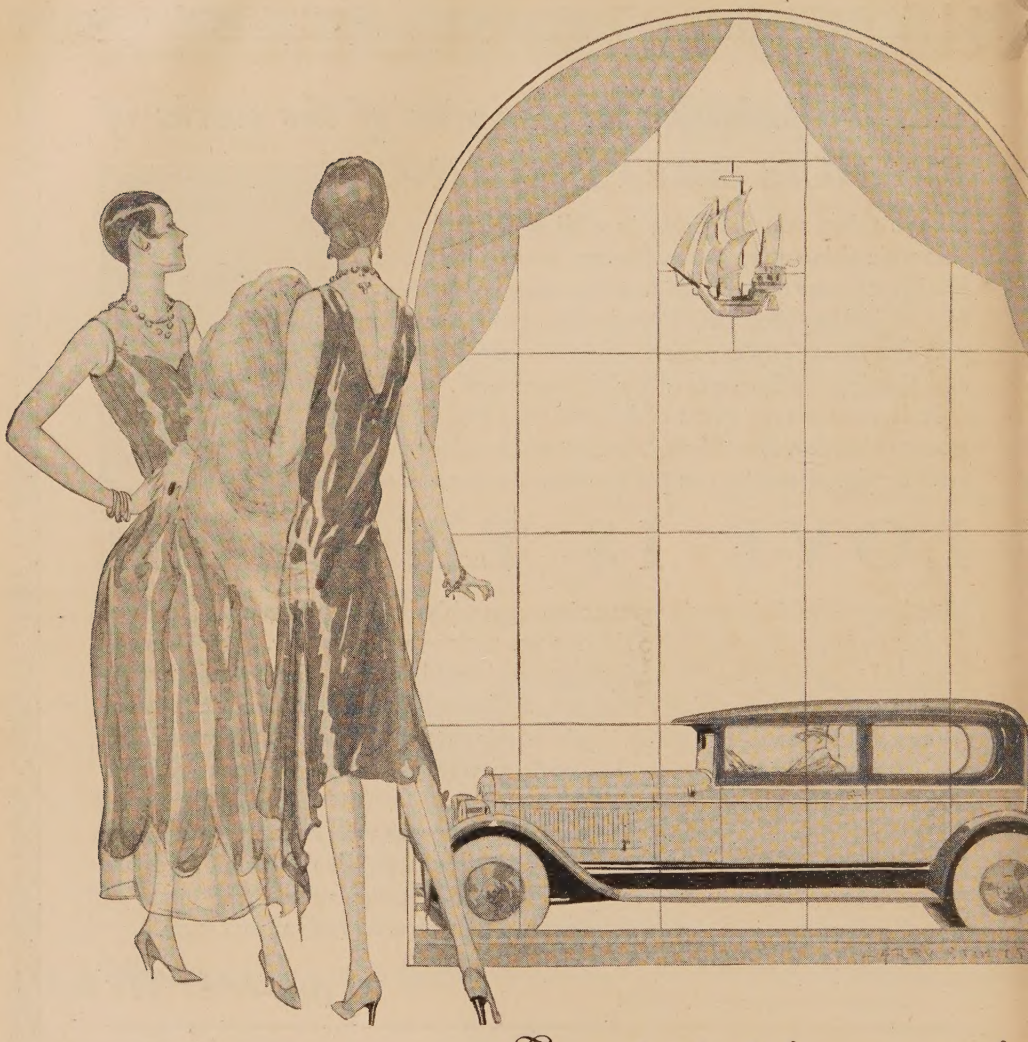

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